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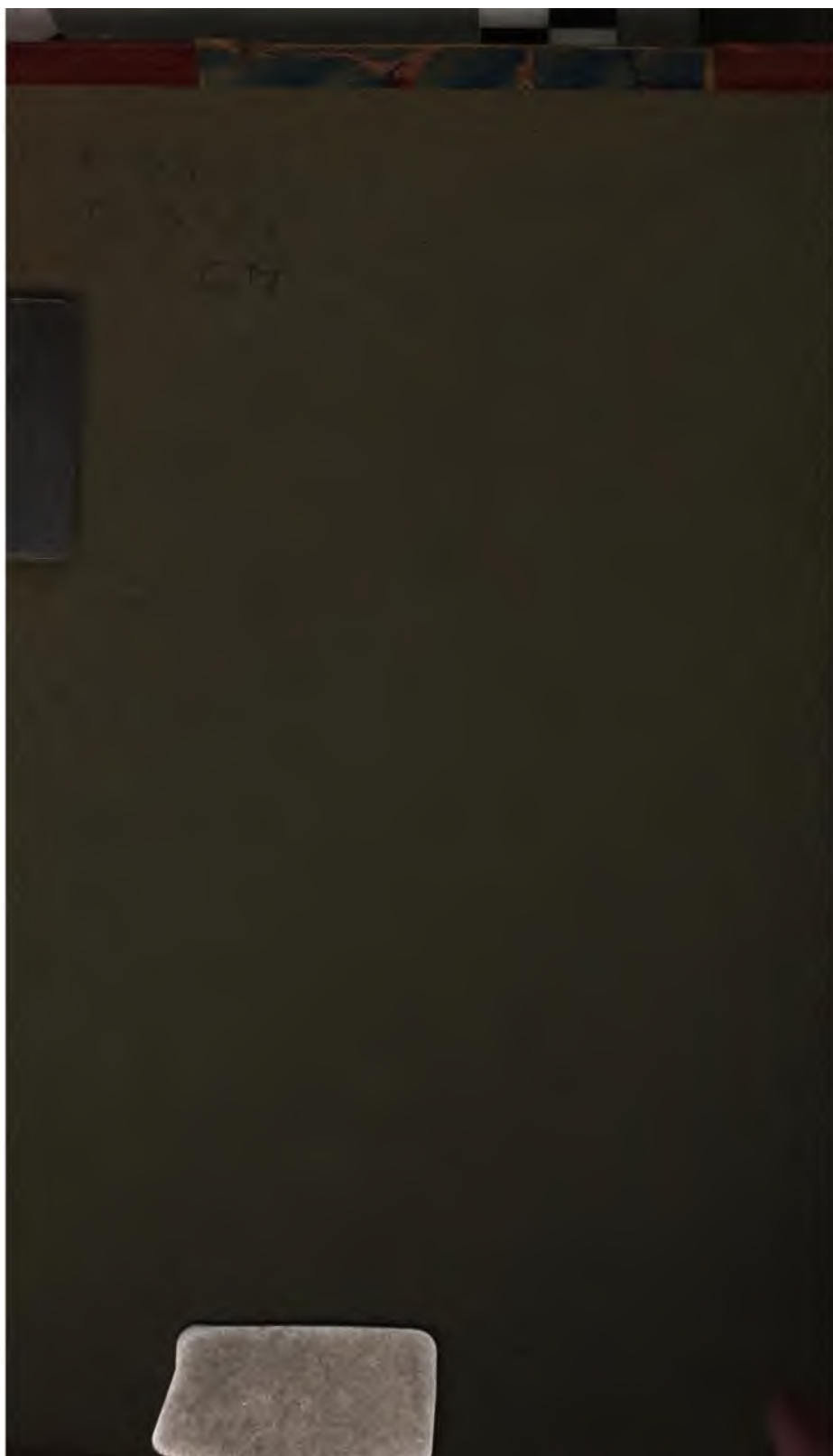
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1901.

L'ÉCOLE DES PRÉVENUS.

BY EDMUND OLIVER BENTINCK.

SINCE the death of John Verrall, senior, founder of the eminent publishing house of Verrall, Beevor and Verrall, the management of the firm had been in the hands of his son, who bore the same name. Among men who had known the father intimately, and appreciated his value both as a friend and as a man of business, it was generally agreed that with all his undoubted good qualities he had one foible, which had done much to retard the prosperity of his house: in the world of literature, as in the world of real life, he was a confirmed misogynist. His marriage (so he would tell his friends in expansive moments) had been the only violation of the principle that he had ever committed. But if any, emboldened by this admission, thought to pave the way for further confidences, with trite reference to rule-proving exception, then there was no more to be got out of John Verrall. Only those who had known the wife interpreted his silence in her favour.

And now that John the elder was dead, there were those who traced in his son indications of the same tendency, but in one direction only. John Verrall the younger had recently married a girl seven or eight years his junior, of whom it was allowed on all hands that Verrall could not have done better. He was aware of his good fortune. Passionately devoted to his wife, if he escaped the censure of uxoriousness, it was all that could be said of him. In character, in beauty, in tastes, in accomplishments, Dorothea Verrall was a wife of whom any man might justly be proud; and Verrall sought not to conceal his pride. His attitude, moreover, in social matters had never been such as to justify the opinion which held good in the

father's case—that marriage had been and would be his unique tribute to feminine merit.

But when it came to business, then the old leaven appeared with the strength of concentration. To present a woman's book to John Verrall's criticism was to offer a red rag to a bull. Had George Eliot herself appeared to him in the spirit, with MSS. in her hand, she would have met, it is to be feared, with a frigid reception. Yet he was both a man of taste and a man of business, but—a monomaniac.

This story opens barely six months after Verrall's marriage. It was not generally known that he had already quarrelled with his wife—quarrelled so seriously that they had for the present separated. That was only known to three persons: to John Verrall himself, to Dorothea, and to John's maiden aunt, Jane Verrall, who lived with him, and enjoyed the confidence of both in things great and small. Yet, considering the passion that Verrall was known to entertain for his wife, the fact of her departure from his house, with the said Jane Verrall, and of her continued absence therefrom, could not pass without comment. Humorists were not wanting to declare that in Dorothea's cupboard was the skeleton—that behind her many known accomplishments lurked one unknown and greater—in short, that the guilt of the authoress was hers.

The wags were in the right of it.

One morning, when John Verrall came down to breakfast, he found Aunt Jane looking rather uneasy, and Dorothea looking rather timid. John accordingly looked pleased. It did not occur to him to inquire why Aunt Jane looked uneasy; he was so pleased at Dorothea's looking timid. For two reasons, as he had often told her. Firstly, because she was more bewitching at such times than at any others; and, secondly, because he foresaw that he was to have the pleasure of granting a request, or, as he preferred to call it, obeying a command. From the fact that she looked rather more timid than usual he merely inferred that the request would be worth granting, or the command worth obeying, as before. Being an epicure in uxoriousness, he kept his counsel.

Dorothea said nothing worthy of note until she had finished her breakfast. Then she asked him whether he would have another cup of coffee. They had a regular form of procedure, and this was how it always began. The next thing was for John to pass up his cup, assuming the while a frigid expression, suggestive of tightened purse-strings.

Then Dorothea said:

“John, dear, will you do me a great favour?”

To which he, as in marital dignity bound, replied :

" Depends entirely what it is."

So far, all was well.

" John, dear, I've ——"

" Well?"

" I've ——"

" Yes?" Dorothea was playing up splendidly.

" I've ——"

She came and stood behind his chair, in due adaptation of Delilah attitude to the circumstances of a breakfast-table.

John, seizing her hands, crushed them with well-modulated brutality. He was going to have something for his money.

" John, dear, I'm afraid you'll be angry."

" I expect I shall. What have you done? Written a book?"

This in grim playfulness, but the answer in tempestuous earnest :

" Yes—not now—a long time ago—and I want you to look at it."

" The devil!" John dropped the hands, and, turning his chair round, looked at Dorothea. " My dear child, I forget myself. But of course you're joking?"

" No, I'm not. I'm quite serious. Is it really so wicked of me?"

" Dorothea, you know there is nothing I detest so much. It's, oh! it's un——"

No; he could not tell Dorothea that anything she did was unfeminine. He saved himself by bolting, with a mumbled excuse.

Dorothea was deeply wounded. The blow had come as unexpectedly to her as to him. Of course she had heard of her husband's peculiar views about women-novelists; the subject had been in his mouth a score of times since she had known him. But the mere recurrence of his jesting allusions to it had forbidden her to take him seriously. Aunt Jane, too, on receiving her confidence, had betrayed some anxiety; thereby amusing Dorothea, but by no means enlightening her. She understood now; and, understanding, was determined not to submit. The thing was so absurd, so unjust, so childish. She would reason with John; he must listen to reason. She longed for his re-appearance. Aunt Jane meanwhile sought to comfort her; for the good lady's sympathy was entirely with Dorothea. It might be that she had in her something of her nephew's prejudice against feminine authorship; somehow, it was not quite *right* that women should deal in pen-magic. But that was no adequate excuse for John's conduct. Of course, it would have been better that Dorothea should not have written a book; but, as she had written a book, it was his duty to read it, and, if necessary, to publish it. So she told Dorothea in all

sincerity ; yet could hold out but slight hope that John would prove amenable.

Verrall did not appear again until lunch-time. The meal passed over without allusion to the matter in dispute. When they had risen from the table, Dorothea began the attack.

"John, you will look at my book, won't you?"

Verrall tried to look surprised. He was becoming conscious that he was a little afraid of Dorothea. He must be firm.

"Dorothea, I had hoped to hear no more about it. You know my views."

"What are your views, John, exactly?"

"That women should not meddle with writing. The thing is contrary to nature."

"But why?"

The word would out.

"It's unfeminine."

Dorothea could not forgive "unfeminine." She took her revenge in kind.

"John, you argue as women are said to argue. I ask you why a thing is so, and you tell me 'because it is.'"

We have said, invite John Verrall's inspection of a woman's MS., and you offered a red rag to a bull ; but convict him, lady-reader, of arguing like a woman, and you tied your red rag across his eyes—at once a bolder and a safer act.

John sat angry and sullen. He was silenced. Dorothea had told him the truth ; he could not argue on the matter, as he well knew. He was battling for a prejudice, dearer to him than common-sense, dearer than the prosperity of the house ; whether it was dearer to him than Dorothea, remained to be seen. For the present he held blindly to his point, his determination strengthened by the consciousness of tangible guilt ; for had he not said that she, *δία γυναικῶν*, was unfeminine?

"I am sorry I don't make myself clear. You will understand, at least, that my opinion is based on practical experience."

"Experience of women's books, John?"

Verrall got up.

"I don't think we shall do any good by discussing it, Dorothea. I know you think me unreasonable. But I have my opinions, and I abide by them." And again he took refuge in flight.

Dinner that night was a very frigid affair. Verrall brought with him an air of reproachful gloom, which Dorothea's half-hearted efforts could not dispel. Her position was, perhaps, only the more

trying, in that she could perceive the humour of the situation, which Verrall, apparently, could not. "When," Dorothea asked herself, after the failure of each conversational opening, "When would he forgive her for having written a book, and when should she forgive him for refusing to read it?" Meanwhile the meal dragged on relentlessly; and her heart sank within her, as she anticipated the possibility of others like it.

But here Aunt Jane intervened—a *dea ex machina*, effectual for the moment, if dramatically premature.

"John, my dear, I'm sure Dorothea is not looking well. Let me take her away for a change. I suppose you can't get away yourself?"

Verrall caught at the idea. Dorothea should go away for a few weeks, and would come back with all this nonsense driven out of her head, to the preservation alike of conjugal peace and editorial prejudice.

"No, I mustn't leave town myself. But you're quite right about Dorothea. You'd like a change, wouldn't you, dear?"

"Yes, John, I will go with Aunt Jane. But I warn you that I shall not come back till you become reasonable."

"*Nous verrons ce que nous verrons,*" said John, achieving a timber smile.

Accordingly, it was settled that Dorothea and Aunt Jane should go away on the following day. They were to go first to Eastbourne, where they would take up their quarters in a boarding-house; for towards such centres of chill respectability did Aunt Jane's maidenly instinct ever gravitate. Dorothea professed complete indifference to all details.

Charles Meldrum had been stopping at Eastbourne for exactly a fortnight; and for the last ten days of that time he had been telling himself each day that he must go back to town at once—to-morrow. He even knew the train by which he would go to-morrow, having looked it up to-day. He had written a letter to his landlady, telling her to expect him; but he had not sent it. For, as on further reflection he rightly argued, accidents may always happen, so a telegram on the day was better than a letter of the day before. As the reader will doubtless infer, "accidents" had not been wanting to illustrate the justice of his reasoning. Consequently the telegram had not been sent either.

Now, why all this delay? And whence this unprecedented run of "accidents"?

Meldrum was staying in a boarding-house: the last place, surely,

in which an independent man would choose to stay. And Meldrum was independent—in so far, that is, as that he was subject to no coercion which imposed on him the necessity of a boarding-house. In fact, he had made his decision in a state of unsound mind. Fortune had dealt hardly with him these three years. During this period he had wasted his substance on many type-writers, and nothing had come of it. The magazine editors had sent back his MSS. with neat little notes of rejection inserted somewhere about the middle. The publishers had besought that they might see his face no more. And now he was sick of it. Not that he had any intention of despairing; but, for the time, he was sick of it. He must have a holiday, he decided. He must get out of town, and he must get away from himself. He did not much care where he went, provided that no great trouble was involved in getting there. He knew a little of Eastbourne. It is a good enough place in which to glut the cynical maw of disappointed authorship, better than its bigger neighbours on either side, because it is so new, so pleased with itself, so convinced, like Boston State, that it is “the hub of the universe.” What a feast was here for a moody scribbler! Not that he meant to *write* about it: that was not his idea of a holiday, but it would give him someone else to be angry with.

He was tired of being angry with insensate publishers. He would seek other objects for his wrath—the prosperous little tradesman, the local meteorologist, the brainless, knickerbockered “blood.”

So, firstly, he had decided to go to Eastbourne.

And, secondly, in his wicked perversity, he had flung himself into a boarding-house. Here, too, there would be material for acid comment, or there is no faith in Holmes and in Balzac. He had often declared to admiring but incredulous friends that he would some day spend a week or so in a boarding-house. Now should be the time. His expectations were not wholly disappointed. There was the “relative in bombazine” to the very life: I do not say that he could have sworn to the material. True, Miss Shairp was not called upon to repress the hungry clamourers for “buckwheat cakes”: the fees charged being such as to ensure a sufficiency of that or any other commodity in reason, however “skerce and high.” Rather was it her function to keep ever-green the memory of her patroness’s deceased husband: to chill thereby the flippancy of the young, and stimulate the ghostly anticipations of the old. *Père Goriot* there was none; as indeed how should there be in a boarding-house which has advertised itself for these ten years as being “under entirely new management,” and in a fashionable English watering-place under

management almost as new? And had there been, the humour and pathos of his character would alike have been thrown away upon Meldrum, whose observative faculty had already found a point of concentration.

Among the company with whom he sat down to dinner on the evening of his arrival, there was one of whom he said to himself, as he retired to his own room, that here in the flesh was his ideal of womanhood. As sometimes happens in such cases, he would have been sorely puzzled to describe her. He knew that she was something above the average height of woman, that her hair was black, that she was dressed in black. And those were probably the only solid facts in his possession. As to her age, he thought at first that she was about twenty, but, in the light of subsequent conclusions, he conceded her a possible margin of five years more. He had originally supposed her to be the daughter of an elderly lady who accompanied her, but when Mrs. Windsor, their hostess, addressed her as Mrs. Verrall he decided that she was a widow, and he soon learnt from her own words that the elder lady was her aunt. Like himself, both ladies took but little part in the conversation of the table; and as they had a private sitting-room, he seldom saw them, during the first week of his stay, except at meals. Yet in that time he had made up his mind that Mrs. Verrall represented the perfection of feminine grace and beauty; that every word of her mouth, every thought of her brain, was instinct with a superhuman delicacy; and last, but not least, that this creature of another sphere was graciously disposed to take a compassionate interest in his unworthy self.

This was precisely why he was going away to-morrow. Had not Dorothea, in the fulness of her heart, cast upon him the eye of sympathy (the demonstration, it should here be said, had been evoked by the sight of an abnormally large and heavily laden envelope which Meldrum had found on his plate at breakfast one morning) he would perhaps have allowed himself for weeks to come the luxury of contemplation. But as things were, he felt that he could not stay much longer in the same house with Mrs. Verrall without making a fool of himself, as he rightly termed it: for a man may not marry a goddess with no more at his back than £200 a year certain, *plus* professional earnings at the rate of a guinea a week. He must give the goddess up.

The process of abandonment had now lasted for ten days. And now came a stronger temptation.

Among Mrs. Windsor's guests was a solicitor, named Bannister, dear to his hostess as her first-born. A mad fellow, this Bannister.

He would quip you, crank you, and so forth, by the hour, if you would ; and by the meal, whether you would or no.

Only Dorothea, who certainly knew how to "look presumption out of countenance," was secure from his sallies. Twice he had originated and perfected some amateur theatrical abomination, and was even now suspected of meditating a third attempt. Between him and Meldrum there existed a silent animosity, based not merely on incompatibility of tastes, for it may be questioned whether Bannister would ever have acted on grounds so intangible, but on a grave misdemeanour of Meldrum's. Bannister, it seems, had a cure of souls within the house, combining sprightliness with piety in a way which won all hearts. Every morning at breakfast he would execute a Grace, during which a man might, with due regard both to his God and to his belly, have worked through from his *Benedictus benedicat* well-nigh to his *Benedicto benedicatur*. Then beneath a doubtful collar tucking a napkin where doubt was not he would fall to and tackle God's good bacon with a holy zest. Now, on the occasion of Meldrum's first meal in the house Providence, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, had ordained that Bannister should be absent. They had accordingly met for the first time at the breakfast-table on the following morning. Meldrum, uncertain as to the elasticity of the breakfast-hour, was punctual. Opposite to him on he table was a large covered dish. Almost opposite to him was Dorothea. He laid an officious hand upon the cover. "Let us *first*," warned Bannister, with a glance towards Meldrum in which wrath was duly seasoned with unctuous pity. The cover was already on high, Meldrum was already looking towards Dorothea, when he realised the voice, now flowing in relentless periods, with a tincture of acidity for which he suspected that he was responsible. All through the lengthy declamation Meldrum stuck to his cover like a man, regarding with ambiguous gravity the dish of eggs and bacon, which seemed to throw up its steam with a sort of rollicking unholiness.

The thing was unpardonable.

Meldrum's resolute taciturnity had so far baffled Bannister's desire for revenge. But he waited his opportunity.

Now Miss Shairp was inquisitive, and had charge of the letter-bag. That large envelope of Meldrum's, which had called forth the sympathetic glance from Dorothea, had not escaped her vigilance. It bore, on the other side, the name of a publisher. Here was a discovery ! Mr. Meldrum was an author. Bubbling with excitement, Miss Shairp yet kept her secret for many days. At dinner this evening it was fated to come out.

The entertainment-man was darkly hinting at his theatrical plans. But Miss Shairp made up her mind to go one better.

"Ah, Mr. Bannister," she exclaimed, "I've got something *new*."

"Well, Miss Shairp, what's that?" with a great air of impartiality. "Everyone in his turn, you know. Let's play fair; that's what I say. Let everyone have his chance. If your game's better than mine—why, let's have your game."

"Ladies," said Miss Shairp mysteriously, "you may not know that there is a real live author among us."

A horrible fear caused Meldrum's heart to stand still. There was a feminine rustle of anticipation.

"Am I not right, Mr. Meldrum?"

A chorus of remorseless voices assailed the poor wretch, demanding that he should "read them something."

This was gall and wormwood to Bannister. Meldrum, of all people! How long should the ungodly prosper? The possibility that the request should be otherwise than gratifying to his enemy would never have occurred to him, had he not seen Meldrum's face at the moment. Then he understood and used his opportunity.

"Now, Mr. Meldrum," he urged, "you won't refuse the ladies?" ("The ladies" were for ever in his mouth.)

Meldrum *souffrait en damné*. He screwed out some lame excuse.

To add to his torment was beyond Bannister's ingenuity. He returned to his theatricals, drunk with revenge.

Meldrum's glance wandered round the table until it lighted on Dorothea. Once more he basked in divine compassion.

When, a few minutes later, Bannister led his chattering troupe from the room, Dorothea lingered behind with her aunt. She turned to Meldrum, who was waiting for her to pass out.

"Mr. Meldrum," she said, "won't you relent, and read us some of your book? We should both enjoy it so much—shouldn't we, Aunt?"

"Certainly, my dear," said good Aunt Jane, "if Mr. Meldrum would be so kind as to read it to us upstairs, where we shall not be disturbed."

This was quite another thing. Meldrum murmured grateful acceptance, yet not without misgiving. To present at the altar MS. which had been saved from the paper-basket only by its regular accompaniment of postage-stamps—what irreverence was this? He compounded with his conscience by calling it rather an appeal to a higher court.

"But I warn you," he added, "that I am a rejected scribbler, a failure of three years' standing."

"Never mind, Mr. Meldrum, you shall find acceptance at last. We will wait here, if you will bring the MS."

He might have been a six-year-old child sent to fetch his broken toy. This was Dorothea's fearless, maternal way with the objects of her pity.

Meldrum did not recognise maternity in this youthful guise. (After all, he was about four years older than Dorothea.) Let us confess with shame that her conduct had filled him with a certain almost vulgar complacency. Must he indeed give the goddess up? She was within his grasp! It was hard, but £200 a year *plus* a guinea a week. He must steel himself.

On his return to the dining-room he was conducted upstairs to the temporary shrine.

Aunt Jane, pleading the infirmity of years, took possession of a sofa in one corner of the room. Dorothea sat down by the fire, and, pointing to a chair opposite, ordered Meldrum to begin.

Now that it came to the point Meldrum found that he was unable to begin. The difficulty had not occurred to him until now, but he had never been able to screw up his courage to the point of reading aloud. He remembered an occasion on which his steady refusal to read Tennyson to a certain persistent lady of his acquaintance had brought him into a situation scarcely less embarrassing than that of the dinner-table a few minutes ago. But to read one's own stuff—without even the confidence that is begotten of publication! With scarcely more difficulty he could have joined in the fatuous antics of Bannister's company downstairs. He implored Dorothea to read the MS. herself.

"But," she objected, "I can't read aloud either, Mr. Meldrum; and if I read it to myself, what is Aunt to do?"

Now Aunt Jane, as Dorothea became aware at the moment, was palpably asleep. Her objection therefore becoming invalid, she took the MS., and read for some time in silence.

Meldrum sat awaiting her verdict with due meekness; his thought alternating, if truth be told, between "The Grey Goose" (that was his title) and the weekly guineas.

When Dorothea had got through some thirty pages she paused and looked up.

"Yes. But you know, Mr. Meldrum, you mustn't call a poor girl 'Gladys.'"

"Oh, she deserves all that, as you'll see, if you go on."

"But does the reader? However, you've managed to keep the 'w' out of it, which is something."

"Well, you know best. What am I to call her then?"

"H'm. How would 'Dorothea' do?"

"I suppose everyone has some names which he keeps sacred from the profanation of his own scribblings. Now for me there is only one Dorothea."

She scarcely repressed a start.

"In 'Middlemarch,' you know."

"Oh, I see; yes."

Her momentary confusion did not escape Meldrum. "By Jove," was his unspoken soliloquy, "there'll be another Dorothea for me soon, if I'm not careful." Whence we may conclude: firstly, that he gathered from the little start that Mrs. Verrall's Christian name was Dorothea; secondly, that the said confusion did not tend to diminish her attractions; and, thirdly, that Meldrum had a very tolerable opinion of himself.

"Well," said Dorothea, "that must be altered somehow. If it were not for one or two little things like that, the story would do very well, so far;" and she resumed her reading.

Meldrum, sitting opposite, drank unchecked of her beauty, till a vinous complacency crept over him.

He was particularly grateful to her in that she was called Dorothea. The name guided his contemplations. He bethought him again of "Middlemarch," ever his text-book. He tried to fit upon her the delicious amethyst episode. It baffled him. Who shall pierce beneath the face of perfect womanhood, and view the crude religious flutterings of an unfledged soul? Casaubon, too: had *she* had her Casaubon? It suited his mood to believe that she had. His thoughts waxed eloquent. Some brain-crammed, heart-starved Cambridge don, some dusty blue-bottle of the combination room, battered for monotonous years on college pedantry and college port, and breaking at last his heaven-ordained confinement, to fasten with vampire greed upon this flower—God's gift, but not to him. Ugh! A less revolting picture. The perfect scene with Lydgate, towards the end of the story. There was the keynote to this Dorothea's character, as to that of her prototype. Sympathy!

The frigid calculation of weekly guineas recurred to him. He flung it from him, and clothed himself in courage.

"With sympathy to back me, what may I not do—become?"

Dorothea, engrossed in her MS., looked up—somewhat at a loss

for the connection. How long had he been talking, and she ignoring him?

"Be assured, Mr. Meldrum, you have my fullest sympathy."

The words were perfunctory, but not the tone.

He rose, and drew near to her chair.

"Mrs. Verrall—Doro——"

"Mr. Meldrum!"

He stood petrified—his attitude the perfection of awkwardness. As Dorothea watched him, indignation gave way to amusement. Take for similitude a dog—willing of spirit, but weak of flesh—discovered with forepaws on the breakfast-table, the forbidden rasher palpable within his jaws.

"What can excuse me? You know what I would have asked?"

Impossible to say "Yes."

"What do you mean, Mr. Meldrum?"

"I would have asked—that your sympathy—that your" (he stumbled on the word like a schoolboy)—"that your love might be mine."

"You know that I am married?"

Meldrum sat back, stupefied, into the chair behind him, while Dorothea quietly resumed her reading. It did not take him long to rally his senses. Her matronly composure stung him deliciously. Vanity was absorbed in reverence. He caught himself thinking that she would be even more charming as Barberine than as Dorothea. Let the reader feel no alarm; there was not twopennyworth of Rosemberg in Meldrum's composition.

"Mrs. Verrall, will you—can you—forgive my idiocy?"

"Never mind that, Mr. Meldrum. Now let us be practical. Have you shown this to any publishers?"

"Yes; every publisher in London, I should think."

"Verrall and Beevor?"

"Er—no."

"But why not?"

"Mr. Verrall is an old acquaintance of mine. One doesn't like to force one's stuff on a man in that way. Is——?"

"Oh, what nonsense! Mr. Meldrum, you will never make your way. You mustn't consider your friends. You must *push*." Dorothea spoke with authority. She knew the world; she, as the reader is aware, pushed. "How long have you known Mr. Verrall?"

"I knew him a long time ago. I haven't seen him for years." At last he could get his question in. "Is that Mr. Verrall——?"

"That Mr. Verrall is my husband, yes. We must make him publish it."

"But, Mrs. Verrall—I can't thank you enough for your kindness—but it really isn't fair."

"Oh," with delicious candour, "it will have to be altered a good deal, of course—quite rewritten in some parts."

Meldrum found that, under circumstances, he could enjoy humiliation.

"You really think it is worth altering—rewriting?"

"Of course it is; you know it is. Mr. Meldrum, an author should be above petty self-disparagement."

He would have sought to merit further reproof. But Dorothea resumed:

"However, you must send it first, and have Mr. Verrall's opinion on the book as it stands."

"But——"

"Now you are going to make excuses. I shall send it myself, to-night. Only you must write me a few lines to enclose with it. You can do that here."

Protest was useless. Meldrum sat down at a writing-table. The letter only took him five minutes. When it was finished, he received his dismissal.

All this had taken place on a Monday evening. On Thursday Dorothea received a letter from John, which we shall take the liberty of publishing :

MY DEAR DOROTHEA,—Do not suppose for a moment that this is a letter of submission. I am still good for another week or so; after which period I foresee that I shall be "reasonable," for mere want of someone to pour out my coffee. It was a dastardly stroke to take Aunt Jane with you. But mind: my reasonableness will extend only so far as to read this abomination: publishing is quite another matter. Meanwhile I have other, and (my last flicker of independence) better fish to fry. Have you at Quebec House come across a man named Meldrum? If so, you have met the George Eliot of our generation (though who shall persuade you that any man may bear comparison with her?) Perhaps I may have mentioned his name to you before, as he is an old acquaintance of mine, though I have not seen him now for many years. I had no idea that he possessed any literary ability—or even ambition—until I received from him on Tuesday last a couple of MSS. on which I have been occupied ever since. One of these—the

earlier—has evidently been the round of the publishers. It is called "The Grey Goose." It has enough errors of treatment and construction to account for its failure: yet, on a more attentive reading, its good points are so apparent that I can persuade myself, though with difficulty, that the man who wrote "A Student of Pascal" may have exercised his 'prentice hand on "The Grey Goose." As to the later book, I may possibly cool down a little: at present, it appears to me faultless—the work of a master. Evidently, Meldrum only sent the "Goose" as an afterthought, for his letter only mentions "a MS." But I have no doubt it may be worked into shape: I accordingly hope to come to terms with him about both books. The marvel is that he should have found no publisher: for it is impossible that these two should be consecutive books; he must have written a great deal in between. I have asked him to come up and see me as soon as he can. I am only sorry that you will not be here to receive him: for I will not deny you a certain passive intelligence in things literary. Now, shall we make a compromise? Come back at once, and I will read the *thing*: but under protest, and on the understanding that nothing of the sort is to occur again. Let me know your decision.

I remain, Madam, your obedient servant,

JOHN VERRALL.

It was in her own room that Dorothea read this letter. When she had finished it she flung herself upon her unoffending aunt and went near to strangling her.

"My dear, what is the matter?" asked the victim mildly.

Dorothea deigned no oral explanation, but, sitting down, wrote a short note, which she handed to Aunt Jane.

"Is not this wifely obedience?" she asked.

Aunt Jane read:

MY DEAR JOHN,—We will come home to-morrow. As to the MS., you need not read it. I will have nothing done under protest.

Yours,

DOROTHEA.

"My dear," was her comment, "I am very glad. You are a good child, Dorothea. John was in the wrong. Does he ask you to come home?"

"Yes; but of course he does not admit that he was in the wrong."

"Men never do," said Aunt Jane, of her experience; and added again, "but you are a good child."

"Yes," Dorothea assented.

Presently there was a knock at the door. Meldrum appeared.

"May I come in? I am afraid, Mrs. Verrall, that there has been some mistake about that unlucky MS. of mine."

"Yes, I know," said Dorothea; "I made a mistake. I will explain, but not now. Mr. Meldrum, I want you to promise me something."

"I promise."

"Say nothing to Mr. Verrall, and write nothing to him, until you have my permission to do so."

"So be it."

"I am going home to-morrow, and will explain the mistake to Mr. Verrall. That will be better than writing."

"Mr. Verrall has asked me to see him about the MS., *my* MS., so I shall be going up too."

"When?"

"To-morrow." He meant it this time.

"Then you shall look after us and our luggage."

Meldrum dined with the Verralls on the following night, for the party had arrived within half an hour of their usual dinner-hour.

The meal was almost as silent as the last which John and Dorothea had together, despite the presence of a guest. Indeed, Meldrum was perhaps the most silent of the party. He was uneasy about the mysterious MS. which had, it seemed, accompanied his own. John Verrall's mind was full of the same subject, from another point of view. So was Dorothea's. Aunt Jane alone showed due composure. There seemed to be a tacit agreement that no "shop" should be talked until dinner was over.

Meldrum would drink nothing, and the quartette repaired together to the drawing-room. But Aunt Jane disappeared at once on some household errand.

Verrall could hold his peace no longer.

"Meldrum," he exclaimed, "I can't put those two books together. Tell me all about them. What have you written in between? The 'Student of Pascal' is genius; the other——" He stopped, finding no convenient expression.

Meldrum, remembering his promise, looked appealingly at Dorothea.

She realised that she had been inconsiderate—almost ungenerous. She sought to make amends, and at the same time to disburden herself of her secret.

"To say truth, Mr. Meldrum, my husband is no critic. And in this case I fear marital prejudice is at work in my favour."

He knew all. He seized Dorothea by the wrists.

"You?" he gasped. "Let me look at you. You wrote it? The 'Student of Pascal' is yours?" He knelt before his "fair and strong and terrible lioness." "Dorothea, trample on me. I am a worm and no man. Dorothea"—words failed him. "Dorothea, try my faith. Order me to publish a railway guide, on hand-made paper, with illustrations by Myrbach. Trample."

Dorothea trampled, with dainty precision :

Nous serons, par nos lois, les juges des ouvrages ;
Par nos lois, prose et vers, tout nous sera soumis :
Nul n'aura de l'esprit, hors nous et nos amis.
Nous chercherons partout à trouver à redire,
Et ne verrons que nous qui sachent bien écrire.

Verrall sprang to his feet. There was yet a red rag for this tame bull—Alexandrine verse, spoken ; written, he could endure it as well as another man.

"To the woman who can quote five consecutive lines of Molière and flinch not, publishing is child's play. Dorothea, the fair fame of Verrall, Beevor and Verrall is in your keeping."

He made for the door, dragging Meldrum with him.

But worse was to come. Dorothea was on her mettle. She intercepted Meldrum's flight.

Vous, si vous connaissez des maris prévenus,
Envoyez-les, au moins, à l'école chez nous.

At the moment Aunt Jane entered.

Verrall gave her a warning touch as Meldrum passed out of the room.

"Your niece, madam," he said, with complex irreverence, "is grievously vexed——"

Dorothea slammed the door in time.

Criticism came hissing through the keyhole : "Unfeminine !"

A SUSSEX PEPYS.

WILLIAM COWPER, who was afterwards Lord Chancellor, writing to his wife in 1690 from the comparatively civilised neighbourhood of Kingston-on-Thames, excused himself for not having written from Horsham—where he had been attending circuit—on the plea that they had to send their letters six miles thence by special messenger to meet the post. Of the condition of rural Sussex at that time he gives a deplorable account. “The Sussex ways,” he says, “are bad and ruinous beyond imagination. I vow ’tis a melancholy consideration that mankind will inhabit such a heap of dirt for a poor livelihood. The country is a sink of about fourteen miles broad, which receives all the water that falls from two long ranges of hills on both sides of it; and, not being furnished with convenient drainage, is kept moist and soft by the water till the middle of a dry summer, which is only able to make it tolerable to ride for a short time.”

Very little substantial improvement seems to have been effected within the following fifty or sixty years. The roads continued to be impassable for the greater part of the year. The only way of getting about was on horseback—the husband riding with his wife on a pillion behind him; a slip of road was made hard for horsemen by the refuse slag from the extinct ironworks, the rest of the roadway being available only in the middle of summer.

It followed, therefore, that those who lived and carried on their business in the remoter Sussex towns and villages led singularly isolated lives, and of their habits and customs, amusements and mode of life, but few records have reached us. One curiously interesting one, however, survives in the diaries of one Thomas Turner, a tradesman of East Hothly, the manuscript of which having remained in the possession of his descendants for a century or more, came at last under the observation of Messrs. R. W. Blencowe and M. A. Lower, and formed the subject of a paper which was added to the collections of the Sussex Archæological Society in 1859.

In East Hothly, which formed the centre of a district bounded on one side by the sea and on the other by a swampy, ill-drained land intersected by almost impassable roads, Thomas Turner carried on the business of general shopkeeper, a trade which, it has been whispered, has been the foundation of the fortunes of many well-to-do Sussex families of to-day. The old Sussex mercer was the precursor of the "stores" and the "universal provider" of the present day; he dealt in everything, from a flat-iron to a coffin; he was grocer, draper, haberdasher, hatter, clothier, druggist, ironmonger, stationer, glover, undertaker, &c.

There is an old Weald of Sussex story which relates how that a Londoner, amused at the miscellaneous business carried on at one of these local stores, determined to pose its proprietor by asking for something which he could not supply. "Well, Mr. Smith," he began, "you sell everything, don't you?" "Not everything, sir," replied Mr. Smith, "but a good many things." "Well," said the Londoner, "I want a second-hand pulpit; you can't supply that, I suppose?" "Well, yes, sir, I can," answered Smith, "for our church has been new-pewed lately, and as I'm churchwarden, I happen just now to have a second-hand pulpit left in stock."

I believe the story has of late years changed its venue to Westbourne Grove, and been modified to suit the altered conditions; but this is the true and original version, which was an ancient tradition a century ago.

Whether Thomas Turner's trade was as varied as this does not appear from the diary, but if we may trust its accuracy, business was very dull during the greater part of the eleven years (February 1754 to July 1765) over which the record extends, entry after entry being devoted to bitter complaints of bad trade and doleful forebodings as to what would become of him and his family. It seems probable that Thomas Turner was somewhat of a croaker, given to look on the gloomy side of things, or else that in the latter years of his life, after he had given up diary-keeping, his business must have considerably improved—possibly with the help of the money brought to him by his second wife, for it is certain that on his death in 1789 he left a very flourishing establishment to his son, whose turn-over averaged from £50,000 to £70,000 a year for many years.

Thomas Turner, the diarist, was a native of Groombridge, in Kent, where he was born in 1728. He is said to have been a man of good family. At any rate his tastes were probably far in advance of those of the majority of his contemporaries. He was an omnivorous reader, and in the course of a few weeks he mentions having

read Gay's poems, Stewart "On the Supreme Being," "The Whole Duty of Man," "Paradise Lost and Regained," Tillotson's "Sermons," "Othello," "The Universal Magazine," Thomson's "Seasons," Young's "Night Thoughts," Tournefort's "Voyage to the Levant," and "Peregrine Pickle."

His criticisms were sometimes amusing and often just. "Clarissa Harlowe" he looked upon "as a very well wrote thing, though it must be allowed to be too prolix," but the emotional side of him was touched when his wife read him the account of poor Clarissa's funeral, and he breaks out with "Oh! may the Supreme Being give me grace to lead my life in such a manner as my exit may in some measure be like that divine creature's."

It is impossible to acquit Mr. Turner of a certain amount of pose. It was a hard-drinking time, and the good Thomas drank as hard as any, and he was as frank about his misdoings as Pepys himself, but he had always one eye on the future possible reader of his lucubrations, so the over-night's debauch was always made the text for a moral and improving discourse, the fervour of which seems to be in exact proportion to the severity of the headache the potations had left behind them. Possibly Thomas Turner was not altogether a humbug; a man of his literary tastes must have found the amusements of his neighbours and friends somewhat unsatisfying, but he never seems to have had the strength of mind to resist temptation. "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor" might have been his motto, had he understood Latin, which it does not appear that he did.

He started his diary with the best intentions in the world:

"Sunday, February 8, 1754.—As I by experience find how much more conducive it is to my health, as well as pleasantness and serenity to my mind, to live in a low moderate rate of diet, and as I know I shall never be able to comply therewith in so strickt a manner as I should chuse by the unstable and over easyness of my temper, I think it therefore fit to draw up Rules of proper Regimen, which I do in the manner and form following, which I hope I shall always have the strictest regard to follow, as I think they are not inconsistent with either religion or morality."

The Regimen thus formally prescribed was exact in every particular, leaving little to chance or accident: to rise early, to breakfast between seven and eight o'clock, to dine between twelve and one, and never to go to bed later than ten o'clock were fundamental conditions. At dinner he was to eat sparingly of meat, but plentifully of garden-stuff; supper was to consist of weak broth, water-gruel or milk pottage, varied occasionally with a fruit pie.

As regards the extent of his potations Mr. Turner was pedantically exact. Whether at home, or in company abroad, he pledged himself never to drink more than four glasses of strong beer; one to toast the King's health, the second to the Royal Family, the third to all friends, and the fourth to the pleasure of the company. If there were wine or punch the allowance was to be eight glasses, each glass to hold no more than half a quarter of a pint.

Alas for good resolutions! At this time Turner combined the duties of a schoolmaster with his ordinary business. He seems hardly to have been a judicious instructor of youth, if one may judge from an entry on June 20, which, being his birthday, he celebrated by treating his scholars to five quarts of strong beer. Turner gave up his school in 1756.

Mrs. Turner's family appear to have lived at Lewes, her constant visits to which place were very distasteful to her husband, who keeps careful record of their domestic bickerings on this subject. "Oh!" he writes on June 30, "what happiness must there be in the married state when there is a sincere regard on both sides, and each partie truly satisfied with each other's merits! But it is impossible for tongue or pen to express the uneasiness that attends the contrary."

On another occasion he laments: "Alas! what can be said of a woman's temper and thought? Business and family advantage must submit to their pride and pleasure; but though I mention this of women, it may, perhaps, be as justly applyed to men; but most people are blind to their own follies." Surely a handsome admission.

Much of this domestic strife seems, in his own words, to have been "fermented" by other parties, notably by the inevitable mother-in-law, Mrs. Slater, whom he describes as a very Xantippe, "having a great volubility of tongue for invective, and especially if I am the subject, though alas! what the good woman wants with me I know not, unless it be that I have offended her by being too careful of her daughter, who, poor creature, has enjoyed but little pleasure in her marriage state, being almost continually, to our great misfortune, afflicted with illness."

One of the earliest entries in the diary refers to his carrying down "some shagg for a pair of breeches for Mr. Porter." The Rev. Richard Porter, M.A., had been inducted to the living of East Hothly in 1742. He was a man of learning, and it is on record that he engaged Walter Gale, the schoolmaster of Mayfield, to transcribe "A Translation from Longinus of Sappho," which he had anew translated into Sapphic verse, to the sound, time, and metre with the original Greek.

With regard to the parson's breeches, it appears that in East Hothly there existed a special provision for the furnishing of these necessary items of the clerical attire. Some generations before, a wealthy and benevolent lady in the parish having observed that her pastor's nether garments were in an unseemly state of disrepair, presented him and his successors for ever with a piece of woodland, attached to the glebe, the proceeds from which were to be devoted to the repair and renewal of the vicar's garments.

Probably the Reverend Richard Porter stood less in need of the help of the "Breeches Wood," as it was called, than many of his predecessors, since he married the daughter and co-heiress of a Yorkshire gentleman of fortune.

Mrs. Porter seems at one time to have been disposed to give herself airs towards the good people of East Hothly, and her behaviour, on one occasion at least, deeply offended Mr. Turner.

On May 20, 1756, he writes: "This day I went to Mr. Porter's to inform him that the livery lace was not come, when I think Mrs. Porter treated me with as much imperious and scornful usage as if she had been, what I think she is, more of a Turk and infidel than a Christian, and I an abject slave."

It is satisfactory to know that the lady unbent later on, and, indeed, went to extraordinary lengths of affability, as will appear from an entry in the diary on February 25 in the following year: "This morning, about six o'clock," he writes, "just as my wife was got to bed, we were awaked by Mrs. Porter, who pretended she wanted some cream of tartar; but as soon as my wife got out of bed she vowed she should come down. She found Mr. Porter, Mr. Fuller, and his wife, with a lighted candle and part of a bottle of wine and a glass. The next thing was to have me downstairs, which, being apprised of, I fastened my door. Upstairs they came, and threatened to break it open; so I ordered the boys to open it, when they poured into my room, and, as modesty forbid me to get out of bed, so I refrained; but their immodesty permitted them to draw me out of bed, as the common phrase is, topsy-turvey; but, however, at the intercession of Mr. Porter, they gave me time to put on my wife's petticoats; and in this manner they made me dance, without shoes and stockings, untill they had emptied the bottle of wine and also a bottle of my beer. . . . About three o'clock in the afternoon they found their way to their respective homes, beginning to be a little serious and, in my opinion, ashamed of their stupid enterprise and drunken preambulation. Now, let anyone call in reason to his assistance and seriously reflect on what I have before recited, and

they will join with me in thinking that the precepts delivered from the pulpit on Sunday, though delivered with the greatest ardour, must lose a great deal of their efficacy by such examples."

A few days later—it being Sunday, March 3—"We had as good a sermon as I ever heard Mr. Porter preach, it being against swearing." Mr. Porter seems, like the Puritans of "Hudibras," to have compounded for the

sins he was inclined to,
By damning those he had no mind to.

Swearing he objected to, but getting drunk, without using bad language, he called "innocent mirth; but I, in opinion," says the moral Turner, "differ much therefrom."

The same party met the same week at Mr. Joseph Fuller's, where "we continued drinking like horses, as the vulgar phrase is, and singing till many of us were very drunk, and then we went to dancing and pulling of wigs, caps, and hats; and thus we continued in this frantic manner, behaving more like mad people than they that profess the name of Christians. Whether this is consistent to the wise saying of Solomon, let any one judge: 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and he that is deceived thereby is not wise.'"

Following upon this was an evening of "innocent mirth" at the Reverend Mr. Porter's, a pathetic comment upon which appears in the diary entry of the following day:

"At home all day. Very piteous!"

The round of orgies was completed by a meeting of the same party at Turner's own house—an invitation affair this time, not a surprise-party like the last. After which he writes:

"Now I hope all revelling for this season is over; and may I never more be discomposed with so much drink, or by the noise of an obstreperious multitude, but that I may calm my troubled mind and soothe my disturbed conscience."

Lest it be supposed that there was anything very unclerical in the conduct of Mr. Porter, according to the customs of his time, it may be well to quote here an entry of a later date, referring to another pillar of the Church:—

"Mr. _____, the curate of Laughton, came to the shop in the forenoon, and he having bought some things of me (and I could wish he had paid for them), dined with me, and also staid in the afternoon till he got in liquor, and being so complaisant as to keep him company, I was quite drunk. How I do detest myself for being so foolish."

Mr. Turner's moral remarks and pious ejaculations, whether they be sincere or not, add at times immensely to the humour of his narrative.

Here is a gem :

"December 25th.—This being Christmas Day, myself and wife at church in the morning. We stayed the Communion; my wife gave 6*d.*; but they not asking me, I gave nothing. Oh! may we increase in faith and good works, and maintain the good intentions we have this day taken up."

Mr. Turner's experiences as overseer and churchwarden throw an interesting light upon the conduct of parish business in those days. On April 19, 1756, he was chosen overseer, and on the 21st went to the audit, "and came home drunk; but I think never to exceed the bounds of moderation more."

It seems to have been the custom for the parish officers to make raids, during the service, upon the public-houses; thus on Sunday, April 25, "as soon as prayers were over, Mr. French and I went and searched the public-houses. At Francis Turner's we found a man and his wife; they seemed a very sober sort of people, and not a-drinking, so we did not meddle with them."

On another occasion, while the Psalms were being sung, he and the headborough again drew the ale-houses blank, but they caught the barber "exercising his trade"; but as it was a first offence they forgave him. They were severely Sabbatarians these pious Sussex tipplers.

The year after his election as overseer Mr. Turner was chosen churchwarden, for which he paid 4*s.* 6*d.*, and got home about 10 P.M.—"Thank God, very safe and sober!"

Vestry meetings in those days, as occasionally at the present time, were conducted with a good deal of heat. "We had several warm arguments at the vestry to-day," he writes, "and several vollies of execrable oaths oftentimes redounded from almost all parts of the room. A most rude and shocking thing at publick meetings."

The following account of the way in which an undesirable parishioner was got rid of is instructive: "I went down to Jones's to the publick vestry. It was the unanimous consent of all present to give to Tho. Daw, upon condition that he should buy the house in the parish of Waldron for which he hath been treating, by reason that he would then be an inhabitant of Waldron, and clear of our parish, halfe a tun of iron, £10; a chaldron of coals, &c., £2; in cash, £8; and find him the sum of £20, for which he is to pay interest, for to buy the said house; a fine present for a man

that has already about £80! but yet, I believe it is a very prudent step in the parish, for he being a man with but one leg, and very contrary withall, and his wife being entirely deprived of that great blessing, eyesight, there is great room to suspect there would, one time or other, happen a great charge to the parish, there being a very increasing family; and I doubt the man is none of the most prudent, he having followed smuggling very much in time past, which has brought him into a trifling way of life."

Another instance of this free and easy way of dealing with public money is afforded by the calling of a vestry meeting in the churchyard, one Sunday after service, to determine whether the sum of six guineas should be lent, on the parish account, to Francis Turner, to enable him to pay a debt for which he was threatened with arrest on the Monday. The meeting unanimously decided that Francis should have the money, which was neighbourly, if, to us, it appears irregular. Arrest for debt was no joke in those days, however, and our Thomas Turner, who seems to have been a kind-hearted fellow, was sorely perplexed throughout several days of his diary, as to whether he had not been guilty of oppression in putting into the lawyer's hands a fellow who had owed him a debt for four years.

Recruiting for the Navy was a sweetly simple process then: "Master Hooke and myself," he writes, "went and searched John Jones's and Prawle's [probably two ale-houses] in order to see if there was any disorderly fellows, that he might have them to the setting to-morrow in order to send them to sea. We found none that we thought proper to send."

It would be interesting to have had Master Thomas Turner's exact definition of "a disorderly fellow."

The practice of limiting the time of an auction by the burning of a candle obtained at this time. In this year (1756), Mr. Turner attended a sale of some property in the parish of St. Michael's, Lewes. The candle was lighted at four o'clock, and burnt until eight—four hours being spent in the disposal of property worth £420.

Trade was bad that year. He exclaims against the dearness of all provisions, wheat being 10s. a bushel, barley 5s., beef 2s. a stone, mutton 3d. a pound. "Oh! how dull is trade, how very scarce is money. Never did I know so bad a time before. What shall I do? Work I cannot, and honest I will be, if the Almighty will give me grace."

The echoes of events in the great world reached East Hothly, albeit slowly. From the following it appears that War Office delays and mismanagement are not of modern invention.

“18th July, 1756.—I this day heard of the loss of Fort St. Philip and the whole island of Minarco (Minorca), after being possessed by the English nation forty-seven years, and after being defended ten weeks and one day by that truly brave and heroic man, General Blakeney, and at last was obliged to surrender for want of provisions and ammunition. No man, I think, can deserve a brighter character in the annals of fame like this. But, oh! he was, as one may justly say, abandoned by his country, who never sent him any succours. Never did the English nation suffer a greater blot. Oh! my country, my country! Oh, Albion, Albion! I doubt thou are tottering on the brink of ruin and desolation this day! The nation is all in a foment upon account of losing dear Minorca.”

Here are one or two entries made about this time :

“August 22nd.—I sett off for Pittdown, where I saw Charles Diggens and James Fowle run twenty rods for one guinea each. I got never a bet, but very drunk.”

The entertainment seems to have been kept up all night :

“23rd.—Came home in the forenoon, not quite sober. At home all day, and I know I behaved more like an ass than any human being—doubtless not like one that calls himself a Christian. Oh! how unworthy am I of that name!”

Mr. Turner could be quietly sarcastic about his associates sometimes :

“Was fought this day at Jones’s a main of cocks between the gentlemen of Hothly and Pevensey. Query. Is there a gentleman in either of the places that was consernd?”

The hop-picking season in Sussex was inaugurated with the purchase and presentation of a neck-cloth for the pole-puller. This was of some showy colour, which made him conspicuous in the garden. The hop-pickers subscribed for the purchase, and the ceremony, like all the rest of the country celebrations, was reckoned a fit “excuse for a glass.”

“September 20th.—In the even Mr. Porter’s hop-pickers bought their pole-puller’s neckcloth.”

“September 23rd.—Holland hop-pickers bought their pole-puller’s neckcloth; and, poor wretches, many of them insensible.”

Here is an account of a typical expedition to a neighbouring town :

“Monday, October 17.—Tho. Durrant and I set out on our journey to Steyning, and arrived there in the even. Next day I settled with Mr. Burfield; after this we must needs walk up to Steyning town, where he had us about from one of his friends’

houses to another untill we became not very sober ; but, however, we got back to Mr. Burfield's and dined there. After dinner, thinking myself capable to undertake such a journey, I came away leaving Tho. Durrant there, who actual was past riding, or amost anything else. I arrived home through the providence of God, very well and safe, about seven ; and, to give Mr. Burfield his just character in the light wherein he appears to me, he is a very good-tempered man, a kind and affectionate husband, an indulgent and tender parent, benevolent and humane to a great degree, and who seems to have a great capacity and judgment in his business ; but, after all, a man very much given to drink." This comes well from Thomas Turner.

The Turners' matrimonial felicity does not seem to have become more assured as time went on. Quarrels were frequent, and reconciliations followed close upon them. On one occasion, all the family having taken the Sacrament together, he and his wife resolved "to forsake their sins and to become better Christians, and to bear with each other's infirmities, and live in peace with all mankind." Thomas Davey, happening to drop in the same evening, Mr. Turner read him six of Tillotson's sermons, which seems rather hard upon Thomas Davey.

In common with many other respectable persons of his time, Thomas Turner regarded church-going and a more or less scrupulous observance of the Fourth Commandment as a cloak for a good many other irregularities of conduct. He did not always attend church, but he was always severe upon himself for the omission. One Sunday he writes :

"I was at home all day, but not at church. Oh, fye ! No just reason for not being there."

Another time he says :

"No service at our church in the morning or afternoon. I dined on a roasted goose and apple-sauce ; I drunk tea with Mr. Carman and his family. This is not the right use that Sunday should be applied to. No, it is not."

Notwithstanding his respect for dignitaries, he is very severe, in his diary, upon the Duke of Newcastle, who was wont to bring a large party of friends to Halland House, and to spend Sunday in feasting. This desecration of the Sabbath, coupled with the fact that the Duke carried several French cooks in his train, induced some very strong remarks, although, with Mr. Turner's usual "complaisance," he seems to have been a frequent visitor at Halland, where he was on friendly terms with the Duke's steward and man of business, Mr. Coates.

Christmas festivities began early and continued late then, as we hardly hear the last of them before March.

The first of the parties recorded in 1757 was on January 26, when they went to Whyly, and Mr. Turner is careful to record that they came home "I may say, quite sober," although he proceeds to explain that he had contracted a slight impediment in his speech, "occasioned by the fumes of the liquor operating too furiously upon my brain."

On February 2nd they supped at Mr. Fuller's and spent the evening with a great deal of mirth. "Tho. Fuller brought my wife home upon his back."

A second evening's entertainment at Whyly does not seem to have borne the morning's reflection quite so well :

"We played at brag the first part of the even. After ten we went to supper, on four boiled chicken, four boiled ducks, minced veal, sausages, cold roast goose, chicken pasty and ham. After supper our behaviour was far from that of serious harmless mirth; it was downright obstreperious, mixed with a great deal of folly and stupidity. Our diversion was dancing or jumping about, without a violin or any musick, singing of foolish healths, and drinking all the time as fast as it could be poured down; and the parson of the parish was one among the mixed multitude. If conscience" (here follows the inevitable moral reflection), "if conscience dictates right from wrong, as doubtless it sometimes does, mine is one that I may say is soon offended; for I must say I am always very uneasy at such behaviour, thinking it not like the behaviour of the primitive Christians, which I imagine was most in conformity to our Saviour's gospel. Nor would I be thought to be either a cynick or a stoick, but let social improving discourse pass round the company. About three o'clock, finding myself to have as much liquor as would do me good, I slipt away unobserved, leaving my wife to make my excuse. Though I was very far from sober, I came home, thank God, very safe and well, without even tumbling" (this was apparently an exceptional experience); "and Mr. French's servant brought my wife home at ten minutes past five" (probably upon his back).

Notwithstanding the frequent recurrence of these jollifications the badness of the times weighed more and more heavily upon his spirits. "A very melancholy time," he writes on March 23, "occasioned by the dearness of corn, though not proceeding from a real scarcity but from the iniquitous practice of ingrossers, fore-stalling, &c."

In July of the same year he complains of "a most prodigious

melancholly time," which he attributes to the increase of luxury, specially exemplified in the too frequent use of spirituous liquors, and "the exorbitant practice of tea-drinking, which has corrupted the morals of people of almost every rank." As green tea was then 14s. a pound and more, and bohea 12s. and 10s., it seems hardly likely that the "exorbitant practice" can have descended very low in the social scale.

The potations of which Mr. Turner writes so often were probably in the main confined to strong ale. His objection to the excessive use of spirits is frequently expressed, and in somewhat more sincere a tone than his Mawworm-like lamentations over his own backslidings. Curiously enough tea and spirit drinking are invariably coupled in his complaints about the growth of luxurious and intemperate habits. Two years later, we find him remarking that "Custom has brought tea and spirituous liquors so much into fashion that I dare be bold to say they often, too often, prove our ruin, and I doubt often, by the too frequent use of both, entail a weakness upon our progeny."

On October 20, 1758, he "read the 'Extraordinary Gazette' for Wednesday, which gives an account of our army in America, under the command of General Woolf, beating the French army under General Montcalm, near the city of Quebec, wherein both the generals were killed and the English General Monkton, who took the command after General Woolf was killed, was shot through the body, but is like to do well; as also the surrender of the city of Quebec. Oh! what a pleasure it is to every true Briton to see what success it pleased Almighty God to bless his Majesty's arms, they having success at this time in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America."

At Halland, in December, Hawke's victory over the French fleet was celebrated, and one regrets to learn that Mr. Turner spent an hour and a half trying to get through Mr. Porter's wood on his way home, "the liquor operating so much in the head that it rendered my legges useless."

On Sunday, October 26, of the year following, he notes the receipt of the melancholy news of the death of "the King and parent of our most happy isle, his most august Majesty George II."

Death came nearer to him in June 1761, when he lost his wife, after a painful illness of thirty-eight weeks. Poor Peggy's contrary ways were straightway forgotten. Like "the incomparable Mr. Young," he cries, "let them whoever lost an angel pity me." With pardonable self-deception he even cheats himself into the belief

that they lived a life together of undisturbed harmony, and in lamenting over his future tipsy bouts he even ventures to suggest that he led a more regular life in "dear Peggy's" time.

There is somewhat of a sameness in the diary entries for some considerable time, laments on bad trade, sorrow for his wife's loss, and records of drinking bouts with moral reflections thereon recur with monotonous regularity.

We hear incidentally of Thomas Davy again, and learn with regret that he apparently benefited little by his severe course of Tillotson's sermons.

"The wife of Thos. Davy was this day delivered of a girl, after being married only six months; two people whom I should the least have suspected of so indiscreet an act. How careful should we be of ourselves in this particular, &c., &c."

However, he went to the christening, and came home "sober! Oh! how comfortable does that word sound in my ears."

Two years after his wife's death the gossips of East Hothly were busying themselves with rumours of his second marriage, the effects of which suggestion are amusingly apparent in his diary. To his first denials of the possibility of such an occurrence follow an assurance that he has not made any resolution to live single. Presently, he discovers that "for want of the company of the softer sex I am become extremely awkward, and a certain roughness of disposition has seized on my mind," so that he is neither agreeable to himself, nor can his company be so to others.

One is not surprised, therefore, to read of his walking over to Lewes one Sunday to see a girl to whom he thought of paying his addresses. He was still very lukewarm on the subject, and the young lady not being at home, he had only his walk for his pains, which, he says, "was, perhaps, as well."

The object of Mr. Turner's well-regulated attachment, Molly Hicks, although in service at Lewes, was the daughter of a substantial yeoman at Chiddingley, with which parish the family was connected for many generations, and had some considerable expectations of her own.

Three months after his abortive visit to Lewes, we find him visiting Molly at her father's home, where the ceremony of "sitting up" was gone through.

"It being an excessive wet and windy night, I had the opportunity, sure I should say the pleasure, or, perhaps, some might say the unspeakable happiness, to set up with Molly Hicks, or my charmer, all night. I came home at forty minutes past five in the

morning—I must not say fatigued ; no, no, that could not be ; it could only be a little sleepy for want of rest. Well, to be sure, she is a most clever girl ; but, however, to be serious in the affair, I certainly esteem the girl, and think she appears worthy of my esteem."

Decidedly, Thomas was not a rapturous lover. In a subsequent entry in his diary he argues with himself the question of his marriage in as judicial a manner as Panurge. He is under no illusions as to the lady's attractions, and even admits her virtues with caution. "The girl, I believe, as far as I can discover, is a very industrious, sober woman, and seemingly endowed with prudence and good-nature. . . . As to her person, I know it is plain (so is my own), but she is cleanly in her person and dress, which is something more than at first sight it may appear to be, towards happiness. She is, I think, a well-made woman. As to her education, I own it is not liberal, but she has good sense and a desire to improve her mind, &c., &c."

This being almost the last entry in the diary, one cannot help suspecting that the charming Molly must have stumbled upon these indiscreet outpourings in the early days of her married life, and have expressed her disapproval of the practice of diary-making with a vigour that ensured its final discontinuance.

They were married on June 19, 1765, and the event was briefly recorded on July 3 following—the final entry in the diary.

"Thank God," he concludes, "I begin once more to be a little settled and am happy in my choice. I have, it is true, not married a learned lady, nor is she a gay one ; but I trust she is good-natured" (he is still apparently uncertain on the point). "As to her fortune, I shall one day have something considerable, and there seems to be rather a flowing stream. Well, here let us drop the subject, and begin a new one."

So we leave Thomas Turner in the full tide of the "flowing stream" that bore him to his last harbour some hundred and twelve years ago.

CHARLES COOPER.

THE POLITICS OF BOLINGBROKE.

THE political philosopher is apt to suffer from one of two defects. He may be merely a student without actual experience of the working of those principles and passions which he describes. He may be merely a politician, prejudiced by the long habit of taking sides and embittered by an acquired party spirit. The more he is of the one, the less he is sure to be of the other; and he will rarely be like the ideal physician of Plato, who could prescribe for mankind, because he had proved their diseases in his own person. He will prescribe from a distant and uncertain knowledge, or he will himself be so weakened and deformed by disease as to have lost the power to treat it properly.

This consideration, trite as it may appear, is necessary to explain the life of Lord Bolingbroke. The world remembers him not only as a great orator, whose speeches it is our loss not to have preserved; or as the author of an epoch-making treaty with France; or as the man who rode the Tory party to an unexampled fall; or as the disappointed politician who pulled for many years the strings of an active opposition to Walpole. It remembers him also as the man who tried to construct a science of English politics; as the writer who inspired the great protest of the eighteenth century against the system of party government, though his own efforts in the world of politics went perhaps to perpetuate that system; as the man who enunciated doctrines of policy that have become the heritage and the ideal of parties; and, above all, as the philosopher whose speculations profoundly affected the whole course of eighteenth-century thought. But Bolingbroke was a philosopher only by circumstance, and a politician by nature. There were times—and such times will occur to the minds of all—when he pretended to tire of the strife of parties, and to give himself to study in some quiet and distant country retreat; and perhaps he did so retire for two short years of exclusion from power. But his eye was always cast back to the tumultuous world, which he had perforce abandoned. He may have tried—he never managed—to be merely a

student. He might paint his hall with rakes and spades, as emblems of the bucolic life which he intended to lead, or he might write in an affected strain of the pleasures of retirement or the consolations of exile ; but his mind was all the while on protocols and Embassies and coalitions. He talked of horses, but he thought of Cabinets. His studies were mere cloaks for plots and schemes. They were the dark shade from which he winged envenomed shafts against the men in power.

It is not the purpose of this essay to dwell minutely on the early part of Bolingbroke's career, or, indeed, upon any part of it, the facts being sufficiently well known and, indeed, essential to the clear understanding of English history. The glories of his descent he shared with a crowd of the illustrious obscure ; the acts of his own life have given him a place among the makers of modern England. We would rather attempt to disentangle from contradictory utterances and inconsistent actions the ideas which guided a life so long engaged in politics. Bolingbroke may, to use the words of Defoe—a man versed in affairs and a wise critic of statesmen—have done all merely to serve a turn ; but a mind like his could not but adorn the meanest occasions of political life. His motives may have been low and narrow ; his intellect gave them at least the colour of greatness and wisdom, and he built on them a superstructure of brilliant, if not always convincing, reflection.

The story goes that Bolingbroke was put into Parliament by his family to wean him from an expensive and ruinous mistress. He was at the time plain Henry St. John ; and he entered an assembly which had won power, but did not know how to use it, and which was constantly swayed by the most surprising gusts of passion and suspicion. The Revolution had placed England under the domination of Parliament ; it had placed Parliament under the heel of party ; and parties were often filled with the most furious spirit of faction. Of this spirit Bolingbroke's early actions are a sufficient and instructive example. He was concerned in all the insulting measures by which the Tory party embittered the latter years of King William. He opposed the Partition Treaties ; he opposed the war with France ; he prayed for the removal of the Dutch guards ; and he was popular with the country gentlemen, who had come to London full of hostility to the men of money and the men of trade. From this care of the landed interest he swerved but little through all the inconsistencies of his life. It was the foundation of that Tory system of which he wrote so much and said so much later.

Yet it was only by slow degrees, and to the alarm of her wisest men, that England fell into the party system ; and it is not surprising to find that St. John, Tory as he was, attached himself to the man who made one of the last futile efforts to rule England in defiance of the new idea. He was an especial favourite of Marlborough ; and he became a member of that mixed Ministry in support of which Marlborough hoped to unite all Englishmen till the exorbitance of France should be destroyed. It was a vain attempt. Marlborough himself forgot his first moderation, and strove rather to overwhelm than merely to enfeeble France ; party divisions were too wide and too representative of irreconcilable principles ; and statesmanship was obscured by the rage of politicians. Subtle intrigues circled round the bewildered Queen. Whig crossed Tory, and Tory hinted the danger of the Church. The dark, silent, solemn plotter, Robert Harley, won upon the fears of the Queen till the Whigs by a lucky chance ejected him from the Ministry. With him went St. John, weary of the war and seeming to abandon politics for study in his pleasant retreat at Bucklersbury. But their exile was not long. Harley still held the threads of his intrigue, and still wove them round the Queen. His cause was strengthened by popular weariness of the war, and in 1711 he and St. John were borne back to power on the flood tide of a Tory reaction which the imagined wrongs of the Church had done much to raise.

There is no more melancholy story in the annals of English history than the fate of this, the first Tory Ministry. It began with strength, union, and enthusiasm. It ended with weakness, bickering, and fatal mistrust. It began with a well-defined and acceptable policy of opposition to the war, hostility to Dissenters, and jealous respect for the rights of the Church. It fell amid confused and sinister designs, black rumours and suspicions, which no man has yet been able to clear away. It was first enfeebled by the timid ascendancy of Harley. It was ridden to ruin by the headstrong leadership of Bolingbroke.

No two men could be more unlike than those whom the fleeting chances of politics and an ephemeral personal friendship had placed together at the head of this Ministry. St. John was graceful, eloquent, and convincing, ready of address and captivating of manner, with a quick and fertile intellect, which saw life from many standpoints, less original and profound of thought than gifted with a ready power of assimilation and a wonderful richness of expression, that endowed the meanest of his ideas with the appearance of greatness. Harley was slow, tedious, and hesitating, incoherent of speech

and slovenly of address—a man whom no one could understand, and who could not even explain clearly to himself the motives that had induced him to enter public life ; yet, by carefully concealing his plans and uttering only vague generalities, he had raised great expectations of himself in the hearts of his party ; and he had a perfect knowledge of the secret arts by which men worm themselves into authority. He was among the very first to see a new political weapon of incalculable value in the power of the Press. Whether it was from a dim-felt conviction, or because he fondly wished to fence in his own position on every side, Harley now stood forth as the purblind representative of a decaying idea. He frittered away the strength of the Tory party, while he strove to rally round his Ministry the moderate men of all opinions ; and he set his underling, Defoe, secretly to cajole to his support the moderate Whigs. On the other hand St. John, whatever he became later, was then all for party, and strove amid the plaudits of the country gentlemen to build up that Tory system which he had outlined in the days of his opposition to William III. Such divergencies of interest made a fatal breach upon their friendship. St. John, the younger man, who had at first addressed Harley in the style of a disciple, calling him teacher and master, began to stand forth as his rival, and was aided in this new character by Harley's dilatory, perfunctory, and confused methods of conducting business. When Harley was made an earl and St. John only a viscount, this rivalry became a furious passion, breaking at last into the weekly quarrels which even Swift was unable to compose. It ended in the supersession of Harley by the readier and more decided Bolingbroke.

Both the conduct of this Ministry and that of its opponents displayed in fatal strength all the evils of the party system. But let us leave the deadly spirit which induced the Whigs to abandon the Dissenters that they might combine with the excluded Tories under Nottingham ; and let us turn rather to the actions of the Ministry, and particularly to the peace which it made with France, and to the suspicions that have always hung around it of intriguing for the return of the Stuarts. There is no need to swell the partisan discussion that long raged round the Treaty of Utrecht. It seems that peace was needed ; that England had entangled herself with greedy allies, who expected a generous reward for reluctant and tardy efforts, and that she had won as much from the war as she could without overstraining her strength. But the peace was made by men whose fortunes and perhaps whose lives depended on its speedy completion. It was made by men whose position at home would

be weakened by English success in the field, and who therefore denuded the army of Marlborough that he might win no embarrassing victory. It was so carelessly drawn as to leave the French with a ready lever against the English in North America. The negotiations were in the main the work of Bolingbroke, who alone of the Ministry was qualified, both by his talents and by his knowledge of the French language, to conduct them with confidence. They languished in his absence ; they were prejudiced by his indiscretions ; they were only accomplished by his overmastering zeal. In one point alone he failed. He could not persuade his countrymen to come into closer commercial relations with France. Neither his eloquence nor that of Defoe could overcome the time's belief that trade was only a subtle kind of warfare, in which the good of one side was the ill of the other. But he had put on record a principle which, except in times of national depression, had been strange to English politics since the days of Edward III., but which has now become an accepted axiom of national conduct. He had for a few years removed England from active interference in the quarrels of Europe.

And this was the corner-stone of that Tory system for which he had wrought the country gentlemen to leave the labyrinth of Harley's vacillations. That system pleased their prejudice, and seemed to them founded upon an impregnable economic idea. Ever since the Revolution they had been as dazed children wandering in an unknown world. War had increased the expense of government and bowed England beneath a growing burden of debt. It had produced a class of men who lived, not by their labour, but on the interest of what they had lent to the nation ; and these idle drones, scarce to be endured within the body politic, had pushed the country gentlemen from their old precedence. As they battered on war, so must England keep from war. As they mingled her with ungenerous allies, so must she keep within her sea-bound isolation. Moreover, the country gentlemen had seen with noisy anger long attacks upon the dignity of the Church. Their jealous minds conceived that the toleration which the Dissenters had perforce received at the Revolution now threatened to become an intolerable equality before the law ; and too many of their natural leaders, like the landed families of Cavendish and Russell, had overwhelmed their opposition by siding with the easier and more latitudinarian Whigs. It was to avenge all this, and indeed to overturn the whole system of the Revolution, that they had come to the Parliament of 1711. They were strong at last in the fears which the country had been moved to entertain for the Church ; and they followed with a

noisy joy the man who put their half-articulate wishes into the form of a party manifesto.

Thus the Tory system was an attempt to set back the clock. It was an attempt to revive the days of the Stuarts without their tyranny and their worst religious vagaries. It was an attempt of the country squires to check the progress of society. It was one of those attempts, of which history is full, to call back political power to a class from which it was slipping away; and it can be paralleled from the history of any nation of which we have record, from the struggle between the mountain and the plain at Athens, and between the patricians and the plebs at Rome. How much there was in it of mere unlovely prejudice, and how much of that reverence for the past which some may call "rock-bound antiquarianism" and some a "well-found instinct of beauty," which fired later the English protest against the French Revolution, it would be hard now to determine. The beauty of every cause is hidden from the multitude, who cry its watchwords and range themselves beneath its banner; and it is hard to see anything amiable in the shouting crowd of Squire Westerns, who followed at the call of Bolingbroke, and who were better judges of ale than of English politics. For Bolingbroke himself, he was without a doubt that product of the strife of parties, the opportunist leader, who will echo the passions of men for party or personal gain. His written addresses (we cannot now judge of his speeches) always ring to me with a cold note of insincerity; but yet it would be rash to say that he did not fight for principles that sprang in him from aristocracy of birth and from a refinement of disposition, that shrank from the social upheaval of the Revolution, so destructive of what was time-honoured and revered, and that despised the brazen crowd of new successful men it had so soon produced. That refinement of disposition showed itself in an easy polish and a perfect grace of speech and writing. That pride of birth saved his dignity in a life of sensual excess.

Such a spirit might accept the Revolution as an end of tyranny, but could hardly welcome it as the beginning of a new age. It might accommodate itself to new modes, yet try to restrain what it thought to be their excess; and it might keep this aim in view through all the tortuous windings of a Ministerial career. This is the best that can be said for Bolingbroke. The common cry of the time was that he meant to crown his work by restoring the Stuart kings, and after his fall this cry was repeated with the wildest clamours by the triumphant Whigs, and indeed by all the adherents of the House of Hanover. If he meant so, neither he nor his party

won any of that mournful glamour which is, in remembrance at least, a compensation to the devotees of lost causes—that glamour which was shed by Keats on the imagined gods of an elder faith. The Tory gentlemen were slow to imperil their lives, and Bolingbroke was never suspected of too much sincerity, and only the loftiest devotion can redeem the disgrace of failure. But while the Tory party wished for a king of English race, Bolingbroke might perhaps think of the Stuarts as men whose folly had brought England to her present pass, even though, since the Whigs choked up every avenue to the favour of Hanover, he feared for his country as well as for himself the accession of a partisan king of that dynasty. But, whatever his designs, they were cut short by the unexpected death of the Queen. The accident of a few days lost stayed the course of English history. The work of the Revolution went on to completion under the ægis of the Whigs, while the whole Tory party stank under the twin names of "traitor" and "Jacobite." Bolingbroke himself was lost to the service of his country. He was thirty-six years old ; but though he lived for forty more, his influence on English politics was always strange, secret, and illegitimate. It was as if a Prospero, full of spite, should raise a storm and confound his enemies, yet fail to regain his lost dignities.

In the first heat of the Whig triumph Bolingbroke fled to France, and entered openly into the service of the Pretender. That misguided Prince, with ordinary prudence, might already have been in the seat of George I. ; and even yet, in the hour of political defeat, it was not impossible that Bolingbroke might do something for him. The Tories in England had been surprised, but not cowed ; their plans had been frustrated only by the accidents of time and by the disagreements of their leaders ; and they were more than ever inclined to the Pretender, now that the Revolution had become a party triumph for the Whigs. But the Pretender was the meanest man for whom enthusiast ever laid down life or fortune. Loyalty to him could never be loyalty to his person and character. It was loyalty to his misfortunes as the fate of well-loved principles ; it was loyalty to that feudal idea of indefeasible royalty which passed away with the Cavaliers in whom it lived, and which must be held the more admirable in proportion to the folly of those whom it served. It was a loyalty which burned with a purer flame thirty years later, when the gross resentments of party defeat no longer fed the Stuart cause, and when it had become a whole-souled devotion to an antique idea. But, if Bolingbroke may be believed, no such loyalty circled round the Pretender at St. Germain's. Irish priests,

...his attachment to the Roman Catholic
what Bolingbroke could not understand. If ruin
it had already stood in the way of Bolingbroke
and so it stood now in the way of his restoration
with this ill-timed consistency in his mind that
so often to the political pliancy of Queen Elizabeth
Navarre. Moreover, the wretched crowd of curious
curious antipathy to his presence among the
enough to discredit him with James. His conduct
his motives suspected, the rising of 1715 took
approval, and he on his side lashed with impatient
courtiers and James himself. At last he was
offices—an intended mark of ignominy which re-
unbearable position, since no sentiment was strong
in his mind before practical realities, and he had
the Jacobite cause from the moment when it
steadfast friend by the death of Louis XIV.,
representative of irresponsible royalty that Europe
had borne too many rebuffs from Louis' despotism.
Private pique had brought him to this service
pique away from it in the manner of his dismissal
with him, he built on this private pique a general
He would make clear to the misled Tory party
possibility of Jacobitism.

his real discontent with vague reflections on the pleasures of exile. "A wise man," he would write one day, "looks on himself as a citizen of the world; and when you ask him where his country lies points, like Anaxagoras, with his finger to the heavens." The next day he would ask a friend to intercede for him with the English Government. During this time he made a lucky speculation in Mississippi shares. Indeed, he asserted that, had he wished, he could have made a large fortune; but he thought it unworthy of a gentleman to turn broker. When at length he was allowed to return to England he came, as it were, to a strange country. Not only was the Tory party almost non-existent, but the ferments of 1711 had subsided into a sort of slow indifference, in which the people lived careless of their rulers, while one jealous Minister monopolised authority and excluded from the councils of the nation all whose ability might have enabled them to act with independence. A jealousy of able colleagues is indeed a common fault with Ministers, and Walpole shared it with men as unlike himself as Henry III. and George III. It was therefore hardly strange that he should keep an especially wary eye on Bolingbroke, allowing him to live, to bequeath, and to inherit, but not allowing him to exercise any political rights.

To live in England—that was the utmost grace Bolingbroke could obtain from the Whig Government of Walpole. Political vengeance had brought his fate near that of a man who had done more for the Revolution than some whose names are writ larger in history. Daniel Defoe only continued in politics after 1715 as a spy of the Whigs on Tory journals, and in 1725 Bolingbroke only indirectly made his way back to politics. Still half-proscribed, he kept up at Battersea or Dawley the style of a leisured gentleman whose friends were men of letters like Pope or Swift, and whose recreations were in books of philosophic study. He was all that and more. He had found a more deadly weapon of political warfare than that oratory which had once inflamed the hearts of country squires, and a wider audience than that which he would have addressed in the House of Lords. His audience was now the nation, and his speeches were not delivered, but printed and published under convenient pseudonyms.

From one point of view Bolingbroke's object was purely personal, yet different from that which he had brought back from France. It was mad vengeance upon the statesman who had condemned him to political death. It was to raise those first mutterings of discontent which he had heard on his return to England into a storm that should

sweep away Walpole and his obstructive Ministry. It was to change public indifference to public passion; to unite not only the poor remains of the Tory party, now in captivity through Bolingbroke's own mistakes, but also those Whigs whose native love of office Walpole had disregarded; to join in one campaign men so dissimilar as the florid Pulteney, the melancholy Wyndham, and the exquisite Chesterfield—and all that Bolingbroke might sit again in the House of Lords. The means were worthy of such a cause. They were the worst devices with which a partisan Press long since loaded constitutional government; not merely general charges of corruption, bribery, tyranny, illegality, and the like—in which there might be some truth, but in whose very vagueness lay the impossibility of their refutation—but the smallest acts of the Minister reviled and distorted as they could be only by a mind of the highest powers which lent itself to so malignant a purpose. Bolingbroke came amid difficult negotiations with a cry that Walpole did not know his mind. He charged him first with wishing to restore Gibraltar to Spain, and then with violating a promise to do so. He declared that the folly of the Ministry had sent all our friends to the side of our enemies. “All other Powers softened towards each other by degrees; and by degrees we got deeper into the quarrel. Spain, from having no ally, came to have many; some more, some less to be depended on; none to be feared. From having a multitude of disputes, she came to have none, except with us. We, on the other hand, from having none of our interests in dispute, are come to see hardly any others in controversy. From feeling ourselves backed by several allies we are come—at least, in the point of direct relation to us—to have but one; and with that, we own, we are dissatisfied; nay, we own that we are afraid of him.” The difficult years from 1727 to 1730 gave him an opportunity of which his minute knowledge of foreign affairs enabled him to take solid advantage. But he used best Walpole's excise scheme, opposing it on the puerile ground that an Englishman's house was his castle; and yet in his own time of power Bolingbroke had held the most enlightened views on trade. One day it was a vision of the Minister trampling upon the British Constitution; then a picture of a corrupt and indifferent nation, over which foolish fraud might reign supreme; but always flouts and jeers and insinuations, which were none the less vile because they were finely said, and none the less untrue because they brought examples from Greece and Rome. Such work in another age would have placed Bolingbroke in the front rank of mischievous demagogues, and the failure of its personal object was a meet reward. In 1735

success seemed near at hand; the Minister was unpopular, his assailants more numerous and more confident; but Bolingbroke was told that his presence in England was harmful to the cause. The taint of Jacobitism still clung to him. He went back to France, and the enmities which he had raised did their work without him.

But as the effect went far beyond the fall of Bolingbroke, so it would not be enough to find no deeper cause than a private grudge of Bolingbroke. "From small things great ensue" is a saying which pleases the gossip-mongers of history, who tell how this courtier's lisp or that courtier's beauty sealed the fate of nations. No great change ever happened—it might be retarded or accelerated—in so trivial a way. To think so is to set the whims of waiting-women above the march of principles. It is as if one should believe a Whitsun frost would kill the nascent summer. Few public men but are the slaves of causes which they do not know. The tide grinds all the pebbles on the beach, and one or other idea sweeps over every unit of the human mass. Of those who have private resentments, the commoner characters in history are those who make them go hand-in-hand with public principles. At least, it was so with Bolingbroke. George I. might not understand his ideas, and might think a mere gush of words the eloquence in which they welled from him. "He talked only bagatelles," said George to Walpole. And everyone must feel that Bolingbroke was at times only posing and playing. His conceptions are often cold, his eloquence hollow, his arguments ephemeral; and he seems in no more earnest than a Cavalier making by-play with his handkerchief. "Those who live to see such happy days," he said at the end of "The Patriot King," "and to act in so glorious a scene, will perhaps call to mind with some tenderness of sentiment, when he is no more, a man who contributed his mite to carry on so good a work, and who desired life for nothing so much as to see a king of Great Britain the most popular man in his country and a Patriot King at the head of an united people." Is not this like a man laying his hand upon his heart and calling his gods to witness? But there was reason in Bolingbroke's arguments, and much in the state of England to give them force. It was not good that constitutional government should have turned into petty squabbles between bands of office-seeking Whigs. It was not right that a great party should, in Bolingbroke's oft-quoted phrase, have become "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to their opponents. It was worse, too, to see abroad a spirit of corruption which was slaying all sound political life; and it was, as Bolingbroke declared, a decaying nation from which there came no remedy. That

remedy he himself supplied. He woke the nation from political sleep.

Bolingbroke's chief cry was against the spirit of faction—by which he meant not the wild clamour of 1711, which would have too near an application, but the government of the country in the interests of a party, which, he said, was only possible when corruption had eaten away its strength. "A wise and brave people," he said, "will neither be cozened nor bullied out of its liberty; but a wise and brave people may cease to be such; they may degenerate; they may sink into sloth and luxury; they may resign themselves to a treacherous conduct, or abet the enemies of the Constitution under a notion of supporting the friends of the Government." Nineteenth-century criticism would present rather details and points of corruption, but that of the eighteenth loved to clothe itself in the abstract concepts of morality; and it was the habit of Bolingbroke to insinuate the particular by means of the general, or to present it as a sly, allusive picture of bygone events. He found faction in every troubled reign of English history; curbed by Elizabeth; rampant under James I., "who seemed to expect the love and to demand the obedience of his subjects simply because the crown had dropt upon his head"; incarnate in Buckingham, a sole Minister who betrayed his master (his character was an oblique reflection of Walpole); and then for a happy time beaten down by the Revolution, when Whig and Tory sacrificed their party to their country. But the Revolution had been pushed too far; it retained too much of the spirit of former animosities; it left one party too eager and the other too sullen; it made no safeguard against the corruption of Parliament; and its chief result had been to increase the ability of the Crown to govern by that dishonourable expedient. "No instrument of tyranny," said Bolingbroke, "can be found so sure and effectual as an assembly of the estates of the realm, when such an assembly is so constituted as to want the power, as was from the first the case of the three estates of France; and the same must happen when they are so constituted as to want the will, as became at last the case of the Cortes of Spain, to secure the liberty and to defend the property of the people against such kings as Philippe le Bel and such coadjutors as Marigny." (Philippe le Bel and Enguerrand de Marigny were brought from history pale prototypes of George and Walpole.)

Thus Bolingbroke declared it his aim to call back England to the true principles of the Revolution. He spoke as one who believed that old party distinctions had then been destroyed. None but a

few pragmatical Tories maintained the doctrines of prerogative or worshipped at the shrine of Charles the Martyr. None but a few abandoned Whigs agreed with every excess of the new dynasty. Parties there were, and parties there must be; but the parties of 1733 were composed of those who loved their country and those who sought their interest; those who fought against the corruption which was shackling the free Constitution of England, and those creatures of a profligate Minister who defended corruption as the oil that eased the wheels of government. They were, in fact, the old Court and country parties over again; but now on a wider field and for a higher issue—no less than to beat down faction, to exorcise corruption, and to restore the work of the Revolution, which had been trampled down in factious strife. It might not be sound history; but it was a plausible and orderly argument, which went further than the Tory scheme of 1711 only because it presented principles, whereas the other presented only means.

That argument became a declamation against the whole system of party government, not for the subtler defects which modern minds have found in its workings; as that it favours public licence and instability, political charlatanism, and demagogic tub-thumping; that it is blind, noisy, partial, and unreasonable; or that it permits the progress of society only by transverse undulations; but because it broke the Constitution and must by nature become the rule of faction. "Party," said Bolingbroke, "is a political evil, and faction is the worst of parties." He thought that the best form of government was monarchy—fetching his reasons not from the needs of mankind, but from fancied first principles. Monarchy, he held, was a pale reflection of divinity. Kings were to nations what God was to the universe. "God," he said, "is a monarch—not arbitrary, but limited—limited by the rules which infinite wisdom prescribes to infinite power." So kings were limited by the duty of governing well, and by whatever fences society had built against the chance of tyranny; but there was nothing—in the English Constitution, at least—which could lawfully make monarchy the *vacue sedes et inania arcana* of authority. Bolingbroke's gaze leapt over many troublous reigns of English history, in which the evil policy of kings bred parties and parties bred factions, till it rested on Queen Elizabeth, the national ruler and arbitress between a multitude of warring sects; and then it turned to the days when faction should be overcome, corruption banished, and an united people guided by a Patriot King—that incarnation of all the virtues which Bolingbroke failed to find in George and Walpole. The features of this character are well known,

and there is no need to draw them here at length. The Patriot King would begin to govern as soon as he began to reign. He would seek the good of his subjects—not, like the Prince of Machiavelli, from motives of self-interest, but from a true regard for their welfare. He would espouse no party, but govern like the common father of his people. He would banish from his Court all those who had pushed themselves into the Administration by the arts of faction and corruption; but, unlike the Hanoverians, he would sacrifice his victims, not to party fury, but to national justice; and he would call to his councils only such men as were willing to serve on the principles on which he intended to govern. Above all, he would not neglect that outward duty of dignity and decorum for the lack of which many kings lost the admiration of their subjects. "What, in truth," said Bolingbroke, "can be so lovely, what so venerable as to contemplate a king on whom the eyes of a whole people are fixed, filled with admiration and glowing with affection?" The Patriot King was thus a Homeric figure, a true *pater patriæ*, a kindly aristocrat of the eighteenth century, dispensing bounty and reproof to a submissive people—the antithesis of that hero-king, the man of demoniac energy, whom Carlyle pictured as appearing once in a while to dragoon mankind into the paths of progress. But then Bolingbroke wrote before the French Revolution.

It is idle to dismiss the Patriot King as a mere piece of rhetoric. The occasion no doubt was low, and the result in keeping. Frederic, Prince of Wales, was too poor a thing to act the part, and George III. turned its teachings into folly; but it had a better, if a somewhat self-seeking and fitful, exemplar on the Continent in the Emperor Joseph II. It was an eighteenth-century picture of popular despotism, vague and unfinished of outline, darkly coloured with the party hue, and overcrowded with vain figures of universal goodness and philanthropy; and it took too little account of human nature. But it painted a political ideal which was at least as noble as the one it would displace, which was by no means impossible, and which later practitioners, such as the French of the Second Empire, have tried, however vainly, to realise—an ideal which rose before the English in their late humiliations. But the party taint maimed its worth. So far from killing party, it blew the party fire to a keener flame. It drove one party from a long monopoly, and after an inglorious trial of its principles, in which faction and corruption stalked abroad with all their former strength, it installed another party in an oppressive supremacy which the terrors of the

French Revolution helped to maintain. That Bolingbroke did so, that he restored the Tory party to what the critics call its true position in the balance of the checks of our Constitution, is held by many to be his chief title to praise ; and we find him set up as a pattern to a certain modern English statesman.

It is said that when Bolingbroke's second wife died—she who was the niece of Madame de Maintenon—he threw himself upon the bed where she lay, and sobbed as if his heart would break. He was then an old man. "He simulated grief very well," said Horace Walpole. This phrase, though from one who had been hard hit by Bolingbroke, tells us in part the cause of his personal failure. Nobody thought him sincere. His pretence of living as a careless country squire at Dawley had long been ineffectual ; and, as we have seen, the men for whom he wrote speeches, and whose scattered resentments he had joined in one fierce plan against Walpole, wished him out of the way because his ill-repute balked their revenge and added strength to the Minister.

Now, we have already hinted the curious union in Bolingbroke of private grudges with public principles, and we must allow tumultuous spite so far supreme in him as to have disarranged and confused the body of his ideas. It would be absurd to expect from a politician the clear-cut consistency of a philosopher. One looks rather for a jagged edge of thought, and behind that a shifting obscurity. But there is so much chaotic and incoherent and momentary in Bolingbroke that one wonders how much he assumed to deck each occasion as it rose, and how much was the bed-rock of his opposition to Walpole and of his dislike of party government. In a man who wrote largely of philosophy one would look also for an attempt to ground political doctrines on ultimate principles ; but, except in the case of monarchy mentioned above, where the argument is false and fanciful, there is little of the kind in Bolingbroke. He wrote an essay on patriotism. It began by praising those who serve their country ; it ended by denouncing Walpole. It made no attempt to define patriotism, and conveyed little political doctrine, except the implication that patriotism is a property of the wealthy and well-born. Again, the ideas of the Tory scheme never altogether left Bolingbroke. He employed against Walpole the cries against national debts and standing armies which had been current in the days of Queen Anne, but which sounded strangely and faintly beside the Whiggish clamours which he uttered through the mouths of Pulteney and Wyndham. There was, it is true, a clear note of warning in his cry against national debts, which

it would not have harmed our forefathers to remember. That a nation with a debt is better than a nation which has none, as some of our theorists have maintained, is one of those mysterious dogmas which the unassisted understanding cannot penetrate. But there was far more ultimate effect in Bolingbroke's unfashionable pronouncement of a true national policy. To decrease the number of soldiers and increase the number of sailors, to let the European Powers fight out their own quarrels and only to engage ourselves when interest imperatively demands, is a doctrine plain enough to us, but disregarded by the generation which haggled over Parma and Piacenza, and permitted the barter of Tuscany for Lorraine. It was Bolingbroke's merit to state that doctrine clearly and leave it to the new Tory party as a watchword, which they kept in Opposition and forgot when they came to office. But the wonder is how he turned this doctrine, like everything else, into a weapon against Walpole. You may, if you like, regard Bolingbroke as a political martyr. He was no martyr to principle. He was rather a Samson who confounded his enemies in his captivity.

Let me insist here on Bolingbroke's conception of history. To do so is to make no great digression from the subject of this essay, for Bolingbroke always fortified his political arguments by reference to the past, tangling indeed the whole thread of English history into a tissue of warnings against Walpole. He did not, like Burke, conceive clearly of society as an organism which can only be understood by patient knowledge of its growth; nor was he one of those, like Shelley, who deride the study of history. He saw several ways in which it might be useless to mankind. Some men turned to it as to a game; some that they might "shine in conversation"; others "made fair copies of foul manuscripts, explained hard words, and made learning easier for the mass"; others invented systems of chronology; but all that was useless if it did not make a man a better citizen. True history was, he thought, the best means of education. It was philosophy teaching by example, and conquering the passions as well as the reasons of men. It was full of warnings both for States and individuals, which, if they were not pushed too far in particular cases, were always safe and sufficient rules. It prepared a man for public life, and no man was fit to serve his country who did not know minutely such treaties and compacts as those of Westphalia and the Pyrenees, which have from time to time settled the face of Europe, and who could not tell exactly how every one of the great monarchies had been built up and maintained. Therefore he thought it mere pedantry to linger over the beginnings of a

nation, or indeed over the events of any century up to the fifteenth. "Down to this era," he said, "let us read history; from this point let us study it." Now this is a fairly commonplace view, and it has on its own ground limitations obvious enough to those who know that the fifteenth or sixteenth century did not make a complete breach in the progress of Europe. Bolingbroke conceived of history as a study for the rich and well-born, who might expect to hold public offices. He did not think of it quite as past politics, but as affording a content to that principle of his which was cast into verse by Pope: "The proper study of mankind is man." He looked to it for moral examples, warnings of decay, principles of wisdom, and guides of policy. He thought that only the best philosophy which had an ethical interest. He had none of the modern subtlety which wonders whether history merely refines the imagination of those that study it, or whether it enables them to re-create for the understanding of others the life of bygone ages. He was far from that spirit which loves to wander wonderingly among venerable cathedrals or beautiful ruins. The tomb of Cestius or the Colosseum would have raised in him no feelings of reverence or sympathy. If they appealed to him at all, they would only have furnished him with new invectives against George and Walpole.

In religion Bolingbroke had few convictions and no enthusiasms. As an aristocrat he despised Dissenters, and, if we may believe the story, thought with horror of the days when he had been made to read all the discourses which the Reverend Daniel Burgess had composed upon each verse of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. He was perhaps attracted by the dignity and the grace of the service of the Church. As a politician he was content to be her faithful servant, and it was one of the taunts of her opponents that her interests were defended by a man so loose of life and principles. He was not an atheist. His attacks upon the Mosaic chronology and the authenticity of ecclesiastical history would shock our age less than they did his own. He declared himself ready to accept any theory which would reconcile or account for those parts of the Bible which, as he said, were incredible to human reason. He believed that atheists and priests had joined together to delude mankind. Men of his own generation thought him monstrous and unclean. Rumour said that he died with curses on his lips. His lack of religion, or his opposition to Christianity—call it which you will—it would be presumption here to praise or to condemn. But he judged rather the institutions of religion than religion itself, and there saw only the crudities with which men have so often overlaid

SOME VULGAR ERRORS.

A VULGAR error means merely a widespread error, such as even the most refined may easily share, and do sometimes share, maybe yielding a little to their taste, in spite of their better knowledge. The belief that the swan sings herself to death is one of these widespread errors which poets and their next of intellectual kin are loth to forego—nay, do their best to keep alive. Tennyson, for instance, speaks of the death-song of the swan. So, too, does Phineas Fletcher, who, in the days of Charles I., penned an allegorical poem called "The Purple Island," wherein he sings :

The beech shall yield a cool safe canopy
While down I sit and chant to the echoing wood.
Ah ! singing might I live, and singing die !
So by fair Thames or silver Medway's flood,
The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
In music-strains breathes out her life and verse ;
And, singing her own dirge, dies on her watery hearse.

But truly the difficulty is to name a poet who does not, so to speak, sing this self-same song. You may find it in Byron, Campbell, Wordsworth, Pope, Dryden, Thomson, Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Horace ; and I know of only one writer who takes the trouble to tell us that this is all moonshine ; and that writer's name is Pliny, who in plain prose says that he had seen swans die, but never heard them sing.

It occurs to me that I never did see a swan dying ; but a few months ago I did see a swan dead, floating "on her watery hearse."

With the poets, however, swans not only sing themselves to death, but are in life whiter than snow. In the winter of 1890-91 I trudged three miles through the snow on purpose to test the truth of this poetic view ; and I saw three swans looking quite dingy as they swam up a narrow stream, with a snow-clad bank for background.

Another popular, or poetical, error is the belief that little bears are born shapeless, and then licked into shape by their dam. Samuel Butler countenances this error in his "Hudibras" ; and hence the current phrase, "an unlicked cub," descriptive of one

whose mother could not or did not teach him how to behave himself. I fear that this error may be traced to the great Aristotle ; but an eminent Italian naturalist took the trouble to watch a she-bear in labour, and found—as might have been expected—that little bears are no more shapeless at their birth than little babies.

We smile when told that the father of the eminent Wesleyan minister, Dr. Adam Clark, used to till his North of Ireland farm on strictly Virgilian principles ; using the “Georgics” as a sort of agricultural Bible. But 'tis far more astonishing to learn, as we do from the history of silk-weaving, that for long years the French silkworm breeder who chanced to lose his silkworms would resort to the same recipe for getting a fresh brood as that adopted by Aristæus, at the bidding of his mother Cyrene, for the renewing of his stock of bees. The recipe was to bury a calf in the ground, and dig it up after a certain number of days ; when the carcass would be found swarming with bees. And Aristæus, in the fourth Georgic, did so find it. But that in the real life of this work-a-day world a calf's carcass should spontaneously breed a swarm of silkworms transcends belief. And yet French silk-breeders did really believe this ; unless Dr. Lardner's “Cyclopædia” be a most untrustworthy guide.

The popular belief that Pontius Pilate drowned himself in a tarn on the top of Mount Pilate, near Lucerne, is still, I believe, as vigorous as ever. But, as Dr. Trench long since explained, Mount Pilate is but a modern form of Mons Pileatus, the capped or hatted hill ; because this hill often wears a cap of clouds like our own Skiddaw, as runs the old north country rhyme :

When Skiddaw dons his hat,
Men of the vale beware of that.

But the meaning of *pileatus* being lost in Pilate, and the name of Pontius Pilate found there, up sprang the legend which the guide still gravely repeats, and which finds easy credence ; as it naturally falls in with our human sympathies.

I do not know whether anybody still believes that Mahomet's coffin continues to hang poised in mid-air at Mecca : but Samuel Butler made it so hang, spite of the *additional* objection that Mahomet lies buried at Medina. So that there is here exactly what the elder Mr. Weller would have craved for, a triumphant *alibi*.

The vulgar error that the nightingale sings only by night—an error backed by Shakespeare—still holds its ground, although anyone who will take the trouble may easily convince himself that the nightingale sings all day long. We may note in passing that even

Tennyson, by terming the nightingale's song "the music of the moon," seems to countenance the prevalent belief.

A widespread error is that of imagining that American humour—which consists mainly in gross exaggeration—is a new birth of Time. On the contrary, this sort of fun prevailed in the days of Quintilian, who lived some eighteen hundred years ago, and who gives some excellent examples of the art of killing a big lie with a bigger. But I think the best or at least the wickedest of his stories is that which tells of a man whose wife hung herself on a tree in his garden, and who was forthwith besieged by his married neighbours, begging him for a cutting of that tree.

'Tis also a vulgar error to believe—as the French once did—that no German can be witty. In a German playhouse, where it was forbidden by Government to introduce any "gag," a German actor entered the scene on horseback, and his horse thought fit to relieve the wants of nature. "Now then, you beast," cried the horseman, "d' you want to get me into trouble ! *That's* not in the book."

Another still more widespread error is the belief that all Germans are sages and thinkers ; the truth being that the Fatherland has somewhat more than her fair share of dolts and dunces ; so that we English-Scotch-Welsh-Irish could easily distance her "all along the line," did we but give ourselves fair play.

'Tis easy to lengthen our list of widespread errors. 'Tis a widespread and a deadly error to believe that whatever is new must needs therefore be best. This is untrue of servants, friends, wine, fiddles, flutes, of many a book, of some pairs of boots, of cheese, of words and phrases, of physicians, of lawyers, of clay pipes, of most music, of the majority of pictures, all which things—like moons and trees—are all the better for being ripe. I shall not here attempt to prove my proposition. Indeed, in many, if not in all, of the cases named there needs no proof ; *res ipsa loquitur* ; but I will beg leave to put in a special plea in favour of old words and phrases as opposed to new. And first of the last, as Aristotle might say. I was lately reminded of a couplet of Dean Swift's, which runs :

Making true the saying odd,
Near the church and far from God ;

which, by-the-by, has been turned against the Templars of to-day. But here Dean Swift was not inventing ; he was merely refurbishing a fragment of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" :

To kirk the narre, from God more far,
Has been an old said saw.

Ay, "old said," not "odd." So that Swift, instead of bettering the old saw, may be said to have taken the edge off it.

And now a plea for the good old homely word "nosegay," which still lives upon the lips of grey-haired hinds, though "bouquet" has banished it from the lips and pens of the upper ten—how many? Well, the word "bouquet" is useful when one wants to speak of the perfume of good wine; and for that purpose let us keep it, but revive the picture-word "nosegay," which, besides being pure English, says as plainly as words can say: "Lo! I present you the image of something at once bright to the eye and fragrant to the nose. What better word could you have?"

Meanwhile "bouquet," though bad enough as a makeshift for "nosegay," is a hundred times better than "buttonhole," which now threatens to jostle it out of life, as itself has jostled "nosegay." Yes, but a few weeks ago a country lass proudly showed me a nosegay as big as a mop, and asked me to admire her "beautiful buttonhole." Now, though to call even a single flower a buttonhole is a violent figure of speech, no one but a pedantic prig would seriously object to the figure; but to apply it to a big bunch of sunflowers and poppies is a violation of good sense that screams for protest.

Another plea for another homely English phrase of old descent. Reading Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" I stumble on the charmingly simple phrase: "Nanny has been ailing, but she is mending fast." Then I turn to my *Times* and light on this absurdity: "The Duke of Sutherland is now quite convalescent." Quite convalescent! that is "completely mending." Why, the adverb and the adjective swear at one another like cat and dog. "Well, but you who blame the *Times* used that selfsame phrase yourself only forty years ago." Yes, and my poor mother laughed me to scorn for it: Heaven bless her!

It seems hardly necessary to add that no one in his senses supposes the editor of the *Times* himself capable of uttering so gross an absurdity. Even the clerks in the *Times* counting-house know better; but these "atrocities" creep in, and, in the hurry of "going to press," escape even the most vigilant editor's eye.

Another popular error is the notion that "education" and "book-learning" are synonymous words. This error is embalmed in the old saying, that "a good boy minds his book." But, in truth, book-learning is but a part of education, and by no means the most important part; as many an excellently well-read man feels to his cost every hour of the day. It is, however, gratifying to be able to add that—thanks in great part to the teaching contained in Mr.

Herbert Spencer's little book on "Education"—folks are now beginning to look on mere book-learning with suspicious eyes. There is now perhaps some danger of our running into the opposite extreme ; at least so far as the upper classes are concerned.

I now descend from this high flight to plead for the revival of another old word—"needments"—which seems to me far better—as 'tis surely shorter—than its modern substitute, "necessaries." Why not "needments of life" instead of "necessaries of life," which is now the standing literary and legal phrase? See the leading case of *Seaton v. Benedict*; where, by-the-by, Benedict—the married man—is a feigned name for a certain special pleader either *at* or *under* the Bar whose wife thought fit to run him into debt £200 for silk stockings some ninety years ago ; and the question for the judge—or jury—was whether so many pairs of silk stockings could be deemed necessaries of life for a person in her position. The reader will judge for himself on that point. Meanwhile I humbly submit that "necessaries" is a needlessly long and hissing word, which might well make way for Spenser's "needments." I lay stress on the hissing of the word because foreigners are wont to call English the hissing tongue ; and it behoves every Englishman who loves it to do his "level best" to better it. Great writers do this unconsciously. Little ones must do what they can.

One gigantic popular error is to suppose, or rather to take for granted, that 'tis every wight's duty to ape the dress, or the manner, or the mode of living, or the style of writing or speaking of some other wight. This is a deadly error, for it leads straight to affectation, which never fails to beget disgust the moment it is detected ; and detection dogs its heels. "For who," as Tennyson asks, "can always act?"—*i.e.* play a part. No one. The mask is sure to fall off sooner or later ; and there stands the hypocrite self-exposed, as a hypocrite in the pristine sense of the word, ὑποκριτής, an actor, though not an honourable actor ; a stage-player on the stage of real life. Thus, as Schopenhauer pointedly puts it, every man, instead of being bound to ape others, is bound to be original to the best of his ability, within the limits permitted by the law and by the dictates of morality. These will hinder him from carrying his own originality so far as to meddle with the equal right of his neighbour.

"And what of religion? You speak of the restraints imposed by law and by morality, but you say nothing of religion." I imagine the reader to raise an objection which has arisen in my own mind. But, on reflection, I find myself justified in keeping religion apart from morality, because *one most prevailing popular error is to*

confound them as if they were one and the same. And this is natural, for they both have their root in the heart. Both are feelings. Only they are not the same feeling. Religion is a feeling towards that great Being whose Name is so often taken in vain; morality is a feeling towards man; and to treat them as one and the same feeling is to court confusion of thought within oneself, and endless misunderstanding without.

There are vulgar errors and vulgar errors; and "their name is Legion." As the poet Thomson says, "The choice perplexes," which, by-the-by, may well have given birth to the now hackneyed French phrase *l'embarras de choix*; for Thomson's "Seasons"—like Scott's novels after them, albeit not to the same degree—did not fail to leave their mark on Continental literature. There is no more widespread—and, in that sense, vulgar—error than the belief that the Past dies; a belief most *apparently*, not to say obtrusively, present in Longfellow's "Let the dead Past bury its dead," which further involves, though no doubt unwittingly, a perversion of the Redeemer's bidding, "Let the dead bury their dead." Not a syllable of a dead Past! That is pure Longfellow. No, the Past never dies. It lives in us who live, and will live in our children. Hence, in spite of the "old said saw," by-gones can never be entirely by-gones, though we may strive our utmost to treat them as such. Then, if the Past died, how could it bind us? And if it bound us not, where—as George Eliot so pertinently asks—would duty lie? Why, we should haste to shirk all our obligations and frolic in a purely animal immorality.

But ought one never to practise the proverb, "Forget and forgive"? That were surely neither Christian nor moral, to hug the memory of old wrongs and ever lie in wait to avenge them. Doubtless. But here comes in a distinction which the popular proverb wholly obscures: "Forgive, freely, with all your heart; but forget never." Forgive with all your heart, but remember with all your head. And this for divers reasons; one of them being that, if the great Schopenhauer's theory of madness be just, as we venture to think it is, to court forgetfulness is to court madness. And madness—like death—is already cheap enough. We must court neither.

Here seems a fitting place to notice another widespread error, to wit, that Schopenhauer advocates suicide. We have read his works from beginning to end: not a line that flowed from his pen has escaped us; and we assure the non-Schopenhauered reader that, far from advocating suicide, Schopenhauer severely condemns it as—*paradoxical though this must sound and seem*—the most vehement

affirmation of the sinful will to live. The reader will not expect us to attempt to explain that startling paradox here and now in the tail of a fluent paragraph. It needs, what Schopenhauer gives it, an explanatory treatise to itself ; which to the reader might pass muster or not. But we will ask him to take our word for it, that Schopenhauer strongly condemns self-slaughter ; as indeed was pointed out some ten years ago by the author of an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

That necessity—or need—is the mother of invention, cannot fairly be ranked as a vulgar error. Need *is* the mother of all the useful arts. There, however, at “useful,” we must draw the line ; else we shall run headlong into the vulgar belief that need is the mother of the beautiful arts, and starve our poets, our painters, and their peers, on principle. Nay, then, but Juvenal knew better, and tried to teach men better, some eighteen hundred years ago. We know that Virgil was affluent. Donatus, indeed, makes him a millionaire. Juvenal soberly tells us that ’twas the work of a whole mind, not distraught by the sordid cares of seeking food and blankets, to pit Æneas against Turnus, and to paint the snakes that encircle the heads of the Furies :

Magnæ mentis opus, nec de lodice paranda
Attonitæ.

And so our own Spenser sings :

The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbèd care the Muse to dwell.

PHILIP KENT.

THE ANTICIPATED SCARCITY OF TIMBER.

AS long as a great part of the world remained unknown, man had no consciousness of being cramped. In distance there was always a beyond ; in resources there was always the practically inexhaustible. But now that the world has been measured and mapped, and no distance remains prohibitive of intercourse, man is beginning to feel a new sensation—that of being cramped and confined within very definite bounds, and of being severely limited in his resources. This is necessarily a new, a modern sensation. The limitations of area and resources of which peoples and races were conscious in the past, were accidental and temporary. The limitations of which we are now conscious are inevitable and ultimate. We cannot make the world larger than it is ; we cannot increase its natural capacity of productiveness or impart to it fresh qualities. We can call into exercise the latent forces which it possesses, but we cannot create for it fresh forces. We know the world for what it is ; and all we can do is to develop as fully as possible its capabilities. In olden times there was always an horizon beyond the one we saw ; now we have seen the farthest horizon. We are locked in, and are beginning to realise the fact.

This consciousness of being locked in has taken some time to become acute. Long after the geographers had demonstrated that the earth was a sphere separated from the rest of the universe by an immense distance, and even after most of the earth's surface had been actually discovered by civilised travellers, the world seemed wide enough and empty enough to make it unnecessary to anticipate any inconvenience from its limited area. It is only in modern, quite modern, times that human enterprise has so rapidly and extensively swept across the oceans and over the continents as to compel man to take practical account of the ultimate limitations of the area on which it is possible for him to act. Enclosure has been added to

enclosure, until we find ourselves within measurable distance of the day when the whole world will be enclosed.

The fact that we are rapidly approaching the ultimate limitations of the area in which we are confined is being curiously impressed upon us by a phenomenon which only the more speculative thinkers of the past could have anticipated. At the beginning of what we call civilisation, forests were in part the sources of inexhaustible raw material, and in part impenetrable regions of mystery and fear. Civilisation as it progressed found them in the way, and he who helped to clear them was a benefactor to the race. Later, much later, when timber had become immeasurably more valuable, forests were still regarded as practically inexhaustible; and, though their destruction was deplored in certain localities, it was left to the nineteenth century to awaken to the fact that it was possible so to deplete the forests as to bring about a world-wide timber famine, besides introducing calamitous climatal and physical changes in large districts. Here we come upon our new consciousness of terrestrial limitations. There are no new lands covered with virgin forests for us to discover. If we are to have in the future a supply of timber equal to our demands, we must draw it from the lands we know of; and if those lands are to continue their present supply, their forests must be dealt with much more scientifically than they are dealt with now. Thus the threatened timber famine possesses an interest over and above that which necessarily belongs to it—the interest of being one of the first practical hints that we are locked in.

Though the evidences upon which the cry of danger to the world's timber supply is based are incontrovertible, that cry—in spite of the persistency with which it is repeated—may still be met with incredulity by persons who have not paid special attention to the subject. The casual observer sees trees in abundance in most places which he visits. He may have traversed some of the forest districts of Germany and Russia, or been in the pine woods of the northern countries of Europe. The "backwoods" of America, the "virgin forests" of Canada, are terms that suggest to him timber resources, the exhaustibility of which he may imagine that we can safely leave to be discussed by our descendants. Then he is apt to mention loftily the unsurveyed tracts of Central Australia and Central Africa, with an incidental reference to South America. He knows of the immense forests in India, and has perhaps heard of the enormous band of untouched forest land that stretches across Asiatic Siberia. In the face of all this, the cry of alarm raised appears to him unnecessary, not to say ludicrous. But the initiated

know better. They know that the enormously increased and still rapidly increasing modern demand for timber of all kinds has already made very serious inroads upon the more accessible forest territories of the world ; that the timber has been, and in many parts still is, felled in such a way as permanently to disafforest the districts in which it grew ; that the timber-producing countries are every year becoming more and more timber-consuming countries in the sense that they either do, or soon will, need all their own timber for their own use ; that some of the world's forest lands are so far away from, and so inconveniently situated with respect to, the chief importing countries, as to make the cost and trouble of conveying thence heavy timber prohibitive until famine prices are reached ; that, in a word, the present commercial demand for timber is so rapidly overtaking the present reproduction of timber throughout the world, that unless energetic measures on a large scale are very speedily taken to secure an adequate annual reproduction a very near future will find the cry of alarm converted into a universal lamentation over actual calamity. Because a man can lose himself in a wood even in comparatively woodless England, or can find in an hour's stroll a number of magnificent park trees, it does not follow that there is a plethora of timber in the world. Besides its annual crop of native timber, Great Britain is buying every year many million pounds worth of foreign timber, and is every year increasing its purchases. Trees do not grow up like corn or cabbages. Few are worth much in less than fifty years, and many require two hundred years to give them their full value. From these data it is not difficult to discover that, *unless care is taken to secure adequate reproduction*, the world's consumption of timber must speedily overtake the world's supply.

This is by no means all. A timber famine would be an enormous commercial and industrial calamity, and would prejudicially affect the conditions of life to an almost inconceivable degree ; but an equally if not a more serious result would be the effect produced upon climate and upon the general fertility of the earth by an excessive diminution of forest areas. How great have already been the changes produced in the character of certain lands by the destruction of forests is not at present known to, or if known is not seriously considered by, the public at large. Influences that operate slowly and obscurely are easily overlooked, though their effects may in the long run be most disastrous. It may appear to the unobservant and thoughtless a ridiculously far cry from the reckless destruction of forests to the spread of sandy deserts and arid tracts during historical times over Northern Africa, South-Western Asia, and Southern and

Western Europe. Yet the two phenomena are connected as cause and effect. It will be one of the politico-scientific tasks of the future to determine what ratio must be maintained between the area of woodland and of open country, in order to ensure the continued fertility and habitability of the open country. No development of industrially applied science, no political sagacity, no intellectual culture, no social system which does not practically recognise the necessity of preserving an equilibrium in the great natural conditions of the earth's surface, will save man from ruin. Not only is man "locked in" here upon this globe, but he is able to make his world unfit for him to live in. He can convert his garden into an uninhabitable desert; and he can do this with a facility of which very few appear to have any conception. He has only to go on for a few generations doing as he is now doing, supplying the year's market with the produce of a century, and making no adequate provision for the supplies of the future. The homely old phrase, familiar to agriculturists, about "eating the calf in the cow's belly," describes what is merely a trivial blunder in comparison. Corn and cattle can be speedily and easily reproduced; but not so trees and forests. Not only do trees require many years to arrive at maturity; but forests when recklessly destroyed are restored with extreme difficulty, and conditions are only too easily set up which render such restoration almost impossible.

This article might be lengthened indefinitely by adducing a multitude of facts in proof of the above assertions. These facts have long been known to experts, and to a small portion of the reading public. Action has been taken in some countries; but that action is still too local, and in its totality altogether inadequate to the urgency of the case. It is not enough that a few nations should preserve their forests at home. What is urgently needed is that the great timber-producing regions of the world should be protected from the calamity that threatens them, and through them all the peoples of the earth. The problem is both a domestic and a cosmopolitan one; but to no Great Power is it more interesting than to the British Empire. In one form and another Great Britain consumes more timber than any other Power. Not one of the other important old countries produces at home less timber relatively to its size. On the other hand, Britain owns, in her dependencies and colonies, more forest land than any other Power in the world; and though her Indian forests are comparatively well taken care of, her colonies are very urgently in need of some action to prevent the reckless and wasteful destruction of their valuable timber treasures.

Neither at home nor in the colonies can the matter be safely left to uncontrolled private enterprise. At home, planting is insufficiently remunerative to call forth—or even to justify—any considerable outlay on the part of the private capitalist; in the colonies, where the timber has been already accumulated by untrammelled Nature, the private adventurer naturally considers only present profit and rushes the wealth produced by past centuries into the ever-eager markets. The inference is obvious: the whole question is one of State control, not of private enterprise. Even in a small, or comparatively small, country like that of Britain, some kind of State initiative and control is necessary. The amount of capital that must long lie dormant, the extent of area required, the need for highly trained and carefully regulated skill and labour, the fact that many of the advantages derived from a judicious system of forest cultivation are national rather than personal, the importance of securing a conservation as well as a present supply of timber—these and other reasons afford an accumulative argument in favour of State control.

As to our own islands, it would be grossly unjust to our landed class, either of the past or the present, to accuse them of a blamable indifference to timber cultivation. What growing timber we possess we owe to the often unremunerated zeal of our noblemen and landed gentry in planting. We have unforgotten traditions of “planting dukes,” and of others who have devoted much thought and much money to this work. It is true that “sport” has often been one of the prompting motives, and that a taste for richly timbered grounds has been another; but there have been also other motives at work of a more practical and sometimes of a patriotic character. If there remains much land which might be planted with advantage to the country as a whole, this is not due to any reluctance to plant on the part of the landowners, but to their natural disinclination to incur serious risks, and to withdraw capital from more immediately profitable employment. Our arboricultural societies are kept up to a large extent by landowners who are zealous promoters of forestry education and training. The British landowners are doing what they can; but the work which has to be done is too great for private, and too slowly remunerative for company, enterprise. What private enterprise cannot do, however, the State might do, not only without loss but with profit to the nation. State initiative and control in this matter would not be open to the charge of benefiting one class at the expense of the rest. The benefit would, in one form or another, be felt by all classes. Timber is a commodity which is bound up with all the conveniences of life;

and the physical benefits to be derived from a judiciously regulated ratio between woodland and open fields would be shared by all classes. It would be an extravagance to say, as some have done, that Great Britain could be made to grow all the timber she needs without interference with other land industries ; but if she could be got to largely reduce the quantity imported, the advantage would be universally felt when the stress of higher prices came—as it must come, however speedily the great timber-producing countries set about the work of scientifically cultivating their forests. The evil has already gone so far that it would be too optimistic to hope that a temporary scarcity can be avoided. Such a scarcity is inevitable ; but to us in Great Britain, at least, its severity would be diminished, and its duration shortened, if some system of State forestry were at once initiated.

ARTHUR RANSOM.

Catherine had a humorous way of referring to her vast empire as "my little household." While they were in the Crimea she said to De Ségur—

"I'll bet a wager, M. le Comte, that at this moment your fine ladies, your fashionables, and your *litterati* at Paris pity you greatly for having to travel in this country of bears, amidst barbarians and with a tiresome Czarina. I respect your learned men, but I love the uncultivated better; for my own part I only wish to know what is necessary for the management of my *little household*."

"Your Majesty," replied the Count, "amuses yourself at our expense. You well know that no person in France thinks of you in that manner. Voltaire is a sufficiently brilliant and clear interpreter to your Majesty of our opinions and sentiments. You should rather be sometimes discontented with the species of fear and jealousy which the prodigious increase of *your little household* gives to the greatest Powers."

France was a great upholder of Turkey, and the Empress, referring to this, said to the ambassador—

"Avouez que vos Turcs sont de bien vilaines gens, et qu'il est dommage de les voir camper sur le Bosphore."

The Count diplomatically replied, "Que votre Majesté prenne l'engagement que d'autres ni plus vilaines ni plus beaux ne se présenteront dans les eaux du Bosphore."

The Comte de Ségur was an excellent diplomatist as well as an agreeable trifler. He did not spend all his time in writing plays for the theatre at "The Hermitage," or inventing rhymes. For years the French ambassadors had been striving to make a commercial treaty with Russia, and obtain for French merchants advantages enjoyed by the English. De Ségur seized the moment when there happened to be a strong political feeling against England to press the Treaty question, and carried it through to the satisfaction both of his master and the Empress, who presented him with her portrait set in diamonds, a set of valuable furs, and the sum of 40,000 francs.

The French Revolution brought the Comte de Ségur's mission to an abrupt termination. His sympathies were strongly with the democrats, and he insisted on returning to France. No persuasions on the part of the Empress were of any avail. After his departure Catherine showed great animosity against the Revolutionists, and caused invectives to be published against them. The consequence was that she, in her turn, became a target for abuse, and the Count, who probably knew more about the private life of the Empress than any man out of Russia, is said to have inspired the pamphlets which

appeared against her. Catherine's conduct furnished abundant material for her enemies, and it is quite possible that De Ségur turned informer. But it is only fair at the same time to remember that he has left among his own records a very discriminating and unprejudiced description of the Empress. According to him Catherine's habits were simple and somewhat austere. She rose at six and lighted her own fire, and gave the morning hours to work with her Ministers and Government officials. She was served at table with as little ceremony as a private person. Her pleasures never interfered with her business, and she had such a grasp of affairs that her Ministers were more like secretaries, all the most important despatches being written at her dictation. "Le génie de Catherine était vaste, son esprit fin ; on voyait en elle un mélange étonnant des qualités qu'on trouve le plus rarement réunies. Trop sensible aux plaisirs et cependant assidue au travail, elle était naturelle dans sa vie privée, dissimulée dans sa politique ; son ambition ne connaissait pas de bornes, mais elle la dirigeait avec prudence. Constante non dans ses passions mais dans ses amitiés, elle s'était fait en administration et en politique des principes fixes ; jamais elle n'abandonna ni un ami ni un projet."

GEORGIANA HILL.

THE COLERIDGE COUNTRY.

AMONG the many vicissitudes in the life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, there was only one spot that possessed for him the true affinities of home. Not the Lake District, not Nether Stowey, not the dreamed-of elysium on the banks of the Susquehanna, but a village among the hills that cradle the brawling Otter, and the scenes of which that village is the centre, can alone claim the distinctive appellation of "The Coleridge Country." "For the world in general," says a biographer of the poet, "the name of Coleridge is so indissolubly connected with the Lake country and the Lake poets, that the fact of his being by birth a Devonshire man is almost forgotten." It was in the village of Ottery St. Mary that he first saw the light; in point of time the place can claim but few years of his existence, but it remained to him, throughout life, the dearest spot on earth, and however Ulysses-like his subsequent wanderings may have been, a lengthening chain of memories and associations kept his mind in touch with the scenes among which his earliest ties were formed. It was, so to speak, the metropolis of his affections, and thither until the end all the avenues of his fancy and his thoughts tended.

His poetry abounds in allusions to these boyhood haunts. The earliest notes that he uttered to the world are inspired by memories of Ottery. In the dedication of his first-published volume to his brother, the Rev. George Coleridge (which resembles Goldsmith's very similar dedication of "The Traveller" to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, in nothing so much as in its longings for his first home and its pensive regrets for wasted years of wandering), he says :

A blessed lot hath he, who having past
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length . . .
To the same dwelling where his fathers dwelt.

To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and more different mind ;

The Coleridge Country.

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Me from the spot where first I sprung to light
Too soon transplanted, on my soul had fast
Its first domestic loves ; and thence through life
Chasing chance-met friendships . . .

Yet at times

My soul is sad that I have ramm'd through life
Still more a stranger, more with mind's heart
At mine own home and birthplace.

He was never weary of celebrating the beauties of his native stream. According to the traditions of the place, he once very nearly lost his life beneath its waters, but this by no means abated the ardour of his affection for it. One of his favourite haunts was the "Pixies' Parlour," a sandy excavation in the side of the wood-covered hill overhanging the river. It remains to-day in very much the same condition as when the poet knew it. The roots of old trees "intertwined with wildest texture, blackened *far* with age," form the ceiling of the cave ; its sides and walls are scored with innumerable ciphers, among which may be distinguished the poet's own and those of his brothers, "one," as he himself says, "by the hand of their childhood." Thither he loved to resort, and in that sequestered retreat would indulge in those long, deep, day-dreams that were at once his weakness and his strength, the source of his overmastering charm, and the source of that indolence and impotence that well-nigh proved his ruin. "Thither," he says,

while the murmuring throng
Of wild bees hum their dreary song,
By indolence and fancy taught,
A youthful bard unknown to fame
Woo'd the queen of science thought . . .
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctured hue.

In his lines "To a Beautiful Spring in a Village," he addresses his favourite stream in terms of no stinted affection :

Once more, sweet stream, with slow foot wandering near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear
Escaped the flashing of the noon-tide hours ;
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
(Ere from the zephyr-haunted brink I tarry,
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn,
The rustic here at eve with pensive look,
Whistling low ditties, leans upon his crook ;
Or starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread,
To list the much-loved maid's accustomed tread,
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-filled pitcher in her hand.

Unboastful stream ! thy fount with pebbled falls,
 The faded form of past delight recalls,
 What time the morning sun of hope arose
 And all was joy. . . .

The same theme inspires him again in the lines "Written in Early Youth" :

Dear native brook ! like peace so placidly
 Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek,
 Dear native brook ! where first young poesy,
 Stared wildly eager in her noon-tide dream,
 Where blameless pleasures dimples quiet's cheek
 As water-lilies ripple a slow stream.
 Dear native haunts ! where virtue still is gay,
 Where friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray ;
 No more shall deck your pensive pleasures sweet,
 With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat ;
 Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
 Of wood, hill, vale and sparkling brook between ;
 Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song
 That soars on morning's wing, your vales among.

The beautiful sonnet "To the River Otter" affords yet further proof, if such were required, of his tender and lingering regard for the scenes of his childhood :

Dear native brook ! Wild streamlet of the West !
 How many various-fated years have passed,
 What blissful and what anguished hours, since last
 I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
 Numbering its light leaps ? Yet so deep impressed
 Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
 I never shut amid the sunny blaze,
 But straight with all their tints thy waters rise ;
 Thy crossing plank, thy margin's willowy maze
 And bedded sand that, veined with various dyes,
 Gleamed thro' thy bright transparence to the gaze !
 Visions of childhood ! Oft have ye beguiled
 Lone manhood cares, yet waking fondest sighs.
 Ah ! that once more I were a careless child.

In their aspects and history the scenes so celebrated are not unworthy of the poet's devotion to them. Ottery St. Mary might be summarily described, in the language of the gazetteer, as an ancient market-town situate in a fertile valley on the eastern bank of the River Otter. But this would convey no adequate idea of the quiet, old-world charm, the sense of retirement and seclusion, and the sleepy atmosphere of poetic association that linger about its streets, and seem to impregnate the life and thought of the place.

Owing to its proximity to Exeter it has played an important part in the history of this country. During the long and distracting period of the Wars of the Roses, the splendid days of Elizabethan enterprise, the chances and changes of the time of Cromwell, the little town upon the Otter figures again and again. It was here that Henry VI. lingered on his way to Exeter what time the city streets ran with the rival blood of Lancaster and York. It was here that Raleigh made his home. It was here, at a room in Hayes Court (the seat of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge), that Cromwell held a convention for the purpose of raising men and money to fight the forces of Charles ; and it was here that Fairfax had his headquarters when, after the splendid victory of Naseby, he marched to quell the opposition in the West. Like Exeter, but unlike Plymouth and the northern part of the county, Ottery adhered to the Royalist cause during the civil wars of the seventeenth century, and it was probably on this account that the two great leaders of the armies of the Parliament chose it as their temporary abiding place. But the literary associations of a locality are ever more interesting and abiding than those of a martial character, and Ottery is prouder of being the birthplace of Coleridge than of any real or imaginary distinction that kings or potentates may have conferred upon it. Thackeray was a frequent sojourner in the neighbourhood, and what the author of "Westward Ho !" was to Biddeford, that, to a great extent, the author of "Pendennis" was to Ottery St. Mary. Beneath a thin disguise, we have little difficulty in recognising the identity of Clavering St. Mary with that of the town upon the Otter, and Coleridge himself has not given us more charming pictures of the place than are to be found in the pages of "Pendennis." What, for instance, could be more charming or true to the facts than his description of "The Happy Village" ?—

"Looking at the little old town of Clavering St. Mary from the London Road, as it runs by the Lodge at Fairoaks, and seeing the rapid and shining Brawl winding down from the town and skirting the woods of Clavering Park, and the ancient church tower and peaked roofs of the houses rising up amongst trees and old walls, behind which swells a fair background of sunshiny hills that stretch from Clavering westward towards the sea, the place looks so cheery and comfortable that many a traveller's heart must have yearned towards it from the coach-top, and he must have thought that it was in such a calm friendly nook he would like to shelter at the end of life's struggle." The original of "Fairoaks," the family demesne of the Pendennises, differs in nothing but the name from a place well

known in Ottery, where Thackeray used frequently to stay in his holiday visits to the West. "Clavering Park" is no less easily distinguishable; "the rapid and shining Brawl," celebrated as the scene of Mr. Pen's fishing and philandering expeditions, is no other than the Otter itself. Even the tree, in the hollow of which the novelist's hero used to deposit his box of ground-bait and other fishing commodities, and which afterwards served the purpose of Love's post in his passage at hearts with Miss Amery, is known and indicated as an object of rare interest to-day. Thackeray, in his own inimitable way, has caught and expressed that drowsy, old-world atmosphere so generally associated with ancient respectable market-towns, and so particularly inseparable from Ottery.

An object of important interest in the village is the Abbey Church, which rises up on the south side of the market "with its great grey towers, of which the sun illuminates the delicate carvings, deepening the shadows of the huge buttresses, and gilding the glittering windows and flaming vanes." Were it not a little beside the mark, it would be no uninteresting task to sit at the feet of our good friend Dr. Portman and learn something of the history of this venerable pile. How it fared beneath the hands of the pious Vandals of Puritan days; how it survived its rude and repeated purifications of fire; how many of wise and of warlike have worshipped within its walls; what scenes of bravery and of blood; what chances and changes, what hopes and fears its aged eyes have looked down upon! In the long array of names, more or less distinguished, that occur in connection with the edifice, there is one that appeals to us with a sense of peculiar recognition. It was probably about the commencement of the sixteenth century that Alexander Barclay was appointed by Bishop Cornish to a chaplaincy at Ottery St. Mary. He was one of the last, as well as one of the most popular, poets of the era that immediately preceded the great sunburst of Elizabethan song. In the light of retrospective criticism he does not occupy a very exalted position in the scale of poetic merit, but with his contemporaries "The Ship of Fools" was popular for the unsparing onslaught it made upon the follies and vices of the times. To the reader of to-day its chief interest is in the picture it gives of contemporary manners and customs. It abounds in allusions to the locality and people in and among which and whom the poet lived. At the end of the Latin dedication prefixed to the poem the following note appears: "This present boke, named the 'Shyp of Folyes of the Worlde,' was translated in the College Saynte Otery in the counte of Devonshyre: out of Latin, French

and Doche into Englysshe Tonge by Alexander Barclaye, Preste ; and at that time chaplen in the sayde college : Translated in the year of our Lord God MCCCCC, VIIJ."

In modern times the name of the Rev. John Coleridge, Vicar of the parish, and Chaplain-Priest, and Master of the King's School, is one which, for our present purpose, is more important than that of Barclay's. Apart from the interest that attaches to him as father of the author of "Christabel," he was himself a personality to be reckoned with. He was one of the best Hebrew scholars of his time. It is said that, while preaching, he would frequently exclaim, "These, my brethren, are the words of the Holy Spirit," proceeding to quote from the Hebrew original, to the admiration, doubtless, if not to the edification, of his rustic hearers. De Quincey tells several stories of his eccentricity and absent-mindedness, some of which, however, are probably more legendary than true. His son Samuel says of him that "in learning, good-heartedness, absentness of mind, and excessive ignorance of the world, he was a perfect Parson Adams." He was the author of several books, including a "Critical Latin Grammar" and "Miscellaneous Dissertations arising from 17th and 18th chapters of the Book of Judges."

Next to the church, the greatest object of interest in the village was, until recently, the Free Grammar School, commonly called the "King's School," founded by Henry VIII. Of this establishment the elder Coleridge was, as has been indicated, formerly the master; so also was the Rev. Mr. Wapshott, of "Pendennis." On the death of his father in 1781, Coleridge became a day scholar at the King's School, and continued in this capacity until early in the following year, when a presentation to Christ's Hospital was obtained for him. The school was some few years since pulled down, and a garden now adorns the site where once it stood. Some of Coleridge's biographers assert that the old King's School was actually the birth-place of the poet, but the Rectory—"a stout, broad-shouldered brick house of the reign of Anne," as Thackeray describes it—has probably a better claim to this distinction.

In 1782 the orphaned youth was "transplanted" from the place of his "first domestic loves" and inducted into his new life as

a liveried school-boy in the depths

Of the huge city.

Thus, "Torn by early sorrow from his native seat," it is not unnatural that his thoughts should revert to those early scenes, as to an Eden from which an unkind Fate had banished him. That this was so is evident from the references to this period which occur in his later poems. *Years after the walls of the old Grey Friars had*

ceased to echo the accents of "the inspired charity boy," in the solitude of his cottage at Stowey, he recalls some of the impressions of those lonely schoolboy days. Musing by the low-burnt fire at midnight, and gazing on that fluttering film of soot upon the grate, which, country superstition avers, betokens the advent of a stranger at one's hearth, he says :

How oft at School, with most believing mind,
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars
 To watch the fluttering stranger ! And as oft,
 With unclosed lids already have I dreamed
 Of my sweet Birthplace, and the old church tower,
 Whose bells, the poor man's only music, clang
 From morn to evening all the hot Fair-day,
 So sweetly that they stirred and haunted me
 With a wild pleasure, falling on my ear
 Most like articulate sounds of things to come !
 So gazed I till the soothing things I dreamt
 Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams !
 And so I brooded all the following morn,
 Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
 Fixed with mock study on my swimming book :
 Save if the door half-opened, and I snatched
 A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
 For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
 Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
 My playmate when we both were clothed alike !

There was at least one among his schoolfellows who was able to understand and appreciate these dreams and longings of the poor friendless boy. In "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," "The Melancholy Elia," one of Coleridge's earliest friends, speaks for him in the following passage : "My parents and those who should care for me were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs whom they could reckon upon as being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough ; and one after another they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among some six hundred playmates. . . . How in my dreams would my native town (far in the West) come back with its church, and trees, and faces ! And I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire."

"'Calne' of course," says Mr. J. Dykes Campbell in his "Life of Coleridge," "is only Lamb's device for concealing his friend's identity, and was selected, doubtless, partly for its cadence and partly because Coleridge resided there shortly before going to Highgate.

With his entrance to Christ's Hospital, Coleridge's personal con-

nection with Ottery was practically at an end. Although the place seems never to have lost its old charm for him, and his holiday visits thereto in after years were not infrequent, he appears never to have permanently settled there after his first exile from it. It is possible that he spent some time there in 1784, 1789, and 1790. Again in 1791, between school and college, it is reasonably certain that he went home, and the poem entitled "Happiness" bears internal signs of having been written at Ottery at this time. The long vacation of 1793 appears to have been spent with his family at Ottery. To this period belong the verses called "Kisses" and "The Rose," which were originally addressed to Miss F. Nisbett, of Plymouth, whither the author accompanied his eldest brother on a visit. The "Song of the Pixies" appears also to have been written on the occasion of this home-going.

After his departure from Cambridge in 1794 there appears to have been a breach of the friendly relations existing between himself and his family; but in the summer of 1796 he paid a visit of reconciliation to Ottery. Of this visit he says, in a letter to Rev. J. P. Estlin, of Bristol, a friend and frequent correspondent of the poet's: "I was received by my mother with transport, and by my brother George with joy and tenderness, and by my other brothers with affectionate civility."

In a letter to his brother George in 1798 he proposed another visit to Ottery, but this appears not to have been carried out, and on his next return thither in August 1799 he was accompanied by his wife. Southey, who with his wife had set out for Sidmouth at the same time, was detained with the Coleridges at Ottery for some days. The gathering seems to have been a very happy one, notwithstanding the frequent disputes that took place between Coleridge and his brothers touching the extravagant political and religious views that the former had espoused. Southey, in a letter to his friend John May, gives an interesting description of the family gathering: "We were all a good deal amused," he says, "by the old lady [Coleridge's mother]. She could not hear what was going on, but seeing Samuel arguing with his brothers, took it for granted that he must be wrong, and cried out, 'Ah! if your poor father had been alive, he'd soon have convinced you.'"

This was Coleridge's last visit to his native place. A lasting rupture arose between him and his family in consequence of the former's proposed separation from his wife. A return visit was suggested in 1807, but it was never carried into effect, and Ottery saw its best and noblest son no more.

MR. WYATT.

HE had the air of a music-master. We were unanimous on that point. The pursuit of no other calling could produce that look of pensive longing, or the pathos of those hollow cheeks and that emaciated stoop. Yes, he was, he must be, a music-master; and our opinion was strengthened when, after I had been hard at work all one morning on Chopin's "Fifth Prelude," near an open window, a neat professional card was found in the letter-box, inscribed: "Mr. Wyatt, Professor of Music, 156 Tinterden Road."

"Peter," I said, "that black, cadaverous man *is* a music-master, and he lives in Tinterden Road. He heard me practising this morning, and thought I needed a few lessons, so he's left a card to show me that I need not go far for instruction."

After this, Mr. Wyatt became an object of daily interest, as he passed up and down the Terrace, intent on his high and artistic calling. Not that he possessed any of those melodramatic adjuncts peculiar to musical genius. He had no mane of waving hair; he was not clean-shaven; he wore no velvet coat. On the contrary, he had close-cropped, black, oily hair, and a stubbly moustache, and was neatly attired in black serge. In fact, as Peter said, he looked like a young man from a draper's shop, turned dissenting parson, who combined the clerical with the lay garb so successfully as to produce only a neat demureness of appearance. Nor was there the fascination of Bohemia about him. No, he possessed none of these attractions. Twice every Sunday, with a large prayer-book tucked under his arm, he passed up and down the Terrace on his way to and from church. "Ah! an organist," we said. On these occasions his woman-kind accompanied him. With an elderly woman on his right arm, whom we conjectured to be his mother or mother-in-law, and on his left a tall, angular woman, who we at once said was his wife, or perhaps his sister, with a sweet, pensive, yet triumphant smile upon his face, his walk along the Terrace partook of the nature of a saintly progress. Such an example of sanctified coquettishness we had never before seen in a man. It was absurd,

ridiculous, even contemptible—opinions which were banished the moment we felt the influence of the sweet but resigned melancholy of his careworn face.

One cannot ridicule that which one pities.

It was a real pleasure to us when we saw him riding a bicycle. How many months of self-denial might not that purchase have cost him? It was rather a nice bicycle, too, and he rode it not ungracefully.

Perhaps Fortune was going to smile on our music-master. But, alas for the frailty of human life and the uncertainty of human hope!

When next we saw him he was mourning.

He passed down the Terrace that Sunday as before, but the saintly friskiness was gone. He wore a deep hat-band, and carried black kid gloves and an umbrella.

How hard it seemed that to lives so little joyous, spent not in grinding or sordid, but—what is perhaps more painful to some natures—*paralysing* poverty, the separation of death should come!

We felt not a little sympathy for Mr. Wyatt, and a melancholy curiosity as to the nature of the loss he had sustained. On the other hand, we felt that the consolations of his religion must be bearing him up under his affliction. It is at such a time as this that one appreciates the worth of religion. Mr. Wyatt mourned for fully twelve months, although, as time went on, the burden of his woe appeared lighter. In the early days of our interest our observation had been more general than particular. We had seen him surrounded by his woman-folk and had vaguely characterised them as his mother or sister or wife, or what not. Now we became aware that his companions never exceeded two in number. The third—there had often been a third—had disappeared. She it was whom death had taken.

But—wife, sister, or mother—Mr. Wyatt was recovering from her loss. His step had once more resumed its jaunty demureness: he even seemed to be indulging in a reverential witticism on the Sunday's sermon with one or other of the clinging women whom he supported. It is not pleasant to think that the dead are so easily forgotten, but who could resent the fact that happiness in some measure was returning to a life of such sombre possibilities?

Happiness was returning to Mr. Wyatt. Of that there could be no doubt. But we feared for his health. In spite of the bicycle, the purchase of which had necessitated such economy, Mr. Wyatt was finding it necessary to visit many of his pupils in a hansom cab.

the use of the ransom became more frequent occasions Mr. Wyatt was not alone.

In spite of his poverty, his asceticism, and apparent death, Mr. Wyatt evidently intended to marry.

We had but fleeting glimpses of the lady of his choice. She seemed neither very young nor very pretty. Character had been, for, as the days went by, Mr. Wyatt's desire became more and more apparent. Then the lady disappeared and he went to his pupils unattended, although he was ordinarily supported by the usual number of feminine adherents.

About this time I left home to pay a short visit. On my back, my friends called, as at other times, to congratulate themselves on my return. Some of them, however, came on a business-like and less pleasant errand. They were "sent" to me in every sense of that comprehensive word, and they asked me if I would take Geraldine's Sunday-school class for a week as she was going away for a week to a wedding, an attendant.

Naturally I felt somewhat aggrieved. I am not a Curate, and Curates had never attracted me, even before my hair was cut. I am a bachelor vicar of High Church tendencies always a little chilly and neuralgic.

But, as I told Peter, if I am not "good" I am "at least" I taught Geraldine's class of girls that Sunday.

But as his health declined, his spirits rose. He became thinner than ever, his face in repose more melancholy, but there could be no doubt that that gentle, coquettish buoyancy grew apace.

One day Peter came to me and said that he had seen Mr. Wyatt going down the Terrace just after sunset with his arm round some girl's waist. Peter spoke rather under his breath: we were not in the habit of mentioning such things, and the idea in connection with Mr. Wyatt seemed preposterous. But it was a fact, for I saw the same thing myself a few days later.

The use of the hansom became more frequent, and on many occasions Mr. Wyatt was not alone.

In spite of his poverty, his asceticism, and apparent nearness to death, Mr. Wyatt evidently intended to marry.

We had but fleeting glimpses of the lady of his choice. She seemed neither very young nor very pretty. Charming she must have been, for, as the days went by, Mr. Wyatt's devotion became more and more apparent. Then the lady disappeared. Mr. Wyatt went to his pupils unattended, although he was on Sundays still supported by the usual number of feminine adherents.

About this time I left home to pay a short visit. When I came back, my friends called, as at other times, to congratulate me or themselves on my return. Some of them, however, came on a more business-like and less pleasant errand. They were "good" people, in every sense of that comprehensive word, and they came to ask me if I would take Geraldine's Sunday-school class for one Sunday, as she was going away for a week to a wedding, and the gaities attendant.

Naturally I felt somewhat aggrieved. I am not "good." Curates had never attracted me, even before my hair was put up, and bachelor vicars of High Church tendencies always make me feel chilly and neuralgic.

But, as I told Peter, if I am not "good" I am "amiable." So I taught Geraldine's class of girls that Sunday afternoon. It was my first experience of that kind.

There were collects, and hymns, and the ringing of bells to indicate the exact moment for each. The girls were uninteresting, and found the greatest difficulty in responding correctly to my question, "What is thy Desire?" I felt very weary, and even went so far as to suppress a yawn in the middle of a plaintive hymn, when my attention was arrested. . . . Did I not see our Mr. Wyatt singing, surrounded by a group of girls?

He *was* an organist, then, and this was his church.

The hymn was finished, but instead of a collect and the benediction immediately following, as I had been given to understand they would, Mr. Wyatt advanced.

He walked up the long room with the same air of a saintly progress that was so well-known to us on the Terrace. Arriving at the reading desk, he paused.

I held my breath—was he going to teach us to sing; or was he going to sing himself as an object-lesson?

Neither.

Turning from right to left, with a curious glance which seemed intended to catch some eyes and pass by others, he began—"My dear young ladies."

Now there were a few men teachers besides Mr. Wyatt at the Sunday-school, but they were evidently not included in his address. This, then, was the meaning of that discriminating glance—he was speaking to girls only.

My name is Celia, but I recollect feeling a dim, uncomfortable uncertainty whether I was not a man, and ought to go. However, the other men stayed, and, on second thoughts, I did too.

"My dear young ladies," began Mr. Wyatt, "in looking back, as one always does when a change from any established order of things is imminent, the first feeling that one experiences is that of regret. If this be the case when leaving behind us unpleasant memories how much more so when the past has been a happy one? The kind interest that you have always taken in my poor affairs"—here I thought Mr. Wyatt looked a trifle conscious, and certainly more than one young lady blushed—"makes me feel it to be my duty, as well as my privilege, to inform you of an important step which I am about to take."

There was a hushed expectancy in the air, and, as Mr. Wyatt spoke, his audience hung upon his words. I glanced at the faces around me. Here was one with bright eyes, flushed cheeks and tremulous lips. Her neighbour was differently affected. She looked cold, haughty, and so scornful that her very scorn gave the lie to that apparent indifference. But Mr. Wyatt was speaking.

"My dear young ladies," he repeated, "I am about to marry again."

"Ah! a widower, as we thought," I murmured to myself. The temptation to look round again at my neighbours was irresistible.

The scornful girl opposite me had bitten her lip till it bled. Cruel! I looked another way, only to meet the eyes of the girl

whose flushed cheeks had now turned pale. It would not do. I kept my glances to myself, and sat and wondered. What peculiar attraction for the fair sex did this poor sallow-faced musician possess? Scornful Miss Denvers was a lady by birth and education, and her father, Dr. Denvers, if not wealthy, had one of the finest practices in the neighbourhood; while pretty, flushed Miss Carlyon, I knew, had many admirers.

Heedless of the fact that Mr. Wyatt was still speaking, I sat still, with downcast eyes, the one question repeating itself in my mind, "What can be the attraction?"

At that moment I began to believe in "magnetism."

But Mr. Wyatt was finishing his little address. I came in for his last remarks. I understood him to say that, as their sympathy had not failed him in his sorrow, so now he looked for it in his happiness—his great happiness—a happiness which was possibly only heightened by a half-regretful backward thought of the things that had been. Not only for himself did he crave this kind and sympathetic feeling, but for his future bride, "a good, Christian lady, who would be of the greatest possible help to him in that labour which was the joy of his heart."

I think the vicar seemed relieved when it was all over, and, indeed, so emotionally had his organist spoken that one might not unnaturally have looked for tearful effects in so responsive an audience.

I paid but little attention either to final collect or benediction, and my feelings of weariness had long since disappeared. Threading my way among the crowding children, I gained the door, and was walking thoughtfully down the flagged pathway leading from the school to the road, when I espied Miss Leslie, whom I had not noticed during the afternoon, some fifty paces ahead of me. Miss Leslie is an interesting woman—plain, sensible, and humorous.

I hurried to overtake her. Hearing my footsteps, she turned, and greeted me with—"Well! I am surprised to see *you* teaching a Sunday-school class." Miss Leslie knows that my tastes do not lie in the direction of philanthropy, and I have before now smarted under the caustic lash of her remarks. But I disregarded her innuendo, and asked her the question that I had been asking myself for the last half-hour.

"What can be the attraction?"

"What can be the attraction? Why, money!"

"Money!" I exclaimed. "A poor organist like Mr. Wyatt!"
Miss Leslie looked at me wondering a moment.

"Mr. Wyatt? I don't know who it is you're talking about. I thought you meant Mr. Passmore, who has been announcing his coming marriage this afternoon to his many worshippers."

It was my turn now to wonder.

"But he's Mr. Wyatt," I said stubbornly, "a poor music-master, an organist, who has saved up money enough to buy a bicycle—he's poor, very poor, though"—meditatively—"he does drive rather often in hansom cabs."

I was determined that Peter and I should not be done out of our little romance.

"How can Mr. Passmore be Mr. Wyatt?" urged the sensible Miss Leslie. "I presume you are speaking of the gentleman who—this afternoon—announced his intention of re-marrying?" I nodded my head.

"Well!" said Miss Leslie, "that is Mr. Passmore, a widower—his wife died eighteen months ago. He has £7,000 a year, and lives at the other end of your Terrace."

"But," I protested, "if he had £7,000 a year he would not live in our Terrace."

"He prefers to spend his money on charities," said Miss Leslie severely.

"On his Christian and philanthropic labours," I corrected.

Miss Leslie smiled. "Yes," she said, "he is much interested in the physical culture of the working girl. He devotes a large portion of his leisure to giving her musical drill. What is left over he spends in choosing the different coloured ribbons used in the various exercises."

"Ah," I murmured, "we knew he was æsthetic. We were right there."

Miss Leslie looked contemptuous. But my curiosity was not yet satisfied.

"Whom is he going to marry?" I asked.

"A cousin of his first wife's. She is very delicate; so was his wife. In fact"—a little grimly—"I don't think anyone robust would have a chance."

I looked rather keenly at Miss Leslie.

"He must be what Peter calls a *frequent widower*," I said.

"The future Mrs. Passmore faints when you look at her, I'm told."

I looked again at Miss Leslie, but gave no sign, I trust, of my thoughts.

"It has been a great blow to the Misses Mullins," she went on. "They were perfectly furious at first."

"Who are the Misses Mullins?" I asked.

"Don't you know the Misses Mullins? They go to church with him every Sunday. One of them acted alternately with her sister as companion to his wife before she died. After her death he found it so lonely they both stayed as his companions."

"Then they weren't his mother and sister! We always thought they were his mother and sister. What an out-of-the-way man he must be!"

With all our imaginings about Mr. Wyatt, Peter and I had never credited him with originality.

"You," I said; "you know them—and him?"

"Oh, yes, I know them. I was there one evening for supper. That is one of Mr. Passmore's peculiarities; he never *will* dine in the evening. He says a 'cold repast' suits him better, and makes him feel more fit for——"

"His Christian and other labours," I chimed in.

"Quite so," said Miss Leslie.

"But do tell me what happened when you went there!"

"So I will, if you will let me."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm dying to hear."

"Well! after supper Mr. Passmore produced innumerable coloured ribbons, and for a long time employed us in tying bows of the colours of his choosing. He was full of enthusiasm, as there was to be a musical drill exhibition by the Winsford Rope Factory girls the next week. At last, to my great relief, the Misses Mullins created a diversion by insisting on my going upstairs to see a piece of Roman embroidery they had just finished. I went willingly, though I didn't care twopence for the embroidery, but anything was better than those eternal ribbons. But instead of bringing out the embroidery, no sooner had they closed the door than they threw themselves upon me with—'Oh, Miss Leslie, how shall we save dear Jack?' I looked at them, and then an awful suspicion crossed my mind. The meaning of the drill and the bows and the Christian labour flashed upon me. 'What?' I said, in a frightened whisper. 'He's mad?' 'Mad? Of course he's mad. Isn't it madness to think of marrying a woman like that—so delicate that she has to winter abroad—and a weak heart—why, she faints if you look at her.'

"The Misses Mullins' distress was evidently produced by quite a different sort of madness to what I had thought. They described everything to me—how Mr. Passmore had met this cousin of his wife's, and how they had become engaged, and the cruel moment when he had broken the news to them. And then they wailed, and

said that they must save dear Jack, and wanted to know if I didn't think it would be a good plan for them to ask their vicar to speak to dear Jack, and point out to him how important it was for his happiness that he should marry some one who could help him in his various charitable schemes. I felt doubtful, but, as they had set their hearts on it, I suppose they did speak to the vicar, and that is the reason 'dear Jack' referred to the 'good Christian lady' who is to be such a help to him."

"Well, it was no use?"

"No use at all, as you heard to-day. The good Christian lady has already persuaded him to spend a little more money on other things than philanthropy. He is leaving his house, and taking that large one with the pretty gardens near the Park gates. We shall next hear of a carriage and pair, I expect."

We had been loitering along to spin out the distance we had to walk together before our ways separated. Now we had come to a stand-still, and, as it was rather late, and I knew Peter would be waiting for me to give him his tea, I said good-bye to Miss Leslie and hurried home.

I found Peter sitting in the dusk, with only the firelight for company. I burst in upon him.

"Oh, Peter! such news!" I said, as I flung off my furs and gloves. "But I'll give you your tea first, as it's waiting. . . . Such news! Mr. Wyatt is not poor, nor a music-master, nor Mr. Wyatt at all."

"What is he then?" asked Peter.

"He's Mr. Passmore, and a merchant, and rich, and he's going to be married to 'a good Christian lady who will be of great help to him in his philanthropic labours.'"

I broke off, laughing. "I have brought the trick of speech making from the Sunday School."

"But how do you know all this?" Peter asked, for he is sometimes a little sceptical of stories and imaginings in which he has not collaborated.

"He told me so himself—at least, not that. But, you know, Peter, he does teach in a Sunday School, although he isn't an organist. He taught in the Sunday School this afternoon, and when it was nearly all over, and there ought to have been a collect, he made a speech and announced his engagement. His speech was quite as good as a collect. I mean, it made you feel as ecclesiastical. Do you know that to hear Mr. Wyatt speak is a great incentive to——" I hesitated, I was going to say eloquence, but I thought of myself

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as possible correction—"volubility; even Miss Leslie, speaking to me afterwards, spoke like a book."

"Did Miss Leslie tell you all about it?"

"As much as she knew. And she knows a good deal. She knows of Mr. Wyatt's—I mean, of Mr. Passmore's—and of the Mullins."

"Are the Misses Mullins?"

"I'll tell you all about it properly," I said, and so, while eating my muffins, I described my afternoon, and told my news.

"When we had finished we both sat silent for a while.

"A bit disappointing, isn't it, Peter? I suppose Mr. Fenwick is right when he says that musicians never brush their hair—they don't do it. The close-cropped, sleek-haired Mr. Wyatt—was I thought—isn't Mr. Wyatt at all, but Mr. Passmore,

"You know," I went on, more cheerfully—it is curious how women always become over episodes of this kind in the lives

"do you know, I think Miss Leslie had felt a slight repugnance to the position of helpmeet to Mr. Wyatt? She is so pious and religious, she 'district-visits' and all that kind of thing. I can imagine why Mr. Wyatt didn't marry her instead of the other

"I don't forget that she is very robust," said Peter.

SOURCES OF WEST-PYRENEAN LAW.

"HISTORIES make men wise,"¹ says Bacon; but does not this terse proposition require qualification? Histories of what? Not of the names of kings and of their mistresses, but the true story of peoples, of their customs, and above all of their laws. The customary law of any insulated nation is the true fountain of its history, its wars and alliances but part of the stream. If, then, the right reading of true history makes men wise, how essential is it that the sources of the customary law of the district to which it applies should be accurately ascertained and investigated!

The district under present consideration is that which lies on both versants of the Occidental Pyrenees, including the country of the peoples of Bigorre, Béarn, Gascony, and Basque-land. The popular idea, though propped up by Laferrière,² that the Basques are a nation apart, in so far as regards their having separate institutions and customs, is erroneous. This idea may well be attributed to our ignorance of the origin of the Basques, to their having a separate language and personality, and to the passionate attachment shown by them of late, in two Carlist insurrections, to the Fueros³ of the provinces in which they dwell. But the Basques as a nation have no Fuero or For peculiar to themselves, not even a general one, as have some of their provinces, like Navarre, which latter is, however, not written in Basque, but in Spanish patois. They possess no customary law profoundly differing from that of neighbouring populations of Keltic origin, which all, Basque, Béarnais and Gascon alike, have in common with Gauls or Kelts. This view of Julien Vinson and

¹ Essay L. of Studies. How different from the cheap modern cynicism, "The only history worth writing is the history that cannot be written" (*Nineteenth Century*, 1900, p. 893).

² *Histoire du Droit Français*.

³ The distinct meanings of the word "Fuero" are best seen in the article

⁴ Fueros" in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*.

of Balasque¹ is borne out by the internal evidence of the Fors and Fueros themselves, of which we shall have occasion to say more hereafter.

The prime source of ancient law in the Western Pyrenean district being Keltic or Germanic, it remains to be seen how in process of time it got so much affected as it did by other systems of legislation. What more natural than that the successive occupations of the North of Spain by the Romans, the Goths, and the Moors, left indelible footprints on the plastic customs of the Kelts, the first invaders of all, or that in South-west France Roman institutions in especial, and certain Norman ones likewise, forced themselves upon the overridden people of the duchies of Aquitaine and Guyenne? The situation of the district, especially of many of its valleys *à cheval* on the mountains, is physically just such as would probably be occupied by the "remnant that remained" of each of these successively conquered races. Further along the Pyrenean chain they could not go. What fitter spot, then, could be found for making an investigation into certain simple racial forms, in as nearly a rudimentary state as can be found? This, being an enquiry to be pursued upon the historical method into an archaic state of society relatively little operated upon by sudden or outside changes, is of the kind recommended² by Sir Henry Maine.

To begin with the Spanish side. The first thing that strikes the student is the extreme difficulty of dealing with the materials, from which alone a correct estimate of the contents of the Fueros and of the relative independence assured by them can be formed. There was little literature in English having any bearing upon the Fueros before Major Hume came upon the stage. In French the enquirer can find nothing worth mentioning, and not even a bibliography of Spanish books upon the ancient law of that country, in "La Grande Encyclopédie," *sub voce* Espagne. So little, indeed, do the French seem to know about Spain, that a learned writer like Lemoine falls into the error³ of stating that the Basque provinces are practically independent, and have no bishops or dioceses. "*Les curés,*" he continues, "*sont maîtres chez eux, et ne soucient rien du Saint*

¹ J. Vinson, *Etudes de Linguistique*, p. 195. Balasque, *Etudes sur la Ville de Bayonne*, vol. ii. p. 246.

² *Ancient Law*, p. 89 and p. 119. Perhaps, however, in preference to the use of documents as if they were themselves authorities and therefrom deducing conclusions, a better method is the comparative method, *i.e.* using documents only as a means of getting at facts to be interpreted by comparison with others.

³ *Journal des Débats*, June 16, 1874.

Père," the truth being that there are two Basque dioceses, with priests absolutely Ultramontane.

Thus, in order to understand something about the *Fueros*, we have to go almost entirely to Spanish sources, which are difficult to use, as modern discoveries have made of no value much of the older literature¹ upon the subject. There being as yet no classification of modern Spanish historical work, and the *Fueros* proving too numerous and too lengthy to be carefully read in their entirety, any attempt to generalise upon the comparative value, and to dogmatise upon the spirit even of each *Fuero General*, must be hazarded with diffidence. Catalonia, with Barcelona as its chief centre of population, on the extreme east, opposite to Rousillon and Foix, lies beyond the scope of our inquiry. All, then, that need be said of its Constitutions is that they rendered it the most democratic of Spanish States.² We then come to Aragon, which was also democratic, with Saragossa and Huesca as towns, and to Aragon we shall hereafter have a little more to say. Next we pass on to Navarre, and lastly to Guipuzcoa, with St. Sebastian for its chief town, and then to Biscaye by its side, of which Bilbao is the capital, both on the sea-shore. Inland lies Alava, better known from Vitoria, one of its most important places, immediately south of the two last-mentioned Basque provinces. As far as can be generalised with any fair amount of accuracy, the most important Spanish laws of North-western Spain are the "*Fuero Real*" (1255) and the "*Siete Partidas*," an adaptation of the "*Forum Judicum*," or "*Fuero Juzgo*," to a more advanced state of society (1256 or 1258), both which saw the light in the time of Alphonso the Wise. Then came the "*Ordenamiento*" of the Cortes of Alcalá, the work of Alphonso XI. (1348), which latter attempted to subject local *Fueros* to Royal Edicts. Next in value are perhaps the Royal "*Ordonnances*" of Castile, that we owe to Ferdinand the Catholic in 1488, and the eighty-three laws of Toro promulgated in 1505. Afterwards come the "*Nueva Recopilacion*" (1567) and the "*Novissima Recopilacion*" (1805). These various important enactments have to be read side by side with the customary or local law ("*Derecho foral*") of each particular district, the "*Derecho comun*" being the only branch even now which can be considered to be contained within the four corners of a code, if

¹ E.g. The *Collection de Documentos editos para la Historia de España*, in about 100 volumes, published by the Spanish Royal Academy of History.

² Botet Antequera says, p. 324: "*Majore autem parte usaticorum utimur, Gothicis vero legibus paucissimis utimur, legibus quidem Romanis pluribus utimur.*" *Les Usages de Barcelona* (1068) is the oldest existing custom.

we except the penal law, commercial law, and civil procedure, into which, of course, except perhaps the first, local custom does not much enter.

Among the first laws in point of date that we know of upon the Western Spanish versant, which have more particularly influenced later legislation, are the "Fuero de Albedrio" (Arbitral) and that of Sobrarve, *i.e.* the mountainous part of Aragon, and the "Forum Judicum" or "Fuero Juzgo," a Visigothic code¹ that belonged more to Castile and Aragon than to Navarre, with which latter country we are here more particularly concerned. Each province had as a rule a Fuero General, and each town or group of villages in it a particular Fuero. Whenever a town was founded it was given a Fuero in Spain, or in Béarn or Bigorre a For; as, for example, was done in the case of Oloron. This was called a "Carta de Poblacion."² It set out the privileges granted by the Sovereign to such persons as would come and live in this new centre of habitation. Any case not provided for in Navarre, either by the Fuero General or by the particular Fuero of the town, as, for example, by that of Jaca (1090), was decided according to Roman law, but according to the Fuero of Castile all through Alava. This was called *lex suppletoria*, and must by no means be confounded with the *Observancias* and *Amejoramientos* which supplemented the Fuero General. In Navarre the date of the Fuero General is said to be 1300, but it was not printed until 1686. Then came the *Amejoramiento* of D. Phélique de Ebreus in 1330, and that of Don Carlos el Noble in 1418. The first printed edition of the Fuero and *Observancias* of Aragon is that of 1496,³ but their actual date is, of course, much earlier. There was also a famous *Compilacion* in 1549. In the Spanish Basque provinces other than Alava there was a Fuero General, and, as we have seen, its place was taken in Alava by the Fuero of Castile. There were, however, many municipal Fueros granted in that province between 1128 and 1337. In Biscaye we find several editions of a Fuero General (1343, 1452, and 1527) besides sundry municipal Fueros; and the same was the case in Guipuzcoa, where the date of the Fuero General seems to be as late as the year 1690. It is necessary to mention these details, as the condition of the inhabitants in

¹ H. E. Watts, *Spain*, p. 145.

² Expressions like the following are found in such documents:—"Pro amore quod ibi finquatis et populetis. Propter amorem quod vos populetis in predicto castro et plano." The object was "Devirginare terram."

³ The best account of the Fueros of Aragon is by Rafael de Urena y Smenjaud in the *Revista de Archivos*, April and May 1900.

Guipuzcoa and Biscaye was and is much more democratic than in Alava and Navarre. The reason seems not far to seek. An older civilisation had been constantly forced backwards by fresh immigration, and could get no further than Guipuzcoa and Biscaye. Alava was inland and a more desirable resting-place, as also was Navarre. Therefore it is hardly to be wondered at that the Fueros of the former got little from the Roman law, even through the medium of the Visigoths, while those of Alava and Navarre, on the other hand, take much from that source.

The root of the Fuero General of Navarre is supposed to be the Fuero of Sobrarbe and some other municipal Fueros of the district, said by Moret to have been granted by Theobald I. No copy exists of the Fuero of Sobrarbe, but Alphonso, King of Aragon and Navarre, is alleged to have given it when he conquered Tudela from the Moors in 1117. The Fuero General of Navarre contains a strong admixture of Visigothic customs, as well as the mark of mediæval feudalism.¹ Its date is probably about 1155. The first edition is that of 1686, which leaves out such parts as the Cortes, held on January 7 in the preceding year, considered to be evil-sounding or indecent. It is in Spanish, though not the Spanish of Castile, and strikes the reader as remarkable in form, from being rather a narrative than a list of commands. Its source is plainly Visigothic, acting upon existing custom and tinged with feudalism. It shows the hand of the priest, and recalls the Basque proverb, "Each district has its own law, and each family its proper custom." In this Fuero General, which is perhaps the most important body of laws belonging to the Western Pyrenean section of the Spanish versant now extant, several matters of principle at once arrest attention. Its style is almost that of a good-humoured exhortation, divided, after the Roman method, into books, titles and chapters. Roman influence, to put it most succinctly, is noticeable in its treatment of women as wives or concubines, in the institution of *fiadores*, i.e. *fideijussores*, and recognition of the relationship of agnates. The husband becomes the master of his wife's fortune, and she during marriage is more or less under his *potestas*. Nevertheless Germanic influences are seen in the gifts given by husband to wife, in the warranty of her virginity, in the partnership in family property ordained by the Fuero, as well as in the extraordinary liberality of its arrangements as to a woman's power to contract, make a will, and enjoy a life interest in her husband's estate after his death. The universal custom of providing sureties also has

¹ *Desdévices du Desert, De Conditione Mullerum* (1888), p. 100.

the same origin, as well as the traces of *Wehrgeld*, *Ordalies*, and right of private vengeance that pervades its criminal law. The effect of feudalism is noticeable in the marked difference made between nobles and *roturiers* (*ruptuarii*), and the impossibility for a noble lady to marry out of her class. At the same time the King of Navarre, owing to the operation of the *Fuero General*, was rendered a constitutional monarch, perhaps the first in Europe, as can readily be understood if we read carefully the five oaths taken by each king, as given by Lagrèze.¹ It is to be remarked that they do not appear in the printed edition of this *Fuero*, but only in certain early MSS. The same remark applies to the various paragraphs to be found in the Appendix (p. 204) to "*La Contrageregonza*," or "*Refutacion jocosería del Ensayo Histórico-crítico sobre la legislacion de Navarre. Compuesto por D. José Maria Zuasnavar. En Panzucola, 1833*," an anonymous book, perhaps by Miranda, and probably really published at Pampeluna.

On the French versant we have chiefly to do with the *Fors* of Bigorre, Béarn, Soule, Labourt, Bayonne, and Bas Navarre, for the Gascon Customs of St. Sever, Dax, Bordeaux, and such like scarcely come within our horizon. Speaking geographically, Rousillon, with Perpignan for capital, joining Foix and Andorre, the former of which itself touches Couzerans next the mountains, and Comminges more inland, form the eastern half of the French Pyrenean region. Then come Les Quatre Vallées, with Nebouzan to the north and Astarat or Esterac and Armagnac each still further north, bounded on the west by Bigorre; afterwards Béarn, with Chalosse to the immediate north, and then Soule. Next comes Navarre, and lastly Labourt with its chief town Bayonne, having Gascony to the north. The *Fors* of Bigorre and its immediate neighbourhood are numerous, and include that of Luz and Barège, of which we have Nogues' excellent commentary,² Arrens, Azun, Bagnères, Guizerix, Ibos, Lannemezan, Lourdes, Maubourguet, Montfaucon, and Tarbes, with those of Les Quatre Vallées as perhaps the most important. Lagrèze, in his "*Droit dans les Pyrénées*," not only gives a fair account of most of these, but even the text in many cases. Of them, as a whole, it may be safely said that they display unusual liberality, and testify to the mildness of the form feudalism took in Bigorre. This is borne out even by a cartulary of the Abbey of St. Savin, which has been

¹ *Navarre Française*, vol. ii. p. 23.

² *La Coûtume de Barège avec les Usages du Pays du Lavedan, de la ville de Lourde, de la Baronnie des Angles, Marquisat de Benac et autres endroits. Toulouse, 1760.*

preserved in the archives of Tarbes. The rights of women are particularly cared for, and that of the eldest child, male or female, to succeed to family property often recognised and enforced, as, to give but one instance, in the custom of Barège.¹ Except in Rousillon, which used to go with the countship of Barcelona and kingdom of Aragon, the force of the Fuero Juzgo never made itself felt on the French side of the Pyrenees. In it are no traces of feudalism. It was merely a Germanic custom, modified by the ecclesiastical influence of the Councils of Toledo. One great principle which seems to run through the civil law of the French Pyrenees is reconciliation of the rights of the individual, which were then in an inchoate state, with those of the family, and the earlier law of Rome with the absolutely feudal institution of fiefs. In procedure, again, feudalism and individual liberty were always pulling different ways, the county courts tending to decentralisation, while the supreme court ever attempted to correct this defect.

Before considering the Old Fors of Béarn, which are the most important on the French side, as the course legislation took can be so well traced in them by comparison with the New For of 1552, it may be well to mention the Custom of Bordeaux, a printed edition of which exists, dated 1617.² This For applied also to the Sénéchaussée de Guyenne and to the Pais de Bourdelois. Although this custom in fifteen rubrics upholds feudal rights, according to it fiefs can be divided among children without the leave of the lord, as well as the property of an emphyteote. In it "*le mort saisit le vif*," while the eldest son is called *chef de maison*, and his main duty seems to be to preserve the home. But a dependant, if he misbehaves with any woman belonging to his lord, loses his head *sans merci*; is hung if he steals over 50 francs' worth of goods belonging to his lord, and is whipped twice when the property is of less value. Into the Custom of Saintonge, with its twenty rubrics including an interesting one upon partnership, it is hardly necessary here to go. Its date is 1520, and chief town St. Jean d'Angeli. There is of it a printed edition, also by Millanges, dated 1603. He published besides (in 1617) "*Les Coutumes Générales et Particulières de la Ville et Prevosté d'Acs (Dax)*." This custom is in eighteen rubrics, and dates from 1514. Millanges had previously brought out, in 1603, the General and Local Custom of the Town Prevosté and Siège of St. Sever. This is

¹ It is quite a mistake to suppose that strict primogeniture was confined to Basque-land. See, for example, For d'Azun, Art. 86, given in Lagrèze, *Droit dans les Pyrénées*, p. 450.

² Par Simon Millanges, Imprimeur Ordinaire du Roy, Bordeaux.

in twenty-nine rubrics, and was approved in 1514 by the Parliament of Bordeaux. Among them is an interesting rubric stating that serfs (*questaux*) cannot contract or make a will, and that the lord may take away their goods whenever he likes.¹ There is also a clear (local) article upon *voisins*, which shows that at St. Sever a strange woman marrying a *voisin* became, until she remarried, a *voisine*. But neither a strange man who married a *voisine*² nor any of their children became *voisins*. There was also published in eighteen rubrics by Millanges in 1603, "Les Coustumes Générales gardées et observées au pais et Baillage de la Bourt (Labourt) et ressort d'iceluy." These, too, were authorised in 1514. We now come to the "Coûtumes Générales du Pays et Vicomté de Soule," approved by the Parliament of Bordeaux in 1520, which begin thus: "By a custom, which has been kept and observed from all time, all the natives and inhabitants of Soule are free and of free condition without mark of slavery. No war levy has nor can be made upon the inhabitants, nor any right be demanded on the ground of the status or (pretended) servile condition of the said inhabitants or any of them." The chase was free in Soule, and there the elder child, whether male or female, inherited in certain families. The thirty-seven rubrics of this custom are perhaps the most liberal of all those in the Pyrenean district, and Bela's manuscript commentary throws light upon many peculiarities and clears up sundry difficulties in them, as has not been done for the other Basque customs, which, it should be observed, are none of them in the Basque language, and seem to have been more or less adapted to the model of the New For of Béarn. In the Custom of Soule the desire to uphold the family is particularly conspicuous, as well as the Germanic rather than Gallic or Roman position taken by the women. Under the Roman system, from having been utterly in her husband's power, as she was among the Gauls likewise, she became in later days absolutely unfettered, and frequently in consequence quite undomestic. But the *mundium* or *mainbour* of the Germans, which was a sort of parental or family tutelage, seems to have hit the middle course, and safeguarded the woman's condition in all three Basque customs. This position of women stands out particularly clear in the old Custom of Bayonne (13th century), as compared with the more modern one of 1514 in twenty rubrics, also

¹ Campana in his *Etude Hist. et Jur. sur le Colomat et le Servage* (Bordeaux, 1883) well shows from the old Custom of Bordeaux (14th century) what their position then was.

² The contrary was the case in the *For of Navarre Deça-Forts*, Rub. xxxiv., Art. 3.

published by Millanges, and shows the absence of the strict Roman *patria potestas* even in the case of children.

"Los Fors et Costumas deu Royaume de Navarre Deça-Ports" is usually found in the duodecimo edition of 1722, printed at Pau by Jerome Dupoux. It was authorised in its present form by the Parliament of Navarre sitting at Pau in the year 1631. This custom is in substance, of course, much older, and received letters patent from Louis XIII. in 1611. Its rubric concerning the status of individuals is conceived in an especially liberal spirit, granting *ipso facto* the rights of a *voisin* even to the stranger who marries the heiress of a *voisin*. It also gives a special power to districts to meet and arrange their common affairs. Testamentary privileges likewise are liberally accorded especially in the case of acquired as opposed to ancestral property; but no one can contract without the leave of his curator until he attains the age of twenty-five years.

The old Fors of Béarn are the following: "La Charte d'Oloron," 1080; "Le For de Morlaas," 1101, renewed in 1220; "Le For d'Ossau," "Le For d'Aspe," "Le For de Baretous," all three in 1221; "Le For Général de Béarn," the latter in part probably about 1000, and in part renewed in 1288. The only edition of these is that of Mazure and Hatoulet (1840), taken from the one manuscript then at the Pau archives. As there are now known to exist four manuscripts, the text needs collation. In these Fors the *patria potestas* was feeble, and a girl at seven could be betrothed with the consent of her guardians, who were (if alive) her father and mother. At twelve she became of age, and then the *potestas* ceased. Here we have a state of things vastly unlike the Roman system, while the conditions upon which a child could be disinherited and the authority of the husband over the wife came from a Roman source. The *Lex Julia de Fundo Dotali* gives to the husband power, with the wife's consent, to sell *biens dotaux*. This law passed through the Theodosian Code into that of Béarn, and its force is perceived even in the New For of 1552, but not the prohibition contained in the same law, viz. not to mortgage *biens dotaux* even with consent. Probably the distinction between alienating and mortgaging was too subtle for the jurisconsults of the Middle Ages to grasp. The Gallic custom of the return of the *dot* to the wife's family often appears,¹ while the prohibition to sell *biens nobles* is to be attributed to the effect of feudalism. It is necessary in the Pyrenean customs to state whether by *primogeniture* is meant *absolute* primogeniture, *i.e.* male or female, or *male* primogeniture

¹ *E.g.* Old For, Rub. xxxi., Art. 68.

only. *Male* primogeniture is upheld in noble families, and in the New For a father can leave even the *domaine rural* to one child, as is the case in most of the Basque Fors. In this way the New For made succession to *roturier* property similar to that to noble, whereas the older ones had here previously favoured equal partition.

To conclude. The effect that barbaric, especially Germanic, legislation has had upon the Fueros and Fors it is difficult to estimate, because so much of this was itself saturated with Roman principles of law. It is not only in the compendia to other systems, as in the case of "Les Lois de l'Empereur" and "Les Bénéfices" as regards the Old Fors of Béarn, that Roman jurisprudence is to be found, but it also appears welded in the system itself, often perhaps unconsciously to the people to whom such system belonged. For example, the principle of *metayage* (cf. *gazalha*) was not directly derived from the practice of Frankish and Lombard sovereigns granting away parts of the public domain to their soldiers, but from the gifts to the *coloni medietarii* of earlier date.¹ But we may be pretty sure that the freedom of dealing with acquired property though not with *terre noble* granted by the Fors came from the German practice as to *Wehrgeld* and *Reipus* money, though their practice was different as to *Allod*. Perhaps, in nothing is pure Germanic influence more clearly seen than in the necessity for the consent of children to any interference with their rights² to family property. In Gaius' time the *patria potestas* was almost at its zenith, and yet it little influenced those free Germans whose root idea was the "corporate union of the family" under the *Mund*. Is this not to be seen, too, in the language of almost every chart in the Pyrenees? "I Gaston grant, and I Talese his wife confirm, and I Centulle their son likewise confirm"³ were the words of the grant of a For to Morlaas. The favour shown a widow is also of Germanic origin,⁴ as is *Esdiit*, or the right of the accused to clear himself by his own oath and that of *conjuratores*.⁵ These and many more like customs, such as great length of prescription, attributable to the Church's influence, are to be clearly seen in the Fors, with which the Romans had nothing directly to do, contrary, however, to the opinion of the learned Marca.⁶

¹ Maine, *Ancient Law*, p. 301. But the system itself was much earlier.

² For de Morlaas, Rub. xxxi., Arts. 71 and 75, and Rub. xlix., Art. 178.

³ Marca's *Hist. of Béarn*, p. 336.

⁴ Laferrière, *Epoque Celtique*, ii. 66.

⁵ Marca's *Hist. of Béarn*, p. 292.

⁶ *Ob. cit.*, p. 344.

The large extent of ground that it has been necessary to cover has of necessity made this study somewhat slight. It shows, however, how far-reaching was the effect of the earlier Roman law throughout the Pyrenees, transcending as it did purely Celtic or Germanic customs, and also the living influence of feudalism. Their joint effect was beneficial, and, if the Church's influence had been less upon the Spanish versant, culminating as we find it in the introduction of the Inquisition, with the general use of Torture and other attendant horrors, the condition of this district in the Middle Ages would upon the whole compare favourably with that of any other. The inhabitants, if poor, were for the most part free, and had privileges which enabled them to live better than the peasant elsewhere. For the Pyrenean proprietor, though no *dominus terræ fastidiosus*, was yet often in good sooth *satis beatus unicus Sabinis*.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Perhaps the most useful book on early Pyrenean Spanish law is "Historia del derecho en Cataluna, Mallorca y Valencia, Código de los Costumbres de Tortosa, por el D. S. O. Bienvenido Oliver." 4 vols. 8vo. Madrid, ed. 1876-1881 (Miguel Genesta, calle de Campomanes 8). There are also subsequent volumes. His view is that the chief sources of Pyrenean law are (1) *Pirenaica*, costumbres y tradiciones Vascas, de Bigorre, Valle de Aran, Perpignan y Aragon.

(2) *Cataluña*, Los Leyes Visigodas, Los Usatges Costumbres de Barcelona, Lerida, Mallorca y Valencia.

(3) *Gothica*, Germanic from the North.

(4) *Romana*, Western Roman Law. Justinian or Romano-Byzantine not being known in the Pyrenees till the twelfth century.

(5) *Eclesiastica* or Canonica.

(6) *Municipia*, as Dertossa (now Tolosa) which municipia or colonia all modelled on Roman law, yet preserved their own laws and customs. See Aulus Gellius. Noctes Atticae, Lib. XVI. c. 13, Paris, 1842. Hadrianus mirari se ostendit quod et ipsi Italicenses, et quædam item alia municipia antiqua in quibus Eltissenses nominat, cum suis moribus legibusque uti possent in jus coloniarum mutare gestiverint. This author also quotes with approval from Laferrière, "Histoire de Droit Français," tome ii. 27—"There are three national types which have been well conserved: *El Euskaro o Vasco* (Basque) in the West, *el Ibero-Latino*, which predominates in Béarn, Bigorre, Comminges, and Foix, and *el Visigodo* or *Ibero-Germanico*, which is

The Gentleman's Magazine.

erved in Rousillon and Catalonia." Further he says that the legislation there is some Roman element.

As to the effect of Roman law in Aquitania (Guyenne) the valuable book is "Rerum Aquitaniarum libri quinque, D. Alteserra," Tolosa, 1648. The gist of it is that in that land was allodial; that there the Roman law persisted, concurrently with it ran older and other customs: "Legum Romanarum non est vilis auctoritas, sed non adeo valent ut usum antiquum mutent in meliorem, sed in deterius, ut mores (p. 226)." He treats the curiæ of Aquitanian "avitiæ libertatis reliquiæ" (p. 183). Cf. Maine, "Ancient Law," p. 302. In the union of the country of Toulouse and of all France with France, it was stipulated "ut jus commune illabatur" (p. 204).

A. R. WHITEWAY.

WHEN LONDON LIGHTS THE SKY.

"**T**WENTY-six miles, four furlongs out from Tyburn Turnpike on the great road to Birmingham you reach a small town of 399 houses and 1,963 inhabitants. Post-horses can be supplied at the King's Arms. Here is a receiving house, and the mails arrive at 2 o'clock in the morning, leaving again at 10 at night."

So runs a record of the year 1819, and anyone electing to make the journey to London by the above 10 o'clock mail would travel through the night by way of Boxmoor and Watford over Bushey Heath to Stanmore, and passing toll-gates at Edgware and Kilburn, would arrive in the small hours of the morning at the spot where the Marble Arch will soon cease to be.

At the above small town, now increased sixfold, I lately arrived by train two hours after dark on a black November night, when the warm still air dense with moisture was condensing into a universal pitiless drizzle. The dark and lonely roadway into the town was utterly deserted, and, all objects being shrouded in gloom, it suited my humour to mentally put myself back in time and try to imagine that for all that could be seen or heard it still might be eighty years ago. But this idea was by one small circumstance rudely dispelled. Far away in the S.E. was a broad red glow, faint but steady, and stretching skyward. London lay over there, and it was impossible that her light could have been seen as now two or three generations ago.

I returned to the same spot with an old resident, who noted nothing unusual in the spectacle, and, as merely stating a well-attested fact, said, "When London lights the sky like that we look for stormy weather." I enquired if the light were never seen in the dry east winds of spring, to which my informant replied that "if so it was at any rate a different kind of light from what we then saw."

While he was speaking there was a sudden shriek, and round the far corner the down express dashed into sight at some fifty miles an hour flying against the wind. To us the actual train was invisible, only the under side of a rolling fiery trail was seen, which lengthened

out and again shortened as, with altering perspective, the engine passed and sped away in the distance. Then, when some half-mile from us, the glare of its furnace was caught anew in a long lurid streak thrown backward high in the sky, doubtless reflected off the moist cloud which, issuing from the funnel, had now escaped into upper air. In this incident of the train I had sufficient proof, if such were needed, that the distant glow to the S.E. was but the light of London's million lamps reflected from watery haze condensed out of the moisture-laden air.

Herein was in truth the verification of an old weather sign. It is said at Chiswick—which, it should be observed, lies to the W.S.W. of London and only seven miles from Charing Cross, that when the lights from the distant streets are seen in the sky rain may be expected next day. And other versions of the same weather-saw may be found elsewhere. In the same way again the watermen at Dover declare that when Calais lights up the night sky then wind is coming, and wind and rain are but synonymous terms in those jaws of the Channel through which cyclonic disturbances are for ever struggling.

It is seldom realised, save by aeronauts and mountaineers, how much watery haze the lower air contains. Blue sky itself is but the ultimate fading out of haze, and when lower layers of the atmosphere are surmounted the blue above is bluer than before only by reason of the haze there being more attenuated. The result of the most recent investigations carried out chiefly by high-flying kites goes to show that though at great heights the air may be spoken of as dry, this is but a relative term. Commonly about one-half of the water vapour in the air is left below by the time the first mile and a half is climbed; but the actual moisture present varies with circumstances. Thus up to a few thousand feet the air is drier during winter and at night and damper during summer and by day, than it is near the ground.

In the light of these facts it becomes easy to conceive how in certain conditions of moist weather and on a dark night the light of a large town reflected in the heaven may be seen even at a long distance. Under the clear skies of other lands reflection may be seen on the under surface of a cloud over great ranges; thus the cloud-heaps over thunderstorms on the American prairies may sometimes be seen at night on the horizon at a distance amounting to some 200 miles. Again, it will be easy to grasp the further fact that haze in the air is more clearly manifested to the observer who, whether in a balloon or on a mountain side, has climbed above its lower moister levels. Here the explanation is simply that from his

new point of view the haze is seen against the dark earth while being itself illuminated by the light from the sky above.

An interesting speculation will find place here as to the appearance which our earth would present to an observer removed entirely outside her limits—say to an inhabitant on Mars. It will almost seem that as a telescopic object our planet must sadly lack clear definition. The abundance of cloud alone would bring this about, but even where clouds were not there would still be the entire depth of the moisture in the atmosphere to blur, in the way we have been considering, the outline of seas and continents which we are in the habit of picturing as so clearly defined.

Perhaps few facts are more striking than the actual statement in figures of what the presence in the air of mere moisture amounts to. In actual quantity it is altogether inconsiderable, being less than one-half per cent. But its physical effect is astounding. Experiment shows that the quantity of aqueous vapour contained in the atmosphere, minute as it is, nevertheless absorbs more than seventy times the amount of radiant heat absorbed by the air itself.

But an intensely interesting question is opened up by the consideration that the vault of heaven may be lit up by light reflected from quite another source, and one which so far has only been hinted at. If distant London can light the sky with a glow of another type when dry east winds are blowing, then we must suppose that the reflecting particles in this case are not moisture but rather dust—dust carried far aloft from off the face of a broad continent and held captive in the upper air. There are various ways of conceiving how so vast a cloud canopy can be lifted into space off the arid plains—the mere columns of warmer air rising off heated earth surfaces may suffice to bear upwards clouds of impalpable dust, just as they carry far into the sky light floating seeds that will not infrequently soar upwards past a lofty balloon. Or again the cause may be found in the eddying movements of air with which we are so familiar, and which on a large scale are spoken of as cyclones. These are known to be capable of whirling dust particles into the atmosphere up to very considerable heights.

Naturally it must be only the finest particles that can be carried far aloft and remain long suspended in the thinner air. But in real fact such finely divided dust is being perpetually created by commotion great or small constantly going on on the earth. Let me give an illustration.

There is among the familiar “animated pictures” exhibited by the Kinematograph a well-known representation of the throwing

down of a condemned tall chimney-stack. The picture shows a large portion of one side of the base of the chimney removed and replaced temporarily with timber struts. Then a fierce burning fire is kindled around these props and the work of demolition is watched from a safe distance. In due time, the flames having done their work, the lofty stack inclines slightly from the perpendicular, and then, as one entire whole, falls with a mighty sweep to earth. But while we watch the picture perhaps what strikes us most is the silence of the catastrophe. The fall is so realistic and so apparently near, that the crash impresses us by its absence. In actual fact the result of the falling mass would be terrific. Its sudden arrest would mean its conversion into heat and into violent vibrations of the air producing sound. But as such results do not appeal to the eye the impression for a moment is that the "moving picture" can tell nothing of the after effects of the great impact. And yet if closely watched it does. Over the fallen ruins there immediately hangs a small white cloud, shortly vanishing into clear air.

This it may be said is but a trivial consequence of such large commotion, and yet in a sense this too will be hardly a correct statement. The amount of impalpable *débris* consigned to the air is indeed relatively small, but its effects may be almost inconceivably great and far-reaching. Professor Tyndall brought out this fact by exhaustive investigations, showing that it is matter in the air which chiefly influences its power to transmit radiant heat. Dealing with one of his experiments he asserts that "an amount of impurity too small to be seen by the eye is sufficient to augment fiftyfold the action of the air."

We have certain means of examining and testing the actual dust-motes that hang above us. The readiest of these are perhaps the showers of rain which wash the sky, or the flakes of snow which, slowly falling, carry down the dust from great heights. By these agents careful and accurate analyses have been made times out of number of the dust which has gone heavenwards, and which has proved to be organic as well as inorganic; but to deal adequately with the results obtained would need a separate article.

We have, however, to recognise that by no means all the dust has come from below. Some, and not a little, hails from no man knows where, except that it must be from the void of space. Thus, it may be supposed to have come from other worlds destroyed, or, if we like to think it, from worlds that were never formed. There is not only no doubt of this, but there have been very plausible calculations made as to the actual amount of cosmic *débris* that

from this source alone comes into our atmosphere. Thus one of our greatest authorities has arrived at the conclusion that it is approximately not greatly less than one hundred tons or greatly more than one thousand tons in the course of every day. This quantity, large in the abstract, may appear after all to be relatively small, and we have to look to our own earth and the forces which reside within it as the main source from which our great dust atmosphere, as we must regard it, comes.

And in truth the air does comprise a great dust atmosphere all its own. This has been made patent to all scientific explorers of the air. But results become far more remarkable and instructive when gathered far away from the reach of land. As one example of such a result we may cite that obtained by Professor Piazzi Smyth, whose observing station was the lofty peak of Teneriffe, standing far out in mid-ocean. This accurate observer records having seen, from high up the mountain, strata of dust rising to an altitude of over a mile, and extending to the limits of the visible horizon; sometimes, moreover, so dense as to hide the neighbouring island mountain, the peak alone of which was seen standing out of what was virtually a dust ocean. Perhaps it is not altogether a welcome thought and yet one that we must recognise, that even in our proverbially purest air—that which lies over the broad ocean—there is to be found this enormous admixture of what we have to regard simply as foreign matter.

Some few facts might find a place here, which, though admitting of no real question, seem almost to belong to the world of romance. When Chicago was burned in 1871 the mere smoke that arose was perceived as far away as the Pacific coast, or, in other words, from 2,000 miles away particles of soot were seen floating in the air, and if this means that they had risen fairly above the horizon, then from considerations of the mere curvature of the earth we have to conceive that these particles were lying in a dense mass at several miles above the earth's surface.

But a fiercer fire went heavenward in 1883 when near the corner of Sumatra the volcanic mountain of Krakatoa broke into eruption. The story of the result of this came in from almost all over the world. Fine dust—so fine that it took many months to subside—seems to have spread the globe round in a direction opposed to lower prevailing winds. In the tropics the air became so laden with this dust that the sun grew blue, and then green as it sank towards the horizon. In England similar phenomena were observed differing only in intensity, while the afterglow assumed such abnormal vividness as

to penetrate and colour a winter's fog. More than this, in the towns the fogs during this period grew crimson when lit merely by street gaslight. Neither was this the end of the wonder. At night-time there were seen for a lengthened period, but gradually fading, what were spoken of as "luminous clouds," which were doubtless but another evidence of the same dust floating at a height estimated at at least sixty miles.

The story of Krakatoa is no isolated one. The Loess or loamy dust of China has been pretty certainly proved to have been borne aloft and carried at least a quarter round the globe, having been found floating as a permanent dust atmosphere above the highest mountains of California.

Again, in 1880 Mr. Whymper watched an eruption of Cotopaxi sixty-five miles away. On that occasion an uprush of inky smoke towered into the air, and then was borne away horizontally, eventually after several hours passing in front of the sun, which thereupon assumed a green tint, different from any that the observer had ever witnessed in the heavens.

Having then no uncertain information of what the sky may be trusted to reveal respecting the matter it holds within it at varying levels up to an unlimited height, we are justified in devoting the most careful attention to all such lessons as it can teach us. What the light of a distant town tells us we have already discussed, but another light, that of the sun, hangs below the horizon twice in each day, and this almost constantly has its message—sometimes in the ruddy sundown, revealing only the presence of high clouds in a dry atmosphere; sometimes in the yellower sunset tints that as a rule give warning of wind; again in the dawn when ruddy light will usually be reflected by denser clouds which have been settling through the night, and which betray vapour already gathering for precipitation and rain.

These are only generalisations, but the light and colouring in the sky afford indications which are manifold, and in which every intelligent observer will learn to seek many of his surest tokens.

JOHN M. BACON.

*“WORDS, WORDS, MERE WORDS, NO
MATTER FROM THE HEART.”*

WHERE go all the words that are spoken,
Words that are spoken every day?
Vows of constancy, secrets broken,
Heedless words that men lightly say?
Words compelling, that all obey,
Bitter words with a poison sting,
Farewell words, of life's woe the token,
Words beseeching, and words that sing?

Far away through the desert places
Fly the words when their work is done ;
Fast they fly through the wind-swept spaces
Where no moon is, where shines no sun :
Words that are spoken, every one,
Bright with joyance, or dim with woe,
Fly and leave of their flight no traces
More than leaves in the air the snow.

In the silence resounds their story,
“ Strong our calling and keen our cry,
Whether we tell of grief or glory,
Kings that triumph or slaves that die !
At our bidding men smile or sigh,
Falsehood, treasure and truth forget.
Youth glad-hearted and Wisdom hoary
We ensnare in our star-gemmed net ! ”

Words ! ye are treacherous, fleeting, hollow :
Thought ye baffle, and Hope ye bind,
(Circling swift as the light-winged swallow,
Clouds before you and mists behind.)

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Eyes of vision ye fain would blind,
Joy would tear from the storm-tossed heart :
Doubt and dread in your footsteps follow,
Trust to torture and souls to part.

Words, how bootless are rhyme and reason
All your pitiless power to prove !—
So the wind in the frost-bound season
Waves of the ice-locked mere should move.—
But, one conquers you—even Love !
In Love's Kingdom abased ye fall ;
Love can laugh at your guileful treason :
Love needs never a word at all.

DORA CAVE.

TABLE TALK.

MR. BAILDON'S "ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

THOSE whom my recent observations concerning Stevenson in Southern Seas may have interested I venture once more to address, in order to commend to their attention the life-study of the man by Mr. H. Bellyse Baildon.¹ Being got up uniform with the principal works of Stevenson, this work stands a good chance of finding a place in every Stevensonian collection. To such a distinction it is entitled by its own intrinsic merits. A school-friend of Stevenson, Mr. Baildon preserves some interesting particulars of his early life. In later years the intimacy, as must almost of necessity be the case when a man chooses, as did Stevenson, for his dwelling-place spots so remote as the islands of the Southern Seas, was confined to correspondence. The work of Mr. Baildon is accordingly less interesting from the personal revelations it furnishes than from that of critical estimate. To those—if any are so unhappy—who are debarred from access to Stevenson's works, this study of them will stand as the best available substitute. A couple of admirably executed portraits add to the attractions of a volume which the student of Stevenson will hasten to possess. I have only one hint of alteration to make. When Robert Burns speaks of the exhilarating influence of "a pint," it might be worth while to inform the "Southron" reader that a Scottish pint is the equivalent of two Saxon quarts. I own, however, that it is not in the least Mr. Baildon's duty, even though it might be his privilege, to enlighten English ignorance.

WILD-BIRD PROTECTION.

I HAVE more than once drawn attention to the fact that bird life is more abundant in or near London than it was a few years ago. My observation is confined to what can be seen or heard from my study windows, or observed during a prow through the fields and green lanes that environ Hampstead and Highgate. I am delighted,

¹ Chatto & Windus.

however, to learn from genuine woodlanders that the results of wild-bird protection are becoming manifest. Writing in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Mr. C. J. Cornish gives some eminently gratifying information on the subject. On a particular spot with which he is concerned Mr. Cornish says: "There are now some five or six hundred pairs of terns, lesser terns, shore curlews, redshanks, and peewits nesting where ten years ago there were not one-sixth of the number." From various quarters comes the information that many varieties of birds, including, in Northumberland, flycatchers and woodpeckers, "flourish exceedingly." One discouraging fact remains, that "goldfinches and linnets are, in some districts, almost exterminated by bird-catchers, and the mountain linnet or twite has become rare" in Cumberland. The loss of these birds of sweetest song is much to be deplored. As a rule the districts are richest in bird life wherein the great landed proprietors co-operate with County Councils or with other administrators of the Wild-Bird Preservation Acts. On the whole, then, considering how far from adequate is the legislation that has been passed, and how grave and numerous are the difficulties in the way of its administration, the reports I now read are encouraging.

SEA BIRDS THE FISHERMAN'S FRIENDS.

TO one curious fact, very encouraging to those who seek to protect bird life, Mr. Cornish draws attention. The entire race of sea-gulls is now, he says, under the special protection of the fishermen of the coast of South Devon. The explanation of this is as follows: "Four winters ago two large ships, passing up Channel in a dense fog, were warned of their approach to the rocks by the incessant calling of the sea-fowl, which had greatly increased in numbers and tameness since they had been protected by the Devonshire County Council." No longer afraid of man, the birds flocked to the ships in search of food, and so gave warning of the nearness of the rock-bound coasts. Those accordingly who shoot sea birds are regarded in Devon as no friends to the fisherman. The birds themselves preach the lesson of their own defence. This recalls the moral of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

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THE
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THE TWELVE SIGNS.

BY W. B. WALLACE.

I.

NO. 3 CHARLOTTE SQUARE.

WITHOUT doubt Bloomsbury is a region of "restful quiet," as the owners of certain private hotels in that favoured locality, with a pleasing absence of the usual mendacity of the caravanserai, proudly and exultingly term it in their advertisements. The eternal but muffled roar of the great city, so near and yet so far, rather enhances than detracts from the tranquil enjoyment of its staid inhabitants. The mighty ocean of life surges and chafes around them, it is true, but only its peaceful ripples reach their island shores, and from their secure havens they look forth with Lucretian complacency—not unmingled, let us hope, with pity—upon those who are toiling and moiling and occasionally making shipwreck in the boiling maelstrom of London. This blissful retreat seems to be at once hallowed and ennobled by the imposing presence of the British Museum. It is as though Pallas Athene, patroness of learning and tutelary divinity of the great army of struggling authors and penniless students who daily resort with the zeal of Avicenna to her great Palace of Books, had spread her ægis over the place, and transformed it into the best imitation possible in a busy metropolis of those classic shades once so dear to her heart—the groves of Academus. Nor are the dwellers in Bloomsbury unworthy of their environment, for they are, or have been, as a rule, intellectual

working-bees of the great London hive—artists, literary men, retired merchants, and members of the learned professions.

Charlotte Square is in the heart of Bloomsbury, and a very typical portion of it. It is a small inclosure, scarcely perhaps representing with mathematical accuracy, the figure denoted by its name, and boasting a few formal seats, a few formal flower beds, and a few equally formal gravel paths, converging upon a fountain, insignificant and of a debased style of art, in the centre of the pleasure. This metropolitan Eden is surrounded by tall, solemn, respectable red-brick houses, whose one attempt at originality or eccentricity is displayed in their hall doors, the panels of which are ablaze with gilding and the most crude, glaring, and incongruous colours. Every man, it is said, is insane on one point, and the dictum must be extended to houses; for the most prim and demure dwellings sometimes irretrievably forfeit their character for sanity and sobriety by one outrageous freak—one damning flaw—one unpardonable violation of that good taste whose laws men and mansions must obey.

But notwithstanding the azure here, the ochre there, and the vermilion elsewhere, all picked out with gold, which adorned and beautified—or the reverse—its presumably hospitable portals, Charlotte Square at the time of which we write might very fairly have been considered, taking it on the whole, the pink of propriety, had it not been for the fatal delinquencies of No. 3. This house was an insult, an anachronism, a plague spot, a reflection upon the morals and respectability, not alone of Charlotte Square, but of all Bloomsbury. It was as though some fell Bohemian magician, at war with the decencies and conventionalities of modern life, had transported it from the realms of Comus and set it down in the midst of a quiet, law-abiding neighbourhood, there to be a perennial scandal and rock of offence to the inhabitants.

And yet No. 3 had not always been cursed with this evil reputation. Its fortunes, in fact, were not dissimilar to those of Poe's "Haunted Palace." In the time of its former owner, Mr. Obadiah Dench, no finger in Bloomsbury could have pointed at it, whether in derision or disapprobation. The old Indian merchant, who had been a trusted agent of Warren Hastings in his extremely questionable dealings with the Princesses of Oude, had shaken the pagoda-tree—such things were possible in the days of John Company—to some purpose; the glittering fruit had come down upon him in golden showers, *à la* Jupiter and Danae; and when he returned to England, his yellow face, although not his fortune, was commonly regarded as symbolical of it—so suggestive in those days was Indian jaundice

of Indian gold. He had married in Calcutta an extremely wealthy Eurasian heiress, and the fruit of their union had been one son, who, in deference to some unexplained ancestral *penchant* for the euphonious names of the Hebrew Minor Prophets, had been christened Amos. When Mr. Dench returned to England he was a widower, and was accompanied by this son, then a boy of ten years. Thanks to his own accumulations and his wife's fortune, he was possessed of princely wealth, which he promptly proceeded to augment by privately embarking in the lucrative but nefarious career of a London usurer. As far as externals went, however, nobody could find fault with him. His residence in Charlotte Square rigidly conformed to the orthodox traditions of his surroundings. It was, in fact, Poe's Palace in its first stage, minus its gracious shapes and joyous music; for gloomy, taciturn, preoccupied, and misanthropic, Mr. Dench, although a stickler for the decencies and proprieties of life, neither saw nor went into company; while his household was limited indeed, consisting only of his son, a younger brother, Captain Joel Dench, late of the H.E.I.C.S., and two rather ancient handmaidens. The only visitors who came to the door of the great Bloomsbury mansion were proposing borrowers and certain tawny Indians and Cingalese, whose business none could tell.

For fifteen years the routine of existence had never varied an iota. Obadiah Dench played his sordid *rôle* of Harpagon to such perfection that, although nobody had any precise idea what he was worth, it was rumoured that he had more than quadrupled the wealth he had brought back with him from India. The Captain, who was a profound scientist and a confirmed old bachelor, read, wrote, and worked out problems, as he had done on many a lonely day when he was stationed in the sacred but turbulent city of Benares; while Amos, a long, loose, flabby youth, with dull leaden eye and hanging under-jaw, as yet an unknown and negligible quantity, spent his time in indolence, studying with servile adulation his father's every whim, and nursing within him the seeds of hypocrisy, cruelty, treachery, and profligacy, ready to spring up and flourish and bear fruit when the sun of occasion should arise. For it is a curious fact that although both are Aryans—members of the great Indo-Germanic family—the offspring of an English father and an Indian or Eurasian mother rarely turns out, from an anthropological point of view, an unqualified success.

Indian suns and the glaring desert sands had played havoc with Obadiah Dench's eyes, and his hearing had become sadly defective. It is obvious that men labouring under such disabilities should avoid

London thoroughfares and London crossings as they would the plague, the cholera, or the influenza; it is equally obvious to the cynic of the street and the protective policeman that these are precisely the persons who are the most daring and foolhardy of pedestrians. And so one fine day this old hound of Plutus, keen on the scent of lucre, but oblivious of all else, was knocked down and lost his life beneath the wheels of a hansom.

His brother did not miss him, for there had never been any sympathy between them; and his son, far from missing him, secretly rejoiced at the dawn of the day of liberty—or licence. It was a case of *Tybère est mort; vive Caligule*. Amos Dench was five-and-twenty, and the lamp of his youth, which had long been hidden beneath the bushel of a slavish and despicable fear, was promptly taken forth from its concealment and placed upon a shameless pedestal, where it flamed and flared to the four winds of heaven, casting a lurid radiance athwart the night, and attracting to itself dire shapes, moths with human heads and faces and harpy-claws, creatures of the outer and fetid darkness of the London streets. Under the new régime No. 3 Charlotte Square rapidly fell from its high estate: the second stage in the history of Poe's "Haunted Palace" was soon reached.

The order of the day was as stereotyped now—only after a very different fashion—as it had been during the life of Obadiah. Every morning the staid and elderly cook and the equally elderly and still primmer housemaid—why they lingered on in such a sink of iniquity was a puzzle to the neighbours—were exposed to the incursions of chefs, waiters, confectioners, florists, market gardeners, and others, who came to stay. The first care of a contingent of these gentry was to clear away from the vast dining-room the visible signs and tokens of the preceding night's debauch, such as the *débris* of the banquet—empty bottles, broken Sèvres and other costly ware, stained and withered orchids, lilies, camellias, and gardenias—with all or most of which the carpet was invariably covered. Then the kitchens were requisitioned, and all day long preparations were there made, regardless of expense, for a new feast of Camacho at night, or rather in the early morning. Amos and his guests waited on themselves—such was his fad—and the viands were cold; but all the delicacies of the season, all the rarities that the most lavish outlay could secure, were there; and when the various artistes had completed their labours, the banquetting-room seemed transformed for the nonce from something worse than a tap-room into a veritable Elysium, bright with resplendent plate and blooming exotics, as redolent of mingled perfumes as the gardens of Gulistan, while the gorgeous *tout ensemble* was bathed

in the chastened radiance of colossal shaded standard lamps. Amos, who slumbered through the day like a second Mycerinus, would then put in an appearance, survey and approve the work of his ministering genii, and subsequently fare forth in the dark into the worst quarters of the town in quest of guests.

"Tell me what a man reads, and I can tell you what he is," says some superior and sapient individual. It was perhaps due to the Asiatic strain in his blood that the only works which Amos had perused with anything like interest during his long minority had been stories of imagination, pure and simple—the wilder and more extravagant, the better. His chief favourites had been the "Arabian Nights," the "Persian and Turkish Tales," the "Tales of the Genii," the marvelous "History of Maugraby," and the gloomy but magnificent "Vathek." This fantastic course of reading had wrought as powerfully upon his mind, at once feeble and presumptuous, as, we are told, "Amadis de Gaul" and other mediæval romances did upon the crazy wits of that ingenious Iberian gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha. When therefore, at his father's death, he came into possession of what he deemed inexhaustible wealth, he determined, like the worthy Hidalgo of Cervantes, to transfer the wondrous adventures which he delighted to read into real life—his own life, with himself as their hero. Henceforth London, forsooth, must be his Bagdad, the Thames his Tigris, and he, Amos Dench, a modern Haroun Alraschid.

His uncle never interfered with him ; nor indeed would he have permitted him to do so had he been so inclined. Captain Dench, contemptuously tolerated by his nephew, continued to occupy his suite of apartments as heretofore, although under sadly-altered conditions. Often and often, in the small hours, when this modern Archimedes was engaged in some abstruse calculation, a string of cabs, laden with the Circes of Piccadilly and the Haymarket, and their male companions, would rattle up to the door, to the intense disgust of adjoining peaceful households, and disgorge their riotous occupants, who, under the auspices of Amos as Master of the Revels, would then commence the agreeable process commonly called "making a night of it." But the military sage possessed two valuable phylacteries : imperturbable *sang-froid*, and an unrivalled power of abstraction. The popping of champagne corks, floating fragments of ribald songs, shrieks of mænad laughter, accentuated by masculine imprecations, the crash of shattered glasses—all these things soon became to him as much part and parcel of his natural and accustomed atmosphere as the cries of the wounded and the dying, the din of

catapult and ballista, and the various discords of a besieged city were to the philosopher of Syracuse with whom we have compared him.

II.

THE TREASURE.

CAPTAIN DENCH was not so much a man as a calculating machine. He was as cold and passionless as Euclid the geometrician—whom one can never somehow picture to himself as a family man—was or ought to have been. His tall and meagre figure, his high and polished cranium, his parchment face, eagle nose, and sunken eyes were of the earth, but his spirit dwelt in a mathematical Nirvana of its own, where x was no longer an unknown quantity; where sine jostled cosine, and tangent co-tangent; where conic sections, differential calculus, algebraic formulæ, and all the mystic entities of science were domiciled citizens, and met and associated with him on equal and friendly terms. We must not deny him the possession of a heart in the physiological sense of the word, but being, as he was, little more than a mathematical abstraction, it would have been a gross mistake to credit him with that sensibility with which, by a confusion of ideas, the important internal organ in question has come to be synonymous. He was simply a man without vices and without virtues, cold, pitiless, rigid, and impartial as Fate herself, neither loving nor hating anything or anyone on earth. Perhaps the latter part of the proposition admits of qualification, for he felt something as nearly akin to hatred as was possible for such a nature as his for anything that interfered with or drew him away from his favourite pursuits.

At the commencement of his mad career Amos had flippantly delegated to him the charge of all financial matters, and he had accepted the responsibility, believing that he owed his nephew some return for his free quarters. These affairs were his great bug-bear; and yet, for the reason we have stated, he went through the distasteful routine as diligently and faithfully as if the eye of Astræa herself had been bent upon him all the while, although he inly rejoiced when the hateful task was for the time completed.

At the end of three years, however, of wanton waste and extravagance probably unparalleled since the days of Nero and his Golden House the Captain found that his office as steward and accountant was soon likely to become a sinecure. Amos had scattered gold as prodigally as the Eastern princes of romance in their bridal processions—scattered it with both hands; and now the enormous wealth

amassed in trade and extorted by rapacity, cruelty, and usury was almost exhausted.

It was a November afternoon, and darkness, not unmingled with fog, was fast closing in upon Charlotte Square. The ministering genii, having placed the banquet for the night in readiness, had taken their departure; silence reigned in the house; and Captain Dench was seated in his deceased brother's study, with various small piles of docketed papers, bills, account books, and memoranda on the table before him. His acute mind had just succeeded in evolving order out of chaos, and he had conclusively demonstrated to himself that his nephew—who at that moment was wending his way to his usual unsavoury haunts—was verily and indeed, in a pecuniary sense, "upon his last legs."

"Another month," soliloquised the Captain, with a grim attempt at humour, "at the present rate of expenditure, and Amos, the irreducible surd, the decidedly irrational quantity, becomes, in defiance of all mathematical law, equivalent to zero, and may be eliminated from all monetary calculations."

The nearest approach to a smile that it had ever known crossed the Captain's yellow visage. It was not caused by any sense of rejoicing at the coming discomfiture of Amos, but partly by his own rather laboured witticism, and partly by the consoling thought that the hour of final deliverance from the Egyptian bondage, as he considered it, of his stewardship was fast approaching.

"I must inform Amos this very night of the state of his affairs," he muttered. "It would be mistaken kindness to permit him to live on in a fool's paradise. If there be any good in the fellow—which I am inclined to doubt—the cold douche will sober him, and the few thousands that are left will enable him to make a fresh start. And yet how to administer the salutary bath? He will return at one or two o'clock in the morning, and will almost certainly refuse to leave his bacchanalian rout to listen to my lectures. I shall be thankful when I am well rid of the whole business. I shall lose my free quarters, it is true, but then, thanks to John Company, I shall always have enough for a glass of dry sherry and a grilled chop, and Science is a mistress who does not scorn a garret."

Having thus delivered himself, the Captain arose and perambulated the apartment with slow measured strides. His exterior was calm and impassible as usual, but in his heart he did not relish the coming interview. And then the Lady *Ἀνάγκη*, already responsible for a Parisian romance, began to put matters in train for a London one.

Pacing up and down in the fuliginous twilight, his foot came into

rather violent collision with an object in a dark corner of the room which he had never happened to notice before. It was a quaint old Indian cabinet of camphor-wood, on whose panels the native artist had depicted the incarnations of Vishnu. The housemaid had either scorned or overlooked it in her periodical descents upon the study of the late Obadiah Dench—to which the Captain seldom and Amos never resorted—and it was consequently coated with that thin layer of dust which is such an abomination in the eyes of careful housewives.

The Captain carelessly glanced at this piece of antique furniture. "One of Obadiah's Oriental finds or purchases," he said to himself. "By-the-by, as a crash appears to be imminent, I may as well see if it contains any private papers which one would not care to be perused by the broker."

The cabinet was locked, but after diligent search in an old-fashioned, brass-bound desk, amongst the keys of the late proprietor Captain Dench discovered one that fitted the lock. Upon opening the disused receptacle, he found himself confronted by a double tier of small drawers having an arched recess between them. With the contents of these drawers the searcher felt infinitely disgusted; they were trivial and utterly unworthy the attention of a man of science or even of business—cowries, a few mohurs, other Indian coins and medals of less value, some entomological specimens, fragments of ore, and other unconsidered bric-à-brac. He was on the point of closing the cabinet when it suddenly occurred to him that there was a considerable amount of space not accounted for, and that the space lay at the back of the arched recess above referred to, which was comparatively shallow, while the drawers on either side traversed nearly the entire depth of the cabinet.

The Captain loved the solution of mechanical problems and puzzles of all kinds; he was quite a proficient in applied mathematics, as well as in pure; and his keen faculties were promptly set to work, with the result that the Indian cabinet yielded up its secret in a remarkably short space of time. Within the hiding-place whose existence he had so sagaciously inferred lay a sealed letter, and nothing more. Glancing at the superscription—"To my son, Amos"—he had no difficulty in recognising his brother's clear and formal handwriting. Methodically replacing the drawer and closing the cabinet, he drew down the blind, pulled the curtains to, lit the lamp, and, wheeling an easy-chair round to a bright fire, sat down in the light and warmth—no mean aids to reflection—to consider the situation, with the letter still in his hand.

He was a man who had never troubled himself with metaphysical,

ethical, or theological subtleties—upon which he had always affected to look down from the superior scientific platform—but he was not deficient in a sense of honour which had hitherto been his guide in all matters of conscience; and this sense of honour was now doing battle, within his soul, with the formidable foe Expediency, and rapidly getting worsted in the contest.

“In the abstract, no doubt,” he argued, as he held the letter between his finger and thumb and stared thoughtfully at the words “To my son, Amos,” “it is a dishonourable thing—unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and so forth—to open and read a letter addressed to another. But, on the other hand, circumstances not only modify, but alter and control cases. Now, how do matters stand in the present instance? Amos is possessed by all the devils of Mary Magdalene. I should have no hesitation in calling him *non compos mentis*. I am his next friend and nearest relative; moreover, of his own accord he has placed all business matters in my hands. I therefore conclude that it is within my rights—nay, that it is my bounden duty—to open and read this letter.”

Suiting the action to the word, he broke the seal, took the contents from the envelope, and read as follows :

“SON AMOS,—It really matters but little whether you find this letter, whether it falls into other hands, or whether it remains undiscovered *sine die*. I leave all that in the hands of Fate. Should you, however, come across it, please not to act upon the information it contains till all is lost. Even in the grave I would hug my cherished secret to the last.

“When you have wasted—as I foresee you will—the vast patrimony which you will inherit on my death, then—but not till then, if you regard my wishes—descend secretly, with taper and matches, in the still hours of the night, to the vaults beneath this house. Enter the second passage to the left; in the centre of the wall that faces you, and five feet from the ground, you will discover, fixed in what is apparently solid masonry, a small knob, scarcely distinguishable from the head of an iron nail. Press it, and a door will open, disclosing a narrow aperture in the thickness of the wall. When you have entered the recess, the door will instantly close upon you. But let not this alarm you; for on your return you can readily open it again by means of another knob in a corresponding position on the smooth inside surface. Here a portal of polished steel will confront you. In place of bolts and bars, lock, or other fastening, you will see twelve brazen discs engraved in strange Indian fashion with the

twelve zodiacal signs, and arranged in the form of a quincunx. You will find, moreover, that these discs are inserted in an oblong metal plate traversed by a network of grooves, along which they can be easily moved in a perpendicular or lateral direction. They may thus be transposed at will, and are, of course, susceptible of an immense number of different combinations. Unless, however, they are arranged according to the schema which I enclose herewith, no force short of dynamite can open the door. This ingenious contrivance was the gift of a Fakir to whom I once rendered a service which cost me nothing. He assigned to it certain magic virtues; but I am not a believer in magic—unless it be the natural magic of the purse. When the figures have been duly placed in the proper position, the portal will fly open, and you will gain admittance to the shrine where my soul worshipped—a temple of Plutus indeed. You will find wealth, compared with which what you inherited from me was a mere pittance. Use or abuse it. Whichever course you may elect, I do not fancy that it will trouble my repose. I have read your character, and know you to be a monster and a fool, with potentialities for evil, limited only by the narrow scope of your intellect and lack of opportunity, which will develop in time, and most likely lead to disastrous results. I am not such a lover of society, of my kind, that I should greatly care. I might, it is true, have bequeathed these riches to hospitals, to heathen missions, or to be applied to the reduction of the national debt; but then the world and its charitable institutions are vile shams—as vile as you are; and you, such as you are, are at least my flesh and blood. Of the various claimants, then, you have the best right to my treasure.

“I had almost omitted to say that when you wish to leave the secret chamber—the door of which, like that leading from the vault, will automatically close when you enter—you will find a similar arrangement of brazen discs within, which must be placed according to the schema before you can obtain egress.

“OBADIAH DENCH.”

It seemed as though Fate had mockingly ordained that this evening, for the first time in the course of his life, Captain Dench should be called upon to face and solve moral rather than mathematical problems, and questions in casuistry rather than calculus. The perusal of this cynical and most amazing letter, discovered by the merest chance, threw the scientist off his balance—quite staggered him. What should he do? This was a harder nut to *crack* than the question of opening the letter had been. After long

and anxious deliberation he came to the conclusion that it would be best, in the first place, to test the genuineness of the communication, which, after all, might be only a practical joke—huge and grim—and shape his future action according to the result.

The two old servants were generally in bed by ten o'clock—Amos admitting himself and his companions in the early morning hours with a latchkey—so that there would be ample time and opportunity for making an unobserved descent into the subterranean regions before the return of his nephew. He would wait till eleven o'clock.

Never did lover count with greater eagerness and impatience the "fly-slow" hours than did the gaunt old Anglo-Indian the moments intervening between six and eleven o'clock. Barely had the latter hour chimed when he arose, provided himself with lamp and matches, and, not forgetting the letter and the precious schema, made his way noiselessly to the vaults. Here he found that all tallied with the circumstantial instructions given by the dead man, which he unhesitatingly followed till he stood within the narrow cell, facing the steel portal.

As he was about to lift, as it were, the last veil of the mystery, an unwonted tremor pervaded his whole being. He hesitated. Was his action wise? What should he see behind that barrier? What were the strange experiences which lay literally within arm's length of him? He speculated—men will do so at the most unlikely times—as a suicide might speculate who, with the barrel of a pistol pressed close to the roof of his mouth, wonders what sensation will succeed the shock and thunder of the discharge when he has pressed the trigger. Death might lurk behind the door. He might be caught, on entering, in a man-trap which would never release its fatal hold. He might be cast headlong down some deep and noisome well. A skeleton might leap forth and clasp him in its bony arms. Again, there might be only darkness and a great void, which incoherent and conflicting surmises afforded lamentable proof of two facts—that the calm of the self-contained *savant* had given place to the fever, fear, and superstition of the treasure-seeker, and that Captain Dench had no very great faith in the amiable intentions of his deceased brother Obadiah.

"I must make the plunge," he murmured at last, "even though the issue be as uncertain as that of 'Hobbes's last voyage.'"

Consulting the schema, and nerving himself for the worst, he placed the figures in position, and straightway the door flew open.

No; Obadiah had not lied, notwithstanding his brother's strong doubts as to his veracity. Far from lying or exaggerating, he had

used such tame and prosaic language that the Captain was quite unprepared for the apocalypse of splendour that almost blinded his eyes. It was evident that the agent of the imperious and unscrupulous lord of Daylesford had not neglected to feather his own nest whilst engaged in the task of intimidating the unhappy Begums of Oude; and it was equally evident that the mysterious Indian visitors at Charlotte Square had not come empty-handed.

The Captain stood on the threshold of a small square chamber of considerable altitude, whose walls, completely covered with plates and laminæ of solid burnished gold, flashed back the rays of the lamp which he bore. Along each side of the apartment were disposed in regular order large vases of porphyry, malachite, jade, and agate, wherein were piled pyramidically heaps of precious stones—diamonds, rubies, pigeon's-blood and balas, emeralds, amethysts, topazes, sapphires, cat's-eyes, and, in short, elect and priceless specimens of all known gems, some cut and polished, others in the rough. In the centre—enthroned, as it were, upon an altar of purest gold—lay the monarch of this chamber of treasure, the divinity to whom no doubt Obadiah Dench's orisons were addressed—a diamond which might have vied with and surpassed the great Braganza, larger than a hen's egg of the average size, and probably weighing close upon 2,000 carats.

As we have seen, Captain Dench's philosophical equanimity had sustained many a rude shock during the course of a fateful evening; it now finally gave way, and he felt inclined, treading in his brother's footsteps, to fall down and worship before this superb and radiant embodiment of wealth and the power that wealth gives.

It is a curious psychological fact and mystery that riches often possess the greatest attraction for those who are unable to enjoy, or even use them. Our old student was a sad exemplification of this truth. Gloating over the gold and gems, attempting to assess their value, then giving up the hopeless task, an hour in the subterranean chamber passed for him like one moment.

It was now time for him to return to the upper air, and consider what course he should adopt with reference to Amos and the treasure, whose existence he had proved to be a dazzling fact.

He did not regain his apartments till somewhat past midnight, but before an hour had elapsed his fertile mind had hit upon and elaborated a plan of campaign. Just then, to his great surprise, he heard the lumbering footsteps of Amos in the hall.

"What can have happened?" he exclaimed. "Amos back a good hour or more before his usual time, and alone!"

III.

THE TWELVE SIGNS.

"PARDON me for being personal, Amos, but really you look as if you had just seen a ghost."

"Oh, bother ghosts!" savagely retorted the young man. "I suppose a fellow may be seedy occasionally."

At the best of times, as we have intimated, Amos Dench was far from being handsome or attractive; now he was positively hideous, for his chocolate visage was mottled with violet patches, like the disconsolate lover in Horace, his goggle eyes had a fishy glare, and his long under-lip hung like a door loose on its hinges.

Uncle Joel, who had met his nephew in the hall and followed him into the dining-room, was too much accustomed to his amenities to feel surprised at his rudeness on the present occasion. What did surprise him was the early return of Amos, sober, unaccompanied by his usual rabble rout, and looking the picture of the most abject terror.

He would have been still more surprised had he known the cause of his hopeful nephew's alarm. Like most blusterers and profligates, Amos Dench was a veritable Bob Acres—a man of no moral, and very shaky physical, courage, and he had really had a tremendous fright that night—seen a ghost, or something worse. It had chanced in this wise. Passing down Church Street, Soho—then a gloomy haunt of poverty and vice, home and foreign, of Anarchists and painted women—he had been suddenly met face to face by an old man, below the middle height, but thick-set and burly, wearing a long black cloak and low, broad felt hat. His visage was hungry, wolfish, and ghastly, and his lurid eyes flamed into those of Amos with a fierce and irresistible mastery. He had hoarsely whispered into the young man's ear "Come with me," and at the same time with some violence clapped his hand upon his shoulder. Oh, that arm! that grip! When the hand descended, it seemed to Amos as if a thick iron bar had forcibly struck him; when it rested upon him, the chill as of an Arctic iceberg had tingled through his being, quickly succeeded by such intolerable heat as only the furnace of Gehenna could generate. Straightway what manhood he possessed had forsaken him. With womanish tears he had wailed, "Oh, spare me! spare me!" and the terrible lips, writhing in hellish sneer, had answered, "Be it so for now. Three days hence, at midnight, I will

come for you." With these words he had vanished from the sordid circle of the lamplight.

After this *rencontre* the young gentleman had felt in no mood for wassail or wassailers. Cold, trembling, with chattering teeth, and a strange sinking feeling at the heart, he had hied him home at once, wearing the hang-dog aspect which had elicited his uncle's remark.

Once within the precincts of his Bloomsbury mansion, however, he began to breathe more freely. Paying no further attention to Captain Dench, he filled a tumbler with brandy, and drained it at a gulp.

"I don't remember ever feeling so much out of sorts," he said in a tone between a growl and a whine. "I think I shall be off to bed."

"Have some more brandy."

Nothing loath, Amos swallowed another glassful of the raw spirit. "Dutch courage! Dutch courage!" he muttered. "Anyhow, it is better than a blue funk."

The Captain watched his nephew narrowly, and saw with satisfaction that, under the potent influence of the alcohol, he was rapidly recovering from his mysterious quandary. He was a man of iron tenacity of purpose; he had arranged all his plans, and he was quite determined at all hazards to carry them out that very night.

"I am glad you seem better, Amos," he said, "for I have some important matters to communicate to you. Sit down, and let us proceed to business."

"Business! oh, hang it all! not to-night. Wait till I have slept and had some breakfast."

"Impossible!" was the Captain's curt and cool rejoinder; "you must hear all now."

A curish nature instinctively obeys a firm hand, and the old officer knew his man.

"All right"—with an air of sullen resignation. "I don't suppose I could sleep, if I tried. Only, I say, cut it as short as you can."

"*Imprimis*," began his uncle, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I regret to inform you that you are ruined—or, rather, have ruined yourself."

"Ruined? You don't mean it!" yelled Amos, starting up and fixing a glassy eye of horror upon his uncle.

"Oh yes I do, though," retorted the other. "Perhaps, however, it would be more correct to say that you are trembling on the verge of ruin. A couple of thousands still remain, but you will get through them in a month's time."

Upon which unexpected and astounding intelligence the wretched prodigal bowed his head in his hands upon the table, and for the second time that night began to weep—this time maudlin tears.

His uncle regarded the sordid picture of cowardly and unedifying humiliation with a look of contempt and disgust for a moment. Then, crossing to him, he laid his hand lightly on his shoulder.

He certainly had not calculated upon the result. Amos, to whom the sudden touch recalled his recent Soho adventure, bounded to his feet with a wild scream, as though he had received a powerful electric shock.

Noticing the look of horror and alarm in his nephew's face, but misinterpreting the cause, Captain Dench made haste to reassure him. "Be a man, Amos," he said; "things may not be as bad as you fancy."

"But—but," whimpered the other, whom shame for his own cowardice withheld from enlightening his uncle, "you say that I am ruined; and you ought to know, for you have kept the accounts."

"That is so," rejoined his uncle coolly. "And yet there may be a door of hope, for all that. . . . And now pull yourself together, if you can, and give me your best attention."

For answer Amos, who had resumed his seat and his despondent attitude, raised his sodden face and nodded.

"I have made a strange discovery," began the Captain.

"Is it anything like 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts'?" sneered Amos, who happened to remember the title of Massinger's play, with a sickly attempt at a witticism.

"That is precisely what it is."

"Let us hear the wonderful prescription, then. It has certainly turned up in the nick of time."

"Presently. You must hear what I have to say first. Supposing that the discovery which I have made should lead to your obtaining a fortune compared with which that which you have just squandered would be but a bagatelle, would you be willing to give me a brief written agreement undertaking to share equally with me the wealth which I should be instrumental in placing in your hands, and, furthermore, to pledge me your word of honour that you will turn over a new leaf for the future? The conditions are not hard. I am a childless old man, and my portion of the treasure-trove would ultimately revert to you; and the second stipulation is manifestly in your own interest. Do not speak at once; take time for reflection. Should you decline my terms, I keep my discovery to myself."

This stupendous announcement, revealing much and hinting at

still more, completely sobered Amos, upon whom the pint of brandy which he had imbibed was beginning to take effect. Once more he was poor and needy; once more an unkind fate had called upon him to deal with an old curmudgeon who had power to give or to withhold; it was time to drop bluster, to alter his tactics, and slink back to the rôle which he had played with such signal success in his father's lifetime—that of a false, supple, cringing Tartuffe.

"Dear Uncle Joel," he exclaimed, with much apparent enthusiasm and affection, "you are my good genius. I accept—thankfully accept—your conditions. Half of the fortune is too much; the third part will be enough for me. I will give you the written agreement. As for turning over a new leaf, I faithfully promise you that I will. In fact, I have got quite sick of that sort of thing."

"Methinks this gentleman doth protest too much," said the Captain to himself. Then aloud: "I am glad that you take such a sensible view of things. You might just let me have the very briefest memorandum. I shall be quite satisfied with an equal share."

Procuring writing materials, Amos at once complied with his uncle's request, and handed him the document, which that gentleman carefully perused, folded, and placed in his breast pocket along with Obadiah's letter and the schema of the Twelve Signs.

"And now, sir," said our young man, "I am most anxious to hear the story of your lucky find."

The Captain, whose new code of ethics did not condemn a slight and necessary *suppressio veri*, proceeded to relate how he had found in a secret receptacle in the Indian cabinet a brief statement, in Obadiah Dench's handwriting, indicating the existence of an immense treasure in the vaults beneath the mansion, and giving the necessary directions for obtaining access to it. "This," he said, producing the schema and showing it to Amos, who glanced at it with a mystified air, "is the key to the secret."

Replacing the document in his pocket, the Captain continued: "At first I could scarcely credit the evidence of my own senses; my next thought was that your father could not have been in his senses when he penned the statement. Nevertheless I deemed it best, on the whole, to investigate the matter. The result, I confess, surpassed my wildest imaginations. The scene I beheld reminded me of those subterranean palaces of the genii described in your favourite book, 'The Arabian Nights.'"

The dull eyes of Amos shone for a moment with the light of

cupidity. "Dear uncle," he cried, "will you be my guide without further delay to this home of enchantment?"

"Wait here, then. I shall be with you in a moment. I want to see that all is quiet upstairs."

"Gold," says the mocking fiend Mephistopheles, "rules the world"; it certainly changes the character of men. Its sunny gleam, supplemented by the more potent radiance of the great diamond and its attendant gems, had turned the dreamy, speculative Archimedes whom, at the commencement of this narrative, we contemplated deep in his mathematical problems, into a not over-scrupulous man of action and resource.

"I don't quite like the expression in that fellow's face," mused the Captain when he had gained the solitude of his bedroom. "He looks as if he had met the devil."

He drew Obadiah's letter from his pocket, threw it into the fire, and watched it till it was reduced to ashes. He next unlocked a bureau, and deposited therein the schema together with the brief agreement which Amos had just written out.

"My brother's letter to Amos," he thought, "was decidedly *de trop*; I am not likely to forget the collocation of the signs"—the Captain had the memory of a Magliabechi—"and these documents will be just as well here for the present."

Taking a neat little revolver from the mantel, and thrusting it into his bosom, he hurried downstairs and rejoined Amos, who was walking up and down impatiently, while his unprepossessing countenance was working with excitement.

"Come on, Uncle Joel," he gasped.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when the two men stealthily descended to the vaults beneath the old mansion. On their way the Captain explained to his nephew in low tones the important part which the twelve zodiacal signs played as guardians of the treasure.

"The cabalistic figures on the paper you showed me are the 'Open Sesame' of this wonderful cave?" questioned Amos carelessly.

"Yes," replied the other; "that is the key to the arrangement of the brazen discs of which I told you—the only means of gaining access to or egress from the secret chamber."

They had now reached the first stage in their adventure, and the Captain directed the attention of his companion to the small knob in the wall.

The secret door yielded to the pressure of the spring, noiselessly closing again when they had stepped into the cavity.

Amos, holding the candlestick aloft with trembling hand, now saw the steel barrier and the Twelve Signs. These, by virtue of a curious mechanism, lapsed back into confusion on each occasion simultaneously with the closure of the door, so that it was now necessary for the Captain to arrange them once more in the order of the schema.

"Don't you want to refer to the paper?" anxiously inquired Amos. "You have it in your pocket."

"Yes, I know," rejoined his uncle, "but I think I can trust to memory."

With steady hand he carefully adjusted the signs, and the door admitted them, shutting to spontaneously when they had entered, while the brazen discs within immediately formed a new combination.

The candlestick would have dropped from the nerveless grasp of Amos if the Captain had not promptly seized it, exclaiming, "Steady, man! it would never do to be left in darkness here. I have forgotten matches, and I don't suppose you have any."

Amos, in truth, seemed to have lost the power of speech and motion. He could only gaze open-mouthed at the massive glittering red gold that lined the chamber, at the costly urns and their still more costly burden, and the prismatic scintillations of the great diamond.

"This is an Aladdin's Cave indeed," he whispered at last. "Here is wealth sufficient to buy up an Empire."

"Yes, boy," returned Captain Dench, with a strange weird light of enthusiasm on his cadaverous face; "and it is all yours and mine. I shall probably not need it long; but while I live, it will be the one pleasure of my existence to come down here occasionally to bathe in the glorious light of that diamond, to plunge my hands in yonder vases and let the rubies and sapphires ripple like lambent fire through my fingers."

As he spoke, gold worked another fatal metamorphosis. The spendthrift became a miser. He wanted all for himself—all—and now. He could not share it, and he could not wait. How tantalising to think that one old and feeble life alone barred him from the sole, absolute, and undisputed possession of riches such as Croesus had never dreamt of!

And then the demon of murder, who is twin-brother and constant associate of the demon of greed, whispered: "That barrier must be removed. You have the means wherewithal to do so—the revolver in your pocket, the companion of your nightly prowls. You were too great a craven a few hours ago to turn it against the old man of Soho; use it now."

The feeble, guilty, sodden, polluted soul heard, and did not, could not, resist the inner voice of the tempter.

"My dear uncle," he whispered, as if afraid to trust his own voice, "do you not detect a slight flaw in the lower surface of this splendid diamond?"

"Surely not," said the old man, stooping down to scrutinise the jewel, while he placed the candlestick on the ground between two vases.

He never rose again, for the next instant a bullet from his nephew's revolver passed through his brain, and he fell forward, dead, across the golden altar.

For the moment Amos did not trouble himself about the body. He danced about like a maniac; he tossed the great diamond up in the air and caught it again; he buried his hands deep in the urns, and anon suffered the sparkling gems to flow in streams of coloured light through his fingers.

"All mine! all mine!" he cried, in delirious ecstasy.

Time flew rapidly by; the candle was burning low, and he knew the servants rose at six. He must for the present leave the enchanted chamber; the disposal of the body could await his convenience.

The schema! Faugh! he must touch the corpse. He must take the paper from the breast pocket, where he saw his uncle place it. He turned the body over on its face, and put his hands into the pocket. He encountered something smooth, hard, and cold. It was the barrel of a revolver. There was no paper—no other contents.

There was now but an inch of candle left.

With the howl of a wild beast the murderer threw himself on the meagre corpse of his victim, staring glassily up at him with yellow grin. He frantically rifled all the dead man's pockets. There was no schema to be found.

The door! the Twelve Signs!

His last hope was that by some lucky chance he might hit upon the right arrangement before the light failed him. He tried combination after combination—all in vain.

And then, in the midst of his experiments, the flame of the candle leaped up and expired. He was in darkness, shut off for ever from the living, without hope of release—alone with his gold, his gems, his murdered man!

With an awful shriek of despair he launched himself against the door of steel. The words of his father's letter—that letter which he

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seen—were no idle boast; no force short of dynamite
ail against it.

blasphemies, prayers, rushed from his foaming lips in
quence. Then came oblivion for awhile; but then the
ening.

to his appointment, the old man of Soho came for Amos
midnight on the third day.

L'ENVOI.

after the lapse of many years, chance led to the discovery
et vault, and the two skeletons were found lying therein
an regal state, surrounded by gold and precious stones,
ck Holmes of the period, with the aid of the schema
old documents belonging to the Dench family, together
circumstantial evidence afforded by the subterranean
nd its grisly occupants, pieced together inductively an
eory respecting the tragedy of the two men whose sudden
ous disappearance had startled the contemporary world

eory has furnished the present writer with material for the
d.

ON THE MONKS' ISLAND.

I.

THE low, mellow tones of a bell tolling solemnly half awakened me. I began to wonder feebly where I was ; but instead of trying to solve the question, I listened dreamily to the two sounds which of all others are dear to me—the slow ringing of a deep-toned bell, and the lapping of the sea on the rocks.

Where was I? A moonbeam fell across my face, and by its light I distinguished the canvas of our tent. Such a tent it was, too ! A yard from some old ship had been lashed firmly to a tree ; over this a sail was thrown, whose ends were roughly secured to the ground with improvised tent-pegs. The door of the tent—if one may make use of such an expression—consisted of an old sheet much, but neatly, patched. I could see the outline of the patches in the moonlight. Lulled to rest by the lap-lapping of the waves and the throbbing of the bell I fell asleep again without having distinctly decided where I was. I was in Elysium, at any rate, and was not that enough ?

Next morning I was awakened in real earnest, not by pale, blue moonlight, but by the brilliant sunshine of an August morning, and realised that I was on the island of St. Honorat, off Cannes. On throwing back the curtain a scene fit for fairyland met my gaze. Southward, as far as the eye could reach, the broad expanse of the blue Mediterranean sparkled and danced in the sunlight. To our left was the well-wooded island of St. Marguerite, whose fort is celebrated as being one of the residences of the unfortunate wearer of the Iron Mask. It was in this same fort that Bazaine was imprisoned. His escape thence was long planned for by his friends, and, as some think, not regretted by the French Government. The fact that the boat on which he sailed away was getting up steam off the island the day before his flight, in full view of his gaolers, seems to support this supposition.

Behind us lay the fairest of all the lovely towns of the Riviera—Cannes. As we looked at its sandy shore, its white villas, and at

the old town climbing up the hill on the left, with the blue mountains of the Estérel in the distance, we agreed that we had never seen a more charming picture.

After a swim in the sea, which is so clear that you can distinguish the pebbles and shells at the bottom through many feet of water, we came back to our tent, guided thither by a refreshing odour of coffee. We found a sailor's wife, who was to be our caterer, cook, housemaid and messenger all in one, grinding the fragrant berries in her little hand-mill, talking the while to her wee son, who had, as he anon informed us with great dignity, lately attained the age of four. Our factotum had a sweet face, a delicate brunette skin, and dark hair brushed back in gentle waves from the forehead. Her eyes, as they lit up to greet us, were of that liquid yet fiery type which is so characteristic of the Southerner. They looked like two deep, dark lakes with sunlight glinting on the surface.

She came to meet us, holding out her hand, with easy grace. Had we enjoyed our bath? Had we slept well? What did Madame think of her first night in a tent? Oh! for Monsieur she was not uneasy. An officer, who had been abroad on active service, and must have camped out who knows where, would make allowances; but Madame? Here she shrugged her pretty shoulders and looked at me inquiringly. I assured her I had never slept better in my life, and asked her the meaning of the bell which had awakened but not disturbed me.

That was the bell of the reverend Fathers whose monastery spire we could see in the distance through the trees. They had to rise at three o'clock every morning, *pechère!* to go to Matins, and the bell rang to call them. But now she would make the coffee, and then she must be off to get the day's provisions. She made it on a gipsy fire, and excellent it was. She still chatted pleasantly, telling us that her husband would soon be back from fishing; at which the little Louis clapped his hands with glee, exclaiming:

"*Tu nous feras de la bouillabaisse, dis, petite mère?*"

She smilingly assented, then asked if we should like to taste this southern delicacy, which is highly esteemed all along the coast from Marseilles to Mentone. Monsieur knew it, of course; but Madame? Again the inquiring glance and the pretty movement of her shapely shoulders. Finding Madame liked nothing better than to try every new dish that came in her way, she asked for our *commissions*, which included the following somewhat incongruous articles: the daily paper, two chops, a box of hairpins, some stamps, a bottle of ink, and some fruit. She got into a boat with little Louis and rowed

off towards the shore. We watched them gliding slowly through the water and listened to the splash of the oars, then turned to go round the island.

St. Honorat was already known to me by name, for a much-admired friend, cutting short a brilliant career, turning his back on the world and its honours, had buried himself in the monastery which occupies the centre of the island. He was no longer there; but the place was dear to me for his sake, and I was very desirous of visiting the church where he had so often worshipped.

I had paid a hasty visit to the island with my husband, who knew it well, a week before, and, seeing a few tents there belonging to fisherfolk, thought how delightful it would be to spend a week or so in one ourselves. We applied to the sailor's wife in question, who, having obtained the requisite permission from the *Révérènds Pères* (the whole island belongs to them), pitched our tent near her own.

St. Honorat is about a mile in length. As it is not very broad, one does not take long to walk round it. It is covered with pines that afford a pleasant shade and emit that peculiar odour which, when mixed with sea air, is so exhilarating. On one side the island slopes gently down to the water; on the other the coast is formed of bold rocks. There are many little inlets, which make limpid bathing-pools and fishponds. As we turned round a point we came upon the old monastery, a large square building of yellow stone, standing out in delightful contrast with the blue sea and sky. That it was founded by St. Honorat (at the beginning of the fifth century) the name of the island still proclaims. The actual building was finished about the year 1116. It is a fortress, and has repelled many an attack from pirates and others. The island was conquered or invaded half a score of times from 731 to 1746. At the time of the Revolution it became *propriété nationale*. It then passed through various purchasers' hands, including an actress and a butcher, until it was bought by the Bishop of Fréjus, forty years ago, and the new convent was built and the monks reinstated.

The old fortress-monastery is preserved by the State as a *monument historique*. A lay-brother, dressed in brown frock and cowl, showed us over it. He was an ideal monk, with finely cut features and an ascetic air that, combined with his genial smile, inspired one with confidence. He pointed out to us the remains of the refectory, the chapel, and traces of the cells.

In imagination we went back several hundred years and saw the monks engaged in their peaceful avocations (save when obliged to

repel invaders), walking with bent head and gentle tread, ever silent yet never idle.

"What Order do you belong to?" I asked our guide.

"We are Bernardins de l'Immaculée Conception," he replied.

"Indeed; that is a new name to me."

"We were established in France between 1840-50 by the Révérend Père Dom Marie-Bernard."

"But I thought you were Cistercians."

"So we are, Madame. This is how it is. Religious services, and necessarily religious Orders, were suppressed at the Revolution. By degrees some of the latter were re-established, but not all. On the other hand, several new Orders were founded, and amongst them our own. We are a branch of the Cistercian Order, which itself is nothing else than the Order of St. Benedict restored to its primitive institutions and original severity by the reform of 1098, which was brought about by St. Robert de Champagne in the monastery of Cîteaux. St. Bernard, the most illustrious monk of that abbey, founded the monastery of Clairvaux. Many others were established in the course of time, and to distinguish the Reformed Benedictines from the ordinary monks the former were called Cistercians. The people," added our guide, with a smile, "call us the white monks, as our choir-brothers wear white frocks and cowls in honour of the Virgin. The ordinary Benedictines they term black monks, for they have adhered to that colour."

"But I always hear you spoken of as Trappists. Why is that?" I asked.

"Ah, Madame, in this evil world all degenerates; religious Orders, alas! form no exception to the rule. By degrees discipline became lax, and a new reform was started by the Abbot de Rancé (who, as commendatory abbot, had lived for naught but pleasure and fashion up to the age of thirty) at the monastery of La Trappe; hence the name Trappists, which is applied to those Cistercians that adopted this reform.

"When the Révérend Père Dom Marie-Bernard founded our Order he mitigated somewhat the severity of the Trappist rule. The attenuations are very slight, the chief one being that we have separate cells instead of the common dormitory of the Trappists. So, strictly speaking, we are not Trappists, though we are so similar that the general public sees no difference and calls us by that name. However, all branches of the Reformed Cistercian Order—severe and mitigated—have been lately united in a kind of federation which, whilst leaving each of them independent, procures for them all the advantages accruing from union. This federation has as its head

and representative in Rome an abbot who bears the title of '*l'Abbé Général de l'Ordre de Cîteaux.*' There are about sixty houses belonging to the Order all over the world, twenty-one of which are in France."

We climbed the steps to the roof of the old fortress, and, looking over the battlements, admired the wonderful view.

"Is it true," I asked—and I suppose my voice expressed the sympathy I felt, for I saw a gleam of mischief flash over our guide's face as he answered me—"is it true that the Trappists never speak?"

"It is quite true. Madame knows that the Holy Scriptures say that he that offends not with his tongue is perfect. Trappists aim at this perfection, and only use their tongues to confess their faults and sing the praises of God. Those that by their functions are obliged to speak, such as the abbot, the guest-master, the porter, &c., as a rule much regret that their duties prevent them from keeping silence, and they speak as briefly as possible. Madame perhaps knows that there are convents for women of the same Order, and that they are the most flourishing of any."

That I could understand; in fact, it seems to me that the only convent where you could expect peace to reign over a week would be one where silence is absolutely binding. However, I was not going to admit this to our amiable conductor, and I objected:

"In some cases it would be very hard to keep silent. If a monk saw his brother in danger from a falling tile or a viper, I should think he would be tempted to break the rule."

"He would break no rule by speaking in such a case. *La charité passe avant tout*, and it would be his duty to speak. Much, however, may be done by signs."

Here we arrived at the foot of the ruin, and, fearing to weary the kindly monk with further questions, we took leave of him for that day. He shook my husband's hand warmly, and in a misguided moment I held out mine. He drew back a step, then said: "Ah, Madame, we are not allowed to touch the fair sex;" then, with a courteous inclination of the head, he added gently, as if afraid of having wounded me, "'Tis our loss, Madame, *mais c'est la règle.*"

We wandered on, and came upon an orphanage for boys which is entirely supported by the monks. The children are taught printing—we heard the press working as we approached. We visited the building, and noticed how well-behaved its inmates were. As we continued our stroll we arrived at the door of the present monastery, with its simple church (dedicated, as are all churches of the Order, to the Blessed Virgin), surrounded by the monks' cells. We were

admitted, on ringing, to the parlour. We asked to be shown over the monastery. The porter said that Monsieur was very welcome to see the building, but Madame—here he turned to me and, bowing politely, asked: "Madame knows our rule? Ladies are never admitted within the *clôture*."

"But I so much want to see the church and one of the cells," I replied. "Won't you let me in for one minute? I will only just peep, and come away." And I looked pleadingly at the monk.

"Madame sees me profoundly sorry to be obliged to refuse, but no woman, unless she wears a crown, may be admitted within the *clôture*. *C'est la règle*." Then, seeing my disappointment, he added, "There is really nothing to see—a plain church, and small rooms much like this parlour."

But I was not prompted by curiosity, as he thought, but by affection. I wanted to kneel in the stall where my friend had knelt, and see the little room where he had so often poured out his soul to God, where so many recollections of his former manner of life must have come crowding round him.

Still there was nothing left but to come away. My husband, who knew the convent well, did not care to revisit it without me, and he did his best to console me; but he had hard work.

During the afternoon we rested under the pine trees with the sea at our feet, as smooth as glass, vibrating in the heat of the sun. We gave ourselves up to the *dolce far niente* which is only pleasant or possible under cloudless skies. Towards evening we watched the sun preparing to sink behind the Estérel, and admired the changing hues of the water. In the hazy distance the sea shimmered with all the delicate and varied tints of mother-of-pearl, and the pale moon, growing gradually luminous, shed a faint track of silvery light across the wavelets that rippled noiselessly in the refreshing evening breeze.

We were sitting speechless, lost in admiration, when we heard the voice of little Louis calling to us: "*Venez vite, petite mère a fait la bouillabaisse*." We followed him, and found our hostess, surrounded by a few fisher-folk, bending over her cooking-pot, whence issued an odour of fish, saffron and garlic. She cut slices of bread into a soup-tureen, and poured over them the hot fish soup. Knowing that my face was being carefully watched, I took my first spoonful of the new dish with an appreciative smile which earned for me the approval of the entire group and made them my friends for life.

After supper we chatted with the kindly people, the moon throw-

ing dark shadows on the ground. My husband amused Louis by making shadow animals for him on the tent, imitating their cries. The child was delighted, and clapped his chubby hands, shouting "*Encore ! encore !*" We were young and inexperienced, and did not know how narrow is the borderland between smiles and tears, fun and fear in children's minds ; so picture succeeded picture until, suddenly, the little boy hid his face on his mother's breast, exclaiming "*J'ai peur, moi !*" Nothing could console him, and he awoke several times during the night, haunted by the weird shadows he had seen in the moonlight.

And so the days passed by, leaving behind them memories that will never lose their charm. One afternoon we watched the Mediterranean Squadron steam by on its way to anchor in the Golfe Juan. We had felt so carried back to the Middle Ages by our surroundings and the very garb of the monks, whom we watched at their daily work in the fields, that these modern monsters seemed an anachronism.

We made another visit to the fortress, and were heartily welcomed by our former guide.

"Why did your bell ring at eleven o'clock last night?" was my first question.

"Did it disturb Madame?" he asked quickly, with that sincere consideration for the comfort of others which true ascetics, who admit of no ease for themselves, always show.

"No, indeed," I replied ; "I love to hear it day or night ; it has seemed a living thing to me all the time we have been here. I only wondered why it rang."

"Because it was the eve of the Assumption of our Lady. We rise at eleven on the eves of the great feasts."

"Then you have only three hours' sleep?"

"Just so, Madame."

"What do the monks do all day long on ordinary occasions?" I asked.

"Madame refers to the *pères*, no doubt. There are two classes of monks."

"Yes, I notice some of you wear brown frocks and cowls, and the others have white frocks and black *scapulaires*."

"Those of us who are clad in brown are the *frères convers* (lay-brothers). We do the rougher work of the monastery. Some of us cannot even read, and could not follow the Offices with profit. *Mais celui qui travaille prie*, not so Madame? The *pères* (choir-brothers), who are dressed in white, sing the praises of God from their books, as we cannot do ; but we often join them in church

during the day and praise God in our humble way. I will tell Madame how the *pères* spend the day. We all rise at five minutes to three. We sleep in our frocks, ready to get up the moment the bell rings, and by three o'clock we are all in the church reciting Matins of the Office of our Lady. After this the *pères* draw their hoods over their heads, and sit in the dimly lighted church meditating for half an hour. At four o'clock Matins and Lauds of the Monastic Office are recited. At five o'clock those *pères* who are priests say Mass; the others pray and meditate. At seven o'clock Prime is sung, followed by the Chapter, where the Rule is sung and explained, and all infractions are publicly confessed by the assembled monks. After this we break our fast—if it happens to be during the time between Easter and September 14—by eating a slice of bread and a piece of cheese; unless it is a fast day."

"And if it is not between Easter and September?" I queried.

"We eat nothing till noon," he replied calmly.

"But how can you sing and pray and work for nine hours without taking food? I should think some must faint from exhaustion."

"I have never seen that happen. It is necessary to master the body, so that the spirit may be more at liberty."

"Well," I replied, "I am glad to know that you have breakfasted to-day. What do the *pères* do next?"

"They go to their cells, sweep and tidy them. Then they perform their ablutions. After this they work at some manual labour, generally in the fields, until nine o'clock, when Tierce is recited, after which they are free to work in their cells. They mostly pass the time in the study of the Bible and of those works of the Fathers that deal with monastic life. When work is pressing, on account of the weather, or in harvest, the hours are somewhat altered; they then work seven hours a day out of doors, if necessary. At half-past eleven Sixte and examination of conscience. Then dinner."

I heaved a sigh of relief.

"I hope you have a hearty meal. What do they give you?"

"Vegetable soup, a vegetable dish, bread and a fruit. All is *maigre*: neither fat nor butter is used in preparing the food; we can have oil and vinegar. We have a sufficient quantity, and half a litre of wine each for the twenty-four hours. During the meal the life of a saint is read by the monks in turn, a week at a time. As we go to the refectory we chant the *Miserere*, and on leaving it another Psalm.

"After dinner we are free to do as we like. Some walk in the cloisters, some tend the garden, others read or study, but no one speaks a word.

"At two o'clock the *pères* work again in the fields. Madame has seen them?"

"Yes, often; it interests me to watch them."

"At four o'clock they leave their work and go to Vespers in the church. Then they study again in their cells. At half-past six, meditation. At seven o'clock supper, which resembles dinner. Half an hour later Chapter, when some ascetic work is read out loud. Then Compline is sung in the church, and after examination of conscience the day is closed by the singing of *Salve Regina*, and we all retire to rest."

In résumé :

Four hours of manual work at least, this being the minimum.

Four hours of study.

Seven hours spent in singing the praises of God, in meditation and in prayer.

Two hours' recreation, including meals.

Seven hours' sleep.

And some people talk about lazy monks!

The words of R. L. Stevenson on this subject recurred to me :

"Into how many houses would not the note of the monastery bell, dividing the day into manageable portions, bring peace of mind and healthy activity of body! We speak of hardships, but the true hardship is to be a dull fool, and permitted to mismanage life in one's own dull, foolish manner."

I asked our friendly cicerone, on another occasion, what faults they were that had to be publicly confessed at Chapter. He mentioned the following :

Speaking, though but a single word.

Raising the eyes, on entering the church, to the gallery where visitors sit.

Being late for the Offices.

Working in the fields with nonchalance.

Refraining from singing during the Offices.

For these infractions of the rule the Abbot inflicts punishments which differ according to the gravity of the offence, and the individual temperament of the delinquents.

Those who arrive late for the Offices sit in the lower row of stalls, where there are no books, to avoid disturbing their companions, who are already in their places, by passing in front of them. Other punishments are to kiss the feet of each monk in turn; to kneel during the first part of dinner; to dine seated on a stool, or sometimes even kneeling, in the middle of the refectory. The most

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monks had fallen on their knees, with their faces to the earth, the *chantry* crying, in the wailing tones we had just heard, the word, *Domine!* The monks replied, lower down the scale, *Miserere super peccatorem.* Then the *chantry* again uttered that heart-rending cry, *Domine!* and the monks replied. Yet a third time that piteous call, as of a soul on the confines of despair, *Domine!* and once more the response, which floated over the wall like a sob, "Pity for a poor sinner." I was thrilled through and through.

The day continued mute and oppressive. Little Louis was fractious, and his gentle mother had much to do to keep him amused all day. He complained of his head, of being tired, yet unable to sleep. The adult portion of our community seemed depressed and weary. There was an unearthly hush, as if some terrible catastrophe were at hand. Instead of being borne up by the atmosphere, the air rested heavily on us, as if for support. On the horizon were clouds of a coppery hue, and the sailors shook their heads as they looked out to sea. After supper we went for a stroll round the island, but every stone seemed to me to be listening, every rock waiting, for something *indéfinissable* yet awful; from behind each tree I fancied I saw a mysterious white-robed figure glide as we approached. In the stillness, so intense that it was as if Nature herself were holding her breath to listen for that vague but dread something, I suddenly heard an unearthly shriek, *Domine!*

It was purely imaginary, but I could bear it no longer, so we hastened back to the tent. We found Louis moaning in his sleep in his mother's arms. She was not over-anxious about him; she said *le temps était malade*, and made the child *malade* too.

When I fell asleep, it was to repeat in my dreams the haunting sensations of the day. I thought it was my friend who was dying. I heard the four consecutive knocks, several times repeated, and they seemed to be beaten on my heart. I strained my ears, striving, yet fearing, to catch the fatal roll announcing that all was over. As the silence was prolonged after the last four knocks, I hoped against hope. But, suddenly, I heard the dreaded roll beginning in the distance, feebly at first, but growing stronger and stronger, until it appeared to me to be a living thing rolling towards me, to burst in untold horror on my beating heart, and I was powerless to lift a finger. As it was about to touch me, I recoiled with a despairing effort, and awoke with a scream. A flash of light, which in my overwrought state I took for the open heavens, was followed by a second roll, terminating in a terrific crash. I realised, at last, that a violent thunderstorm was breaking over our heads. In another moment the

rain streamed down, as it only can in the South. Our tent was wet through before we had finished huddling on our clothes, and soon protected us little more than would a hair sieve. We hastily sought refuge in the little restaurant, and thence watched the lightning playing round the island. At one moment it illuminated the whole of Cannes, which, for a passing second, was as visible as at high noon. Then it flashed behind the Estérel; then the whole horizon seemed on fire. The thunder was now rumbling, now tearing and cracking over our heads. It was terrible, yet it brought relief. Nature, who had been mute for two whole days, now gave vent to her pent-up feelings; the strain was over. One brilliant flash, with a lurid fork of lightning zigzagging down into the sea, was accompanied by a succession of reports, as though sheets of iron had been torn in half and the jagged edges hurled against each other again.

After this the storm began to abate. The rain rattled on the roof of our shelter in a crescendo which would have been unbearable but for the silence of the preceding days. Now all sound was welcome. I felt tempted to rush out into the rain and shriek with the storm. By degrees the thunder rolled sullenly away into the distance, and, tired out with our previous sleepless night, we lay down to rest on our improvised beds, and fell asleep to the soothing lullaby of the monastery bell, for it was now three o'clock in the morning.

We awoke later in the day to find the sun shining in a cloudless dome of blue; the only sign of the night's turmoil was the tossing sea. It seemed to be fretting over the past disturbance and to be too agitated to forget it and settle down again to its usual summer repose. The air was delicious, and we felt new-born as we inhaled the aromatic odour of the pine trees and the ozone from the sea. Louis was skipping about in unconscious reinvigoration of body. The fisher-folk, bright and cheerful, hailed one another with a sense of a vague danger overpast.

We stayed a few days longer on the island, then bade farewell to our friend the monk. Our hostess accompanied us to shore, her husband rowing, with little Louis by his side, who, with his chubby baby hands on one of the oars beside his father's rough brown fingers, was convinced that he was doing all the work.

As we looked back at the island where we had spent such happy and such memorable hours, I had but one regret, which I whispered to my husband: "If I could only have seen the church and have knelt in that stall!"

II.

ONE day in the following March, as I was sitting in our villa, in full view of the islands (for we had settled near them, so great was their attraction), singing a lullaby to our baby, who had come with the New Year, my husband entered with the air of one who brings good news.

"Your wish is to be gratified at last, *petite!*" he exclaimed. "Just listen to this." He read a paragraph from the paper, announcing that the benediction of the newly-elected Abbot of Notre-Dame de Lérins (the group of islands, including St. Marguerite, St. Honorat, and several tiny islets, is called *les îles de Lérins*,) was to take place on the following Tuesday, and the Pope had granted a *dispense* permitting women to enter the church and be present at the ceremony. The news seemed too good to be true, but there it was in black and white.

Rising early on the Tuesday morning, we embarked on the steamer that was to convey us to St. Honorat. When we reached the convent, I found, to my regret, that women had to go to the gallery and men to the nave of the church. "Then I shall not see the stall, after all," I said to my husband.

"Yes, you can see it from the gallery. It is the eighth from the altar on the right-hand side."

All the best places were taken upstairs, so I had to keep at the back. I began to count the stalls. I could see the sixth, and, by craning my neck, the arm of the seventh, but not an inch of the eighth. It was too provoking!

The two chapels, the large one for the Bishop and the small one for the Abbot, were visible. I noticed two little wine-casks covered respectively with gold and silver paper; also two enormous loaves similarly decorated. As I was wondering what they were for, the procession entered the church. I followed the service with much interest. The Bishop and the Abbot-elect donned their sacerdotal garments. Then two Abbots, from monasteries belonging to other Orders, presented the postulant to the Bishop, who was seated on his throne. Six times, in response to the Bishop's questions as to whether he would be circumspect in conduct, a faithful leader of the flock, obedient to the Pope and to the Bishop, &c., the Abbot replied "Volo." Then they both said Mass in their chapels. After the Psalms and the Litany, chanted by the monks, during which the Abbot-elect lay prostrate on the ground, the Bishop blessed him and

the monks sang the *Kyrie*. Before the Preface the Abbot rose, then knelt before the Bishop; at its close the imposition of hands took place. Some prayers followed; then the Prelate gave successively to the kneeling Abbot the Rule, the crosier, and the ring (set with a diamond). Then the Bishop gave him the kiss of peace, as did also the two Abbots. After the offertory the Abbot presented the casks of wine, the loaves, and two candles, weighing four pounds each, to the Bishop. The bread and wine, I was told afterwards, were emblems of eternal priesthood after the order of Melchisedec; the candles recalled the words of our Lord, "Ye are the light of the world." Mass proceeded, but the Abbot did not pronounce the words of consecration. The Bishop received the communion in both kinds, then gave the *hostie* to the Abbot. After the Post-communion the Bishop gave the benediction, and placed the mitre on the Abbot's head, removed the ring and put on the gloves, replacing the ring on the gloved finger. The bells now rang joyfully as the pontiff conducted the Abbot to his abbatial chair, and, placing the crosier in his left hand, gave him authority to govern the monastery and its inhabitants. He then began the *Te Deum*. After the first line the Abbot rose, and, accompanied by his brother Abbots, proceeded round the church, blessing the people: the monks then advanced in order, and, after a profound inclination, exchanged with their new conductor the kiss of brotherly love. After the *Te Deum* and a prayer the Abbot rose, gave the solemn benediction, and terminated the ceremony by turning towards the Bishop and singing, on his knees, *Ad multos annos*.

The procession left the church, the Abbot blessing the people as he passed. Outside a very aged couple were awaiting the Abbot, and, kneeling, begged to kiss his hand; they made a touching picture.

The mass of visitors went off by the steamer. We had engaged a boat to row us back, so stayed behind, and, returning to the monastery after revisiting the old familiar spots round the island, found we were free to enter. We visited the Chapter and the refectory, but were not allowed to see the cells. When it was time for Vespers, we went into the gallery and listened to the monks chanting the office. We were quite alone. The slow Gregorian chant, the tender reverence expressed in the tones of the singers, the white-robed figures, the dimly-lighted church, made a harmonious whole, and carried us back to the early ages of Christianity. I now saw and heard how my friend had passed many an hour.

After the last prayer had been said, and the monks had left their stalls, returning with bent heads to their cells, we went down, and,

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ring us, entered the nave and went to *the* stall—at last I
ere overwhelmed by a host of conflicting emotions, my
neeling by my side. I prayed fervently for my friend, and
in hand, we went to our boat and rowed home bathed in
, then crimson, glory of the setting sun.
h had been gratified ; I was content.

ZÉLIA DE LADEVÈZE.

A STUDY OF NIGHTJARS.

I.

THE Nightjar is one of the most curious and highly specialised of our birds. It is interesting not only on account of its peculiar habits, but for certain things about it in which it differs from any other bird. Its protective marks and highly protective instincts are what first attract and almost fascinate the student; but



THE NIGHTJAR.

the more he observes and studies, the more do his surprises increase. Even its multitude of names is suggestive, proving that long before the days of exact natural history it was much looked after and watched, and its peculiarities noted, and many of them preserved in names. Besides the Nightjar, it is the goat-sucker, the eve-churr, the eve-jar, the wheel-bird, the dorr-hawk, the fern-owl, the churn-owl, and the fern-hawk. It is, in aspect, something between a hawk and a cuckoo, or, as some have said, between a swallow and an owl. In certain positions and aspects it has really a touch or reminder of all these birds, yet in other things it is thoroughly unlike all or any of them.

II.

In some parts of the country it is regarded by the rustics as a monstrosity, as an uncanny bird that it is not lucky to come near; and by farmers and woodmen in some parts it is mercilessly hunted and shot down, though, as we shall see, it is one of their very best friends. In look it certainly is strange, *outré*, and somewhat eerie. It has no beak to speak of, and when seen in front directly, it really seems, with its bright, wide-open eyes, like some weird and eerie elfin thing, more especially if sitting, as it invariably does, not across as true perchers do, but lengthwise on the branch of a tree, or brooding on what passes for its nest in a little depression on the bare ground. Hundreds of times have I seen it, flat, scarcely noticeable on a tree, and sometimes when it became certain it was seen, it would run up or along the branch like a little quadruped—or some new species, say a tree vole—to disappear on another branch, putting the trunk between it and you. Its mouth is carried far back, and is wide—the biggest mouth of any bird, whatever its size—and on the upper part of the beak it is armed with a drooping row of peculiar spine-like appendages or bristles (really quills or undeveloped feathers). Its stretch of wing is remarkable for the size of its body, and its flight is very silent, due to the presence of soft downy swathes on the breast, under the wings, and over the legs, which are short, so that only the toes are visible. And the toes—particularly the middle toe—are unlike those of most other birds. This middle toe is elongated out of all true proportion in the lower joint, and is furnished with a kind of comb-like flange or fringe, about the true purpose of which, as we shall see immediately, naturalists have had many different notions and theories, but have as yet come to no real agreement or conclusion on the point. The best theory with regard to the purpose of this special feature is that it is employed to clean or clear from its mouth the *débris* of moths and beetles, which is apt to remain fastened there by the gummy substance with which it lines its mouth, to make the surer of keeping what it has caught as it flies round and round, for, being strictly crepuscular, its time for catching prey is comparatively short, especially when it has young to feed.

The Nightjar is a bird of the twilight or eve rather than of the night (though on moonlight nights our Nightjar can work on into the night), and is exceedingly shy and secluded. The plumage is a mixture of moorland tints—the ash-grey, brown, and yellow of furze, firs, and ferns, with dim blotchings here and there like the russet of fading leaves. By loosening out its feathers a little and lying flat it

can exactly match a grey weathered post-top or rail. It will lie along the top of a post or along a rail as well as on the branch of a tree precisely as though the bird were a part of it, and thus will lie secure in the sense of protective hues till you actually put out your hand to touch it. During the day it scoops out a slight hollow in the earth or among leaves, and lies there matching them exactly. Mr. Hudson admirably says :

“During the daylight hours he sits on the ground among bracken or heather, or by the side of a furze-bush, or in some open place where there is no shelter; but so long as he remains motionless it is all but impossible to detect him, so closely does he resemble the earth in colour. And here we see the advantage of his peculiar colouring—the various soft shades of buff and brown and grey which, at a short distance, harmonise with the surroundings and render him invisible.”¹

III.

Its name of goat-sucker in nearly all tongues, from the Greek *Αιγοθήλας*, Latin *Caprimulgus*, Italian *Succiacapre*, Spanish *Chotacabras*, French *Tette-chèvre*, down to the German *Ziegenmelker*, attests how extensively it has been associated with goat-sucking. A very good authority says :

“The name of goat-sucker is common to many of the modern European languages, as it was to the Grecian and Roman of old, and was probably taken from the large size of the mouth, which must have appeared unnecessarily large for any ordinary diet. In England they are sometimes called Nightjars or eve-jars, fern-owls, or night-hawks. The names show the popular idea of affinity to the birds of prey, which Vigors, Swainson, and other ornithologists insist on being the case, and which certainly appears to have some foundation in nature, the resemblances being more than those of simple analogy.”² Mr. Ruskin prettily says :

“I keep the usual name Nightjar, euphonious for night-churr, from its continuous note like the sound of a spinning-wheel. . . . I had at first thought of calling it *Hirundo nocturna*; but this would be too broad massing; for although the creature is more swallow than owl, living wholly on insects, it must be properly held a distinct species from both. . . . Owls cannot gape like constrictors; nor have swallows whiskers or beards, or combs to keep both in order with, on their middle toes.”³

¹ *British Birds*, p. 180. ² Jerdon, i. p. 187. ³ *Love's Meinie*, p. 201.

Professor A. Newton says that it is called the wheel-bird from its making a noise like that of a spinning-wheel.¹ Our idea, however, rather is that it is so called because of its very noticeable and characteristic wheel-like motion round the tops of certain trees and bushes, as we have mentioned.

As to its name of goat-sucker, it is derived from the universality of the early notion that the bird really did suck or milk the goats, its form of mouth being held fitted for such an indulgence.

A much more probable reason for the name, however, is the habit of the bird in certain situations to go flying about the recumbent herds—goats, sheep, or even kine—and, with the utmost dexterity, picking up and off certain insects—favourite insects with it—which gathered about them. White of Selborne noted this, and Waterton followed suit, and celebrated it finely, apostrophising the bird thus :

“ Poor, injured little bird of night, how sadly hast thou suffered, and how foul a stain has inattention to facts put upon thy character ! Thou hast never robbed man of any part of his property nor deprived the kid of a drop of milk. When the moon shines bright you may have a fair opportunity of examining the goat-sucker. You will see it close by the cows, goats, and sheep, jumping up every now and then under their bellies. Approach a little nearer. See how the nocturnal flies go tormenting the herd, and with what dexterity he springs up and catches them as fast as they alight on the bellies, legs, and udders of the animals.”

The fishermen of the Norfolk Broads, as Mr. Emerson tells us, call the Nightjar the “ razor-grinder ” because of the noise it makes, and one of them pictured him as “ sittin’ along o’ the branch as if he were glued to it.”

White was one of the first carefully to study the fern-owl, as he calls it. He says :

“ This bird is most punctual in beginning its song exactly at the close of day, so exactly that I have known it strike more than once or twice just at the report of the Portsmouth evening gun, which we can hear when the weather is still. . . . I have always found that though sometimes it may chatter as it flies, as I know it does, yet, in general, it utters its jarring note sitting on a bough ; and I have for many a half-hour watched it as it sat with its under mandible quivering. . . . As my neighbours were assembled in an hermitage on the side of a steep hill where we drink tea, one of these churn-owls came and settled on the cross of that little straw edifice and began to chatter, and continued his note for many minutes ; and we

¹ *Dictionary of Birds*, iii. p. 639.

were all struck with wonder to find that the organs of that little animal, when put in motion, gave a sensible vibration to the whole building."

IV.

If you go and sit in certain places favoured by it, quite still, in the twilight, you will be sure to see it circling round the tops of the trees it favours—firs and oaks and hazel stubs—and you will be sure, when you do not see the bird, to hear its peculiar harsh, monotonous chur-r-r, chur-r-r, something like a telegraph instrument as has been well said, or occasionally striking its wings across its back, making an odd sound as it silently wings its way, with wide gape, ready to seize the moths and beetles and other night-flying insects, in which process it is much helped by a kind of glutinous secretion with which it covers the greater part of its mouth and the inside of the bristles or quills, on which the insects are, so to speak, glued as soon as they touch. If it comes close to you, and notices you in flight, it is not unlikely that, by a sudden striking of its wings, in some way special to itself, over its back, you will hear one of the most ghostly sounds, and cease to wonder, as you had done before, at the superstitious fear felt at these sounds by the rustics in many places, though the main purpose of this, some think, is to frighten certain moths and beetles from their hiding-places.

Instead, however, of being an enemy to farmers or foresters it is, as said already, one of their greatest friends, for it destroys both the eggs and the larvæ of many insects which are very destructive to some plants and to the wood of some trees—heavy beetles among them, and, more especially, the cockchafer. Macgillivray found that it devoured certain caterpillars, and Seebohm held that it ate slugs; as neither of these are flying creatures, but are frequently to be found in crevices or covered over with earth, this lends *some* countenance to Dr. Bowdler Sharpe's suggestion that the pectinated claw may be for service in this way—that is, scratching up earth to get at this prey.

It has, too, a habit of circling round the tops of certain trees.

Mr. Meyer, in his "Birds of Great Britain," has noticed in a felicitous manner some of the habits and motions of the Nightjars. He writes:

"When in pursuit of their prey, which chiefly consists of moths and other nocturnal insects, we have seen them fly round a bush or tree as a moth does round the flame of a candle, or like the swallows in sweeping round high and low, and falling over in the manner of

tumbler pigeons, or rolling in the air like a ship at sea or a kite in a changing wind. It is beautiful, indeed, to watch these birds and easy to approach them very nearly, as they seem to take hardly any notice of an observer, and where they have a brood the pair will fly so close that the wind produced by the movement of their wings may be plainly felt."¹

Mr. Meyer is perfectly right in this—a movement which I have observed hundreds of times ; and in writing of Mr. Kearton's " Birds and their Nests " shortly after its publication I pointed out this fact to him as being a characteristic one about the bird, in addition to its mode of hunting over open, fern, or whortleberry clad slopes. White of Selborne also noticed this, speaking of its flying round the oaks. " Fern-owls," he wrote, " have attachments to oaks, no doubt on account of food."

When speaking about the gummy saliva with which the Nightjar now coats or lines the inside of its mouth, more especially when hunting during the brooding season, so much was suggested that we could not then possibly say all we wished to say without breaking the thread. That gummy saliva points, in our idea, to much. The Nightjar, which certainly in some traits resembles the swallows, was once a nest-builder like them, and used this saliva to aid it in the firming of its nest ; but owing to changes and the increasing difficulty of finding sufficient food in the short hours it has for hunting, it now needs, at all events in the breeding season, to economise this gummy saliva for the great purpose of aiding it, not so much to catch the food, as to keep it secure in its mouth till, with it, the bird can feed its young ones. And to make this quite plain we must refer to certain things in the tongue of these as well as of some other insect-eating birds.

V.

The tongues of almost all insect-eaters bear, towards the base, numerous papillæ—blunter or more spiny—and the object of these appears to be to work the food automatically towards the gullet. Furthermore, there is often a plenteous supply of sharp, backwardly-directed points about the glottis—all there that the food may be aided to glide safely past the windpipe and swallowed while the bird is in flight. The tongues of owls, some of which are insect-eaters as well as mice- and bird-eaters, are intermediate between those of the goat-suckers and the diurnal birds of prey, being rather fleshy and armed with small spines on the posterior half. This we learn from that admirable bird anatomist, Mr. Lucas, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

¹ *Birds*, ii. p. 191.

The tongues of the woodpeckers are slightly barbed on either side at the tip, and with the upper surface covered with backwardly-directed spines so minute that it needs a magnifying glass to see them properly.

The tongue of the Nightjar, being very definitely so barbed, is thus admirably adapted to its mode of procuring food and feeding as it flies. But when it has its young to feed and does not wish to swallow what it catches in its flight, it must have means of stopping or retarding the action of these papillæ, which, once touched, would, so to say, automatically work the food towards the gullet. This must, of course, be the case with all birds of this insect-feeding class, and our opinion is that, then more especially, the gum is required to fix the insects caught in the mouth, so that the action of these papillæ may not be excited by touch, and that without this gum—at that time more especially, and tolerably liberally secreted too—it could not succeed, or at all events succeed nearly so well, in keeping intact the prey caught in its comparatively short twilight or evening hunting movement for its young ones.

VI.

The Nightjar makes no nest, but lays its eggs in a slight depression on the bare ground in the sand, or on the dry grass and twigs at the foot of a tree, in which it chiefly lies, the eggs—generally two and never more, and sometimes indeed only one—being of a colour so like to that on which they are placed that they are not easily recognised. They are pearly-white at base, with leaden streaks and mottlings of dusty brown and umber, the very colour of the decaying vegetation of the heathy, ferny, or waste land it favours. One may go past them over and over again, and even tread on them, without having seen them. They are as wondrously protected as any eggs. And yet Dr. Russel Wallace has these remarks on this point :

“ Many other birds lay their white eggs in open nests, and these afford some very interesting examples of the varied modes by which concealment may be attained. All the duck tribe, the grebes, and the pheasants belong to this class, but these birds have all the habit of covering their eggs with dead leaves and other material whenever they leave the nest so as effectually to conceal them. Other birds, as the short-eared owl, the goat-sucker, the partridge, and some of the Australian ground pigeons, lay their white or pale eggs on the bare soil ; but in these cases the birds themselves are protectively coloured,

so that when sitting they are almost invisible ; but they have the habit of sitting close and almost continuously, thus effectually concealing their eggs."

But how can it properly be said, as Dr. Wallace says above, that our Nightjar's eggs are white or pale? They are blotched and spotted exactly like the soil or dried grass or fern on which they may be laid, and are not white or pale.

The bird's devices to decoy any intruder from its eggs or young are really wonderful. It will flutter and circle, and trail itself, as if on the tips of its broken wings, along the ground, will feign to have wounded itself or been wounded, and in some cases for a short time will lie quite still, as though dead, till you advance close to it, and then it is off again, as if half-helpless with broken wing. The shortness of its legs enables it apparently to roll over and rest for a moment on the tips of its wings, as it were. Very probably it will succeed in its devices, unless you are very experienced and expert. Indeed, it will try to frighten you, and will, as if by conscious mimicry, assume its most hawk-like aspect, and brush suddenly right against your face, as if it knew that thus it might repel where other means had failed.

When sitting on eggs the bird has the power of assuming, in a really striking and wonderful way, the appearance of a rude stump, and as its eyes alone would, by their clearness, destroy this illusion, the instinct of closing or almost closing them when anyone comes near is brought into play—an instinct which the young ones, from the very egg even, seem to share.

Whence come these wonderful instincts, this special knowledge so well applied and so well fitted to secure the existence of this creature, so much exposed as it would seem in other ways? No one can tell; but in it the protective resources which are found in the lapwings and other birds are developed to the full, though from its greater rarity, its seclusion in wooded areas or bushy slopes, and its nocturnal habits, there are comparatively few who have observed them.

Mr. Norgate tells¹ how, on August 6 at Beeston Regis, he found a young Nightjar about the size of a starling and without feathers. "An old Nightjar fluttered away from it along the ground, apparently carrying something about the size of the young one in its mouth. On returning to the spot I found the old bird and two young ones. Two or three days afterwards I looked in vain for them, and suppose the old one had removed them both."

¹ *Zoologist*, 1884.

He also tells of Mr. Baker, Cambridge, and Mr. Clough Newcome, at Feltwell, finding a clutch of two Nightjar's eggs ; that Mr. Baker touched one and wished to take them away, but left them till he should return. Mr. Newcome said the old one would remove them after handling, and when they returned the eggs were gone.

"On the other hand, last year, when a Nightjar was hatching and rearing a second clutch, with the assistance (a very close company) of two older young ones, near my house, she was visited and disturbed day after day for weeks, but I could never see that the young were shifted more than a yard or two ; possibly they crawled that distance when hungry to meet the mother, for they are much more active with their feet than they appear to be before they are disturbed. After the young were able to fly a few yards they returned to about the same spot where they were hatched. My attention was called to this double brood on July 13, when a gamekeeper stated he had seen two young 'night-hawks' about a fortnight ago, and told me where to find them, which I did the same day. Three Nightjars flew up from the same spot. The two young ones were greyer and lighter in colour than the old bird, which feigned lameness considerably, fluttering along the ground, and often alighting very near me.

"On looking at the place whence they rose, I found two Nightjar's eggs much sat upon ; one was chipped. The next day I saw the old female and two young ones fly up together from the two eggs. The same day, at a few hundred yards' distance, I found another female Nightjar sitting on two downy young ones, about three days old. On the 19th I inspected the double brood and again saw the old one fly off from two very small downy young ones, the eggs being hatched and the eggshells lying near.

"I did not see the fledged young of the former brood on the 19th, but the next day one of them flew up with the mother from the newly-hatched young ones.

"On August 7 I saw the old one and the two last hatched young ones fly from the spot where they were hatched, or within a yard or two of it, for they had shifted their home a few feet now and then. I also saw a fourth bird—evidently one of the older young ones of the former brood—fly from a spot about three yards from the others.

"I never saw more than two Nightjar's eggs in one clutch, but I have heard of a brood of three young ones found. . . . On June 29, 1876, in Hockering Wood, I saw a female Nightjar sitting on her two young ones, which were nearly feathered. The old bird, on my approach, remained motionless, except that it closed—or nearly

closed—its large eyes, or at any rate that eye that I could see, as if it was aware that its eyes were the most conspicuous part of it.”

And Mr. Norgate, in view of all the facts narrated in that admirable article, thus sums up his results :

“The foregoing notes show that the Nightjar arrives here in the second week in May, or earlier, and lays its two eggs as early as the last week in May, and as late as the first week in July, or later, as some of those mentioned were found unhatched in the first week in August ; that its young are hatched pretty early in June, and are nearly able to fly by the 28th of that month ; that it occasionally raises more than one brood, one brood apparently assisting in keeping the eggs of a later brood warm ; that the late brood fly well by the first week in August ; and lastly, that the Nightjar remains here till the middle of September, and has been seen on the wing as late as the middle of October.”

Mr. J. H. Gurney says that he feels sure the Nightjar has two broods in Norfolk.¹

VII.

The Nightjar, though pretty widely distributed in our country, is very capricious as to the spots that suit it. In most of the home counties—that is, the counties immediately round London—it is found. Wimbledon Common, at certain secluded parts, is visited ; Holmwood Common, in Surrey, is a good spot for study ; and at Epsom and all round Leith Hill, and along the Surrey hills everywhere thereabout, ample opportunities for observation and study of its habits present themselves ; and many a twilight hour near Leith Hill, in Mosse's Wood and in Mr. Pennington's coppices and park, have I lain and watched it on summer nights in years bygone ; and never were hours of mine better spent or more fully rewarded. It visits some parts of Kent and Essex, and the southern portion of Herefordshire and Wilts. Yet very often in places which would seem quite as suitable for it you search for it and do not find it. If you do catch a glimpse of it on tree-branch or rail or weathered post-top, you will see that its bright, clear, wide-open eyes, by instinct it closes to mere slits. It is very fond of dusting itself in the cart tracks of roadways. Often have I seen it doing this near Cold Harbour, Dorking, and at Chilworth, and down near Haslemere. The young ones newly-hatched have by instinct the same power or knowledge, and close the little eyes to mere slits. They are feathered with soft downy first feathers, and can run soon after hatching.

¹ *Zoologist*, 1883, p. 429.

VIII.

Various theories, as we have seen, have been advanced to account for the long pectinated middle claw, some holding that it is for the purpose of cleaning the feathers, the shortness of its beak making the mouth hardly effective for this purpose. Dr. Bowdler Sharpe tells that his friend Dr. Günther had kept young Nightjars in confinement, and had never noticed them use this claw for anything but to scratch on chair or floor where they chanced to be. But I would lay no weight on any such observation of young creatures in confinement, and for a very good reason, even though Dr. Günther reported it. Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, however, led to it by this suggestion, thinks it may be a useful appendage for scratching or distributing the earth for the purpose of seeking its food.

Dresser thinks that the pectinated claw is for disengaging the hooked feet of beetles from the bill, to enable the bird to swallow them.¹ This same pectination is, however, found more or less in the claws of different species, the bittern and gannet, which have no bristles at the base of the bill, and the herons and barn-owls. All these birds are fish- or flesh- or offal-feeding, and our idea is that in all these cases the pectinated claw has to do with cleaning the mouth from floury dust particles adhering in consequence of the gummy saliva more or less apt to cover it as the food is passed down.

IX.

The Nightjar does not stay long with us. It does not arrive till the middle of May, one of the latest returning migrants, and it departs usually early in September, though it is sometimes unaccountably later than this in certain localities. But, generally, it may be said that, if it comes later than the nightingale, it goes with it to softer, sunnier climes, where some supply of its favourite food may still be found. It does no more than lay its eggs and rear its brood; then it migrates. How the "little pinch of down," grown to some semblance of the parent bird, manages the long, long flight is a mystery; but it does.

Mr. Howard Saunders says that eggs of the Nightjar, which usually leaves in September, have been found as late as August 12.² In that case, if the adult bird stayed to hatch the eggs and rear its young ones, it could not have migrated till the beginning of October. I

¹ *Birds*, iv. *ad loc.*

² *Manual*, p. 258.

once saw two Nightjars near Leith Hill in the middle of October, and once I saw one near Chilworth—on the main road, of all places!—on October 10, the season that year having up to then remained exceedingly mild and warm.

This fact is rather against than in favour of White of Selborne's assertion that invariably "each pair breed but once in a summer."

But, as in all other cases, much must be due to special circumstances, to air and climate, in the determination of dates of migration; for Mr. Cecil Smith, in his "Birds of Guernsey," cites Miss Carey's report in the "Zoologist" for 1872, of the Nightjar having remained in the island till October 16, and he says he had himself killed one as late as November 12; this bird had its stomach crammed with small-winged blackbeetles (not house beetles). These dates are much later than the Nightjar usually remains in England, though Yarrell notices one in Devon as late as November 6, and one in Cornwall on November 27. Colonel Irby, on the report of Fabier, says the Nightjars cross the Straits of Gibraltar, on their southward journey, from September to November.

Macgillivray says that the whirring sound is produced when the bird is sitting. "After having been engaged for twenty-eight minutes in capturing his prey, and whistling now and then whilst doing so, he sat upon the top of a tree and whirred six minutes without intermission." This was on a Wednesday evening, June 5. As White said, when flying it utters frequently a peculiar note. Mr. Seebohm has rendered this as *co-ic co-it*, but to our ears was rather more of *co-it co-it*.

X.

Mr. MacIlwraith, in his useful and valuable "Birds of Ontario,"¹ quotes the following lines from what he calls "the unromantic plains of Chatham":

With half-closed eyes and quivering boom,
Descending thro' the deepening gloom,
Like plummet falling from the sky,
Where some poor moth may vainly try
A goal to win—
He holds him with his glittering eye,
And scoops him in.

Taking this fact of the closing of the eyes when an intruder draws near, and looking through the merest slit, along with this other fact

¹ P. 256.

that, when hunting, it really does half-close its eyes, as is told us in the Chatham verse, I have often thought that, as in the case of many short-sighted people, it gains clearness of vision for small things not just quite nearhand by this drawing together of the eyelids; and in this too, as much as in anything else, may lie the reason that, when hunting, it will allow you to come so very near to it that the "wind produced by the movement of its wings may even be plainly felt." I have stood on the ferny slopes above Cold Harbour, near Leith Hill, and seen it, if one may use the phrase, "quartering" the ground in a peculiar triangular manner—by double zigzags, so to say. Standing quite still at one point, the bird would sometimes pass me so close on the side that I felt the wind of its wings, and then after the lapse of a few minutes, it passed me on the other side, in this very peculiar process of "quartering," about which there can be no doubt whatever. The flight being silenced or softened by swathes of soft feathers under the wings, as we have seen, this adds much to its apparent "buoyancy of flight" which Mr. Dewar has well celebrated. "The buoyancy of the Nightjar's flight surpassed that of any bird I had ever seen; it was full of grace."¹

XI.

As in the cases of many other species of birds, the most *outré*, interesting, and curious traits are found in foreign species. This makes the work of comparative ornithology very attractive. The further you extend your survey in other lands—not to say from China to Peru—the more remarkable things you meet—remarkable in themselves and remarkable also in their relations to conditions, circumstances, &c.

My studies of Nightjars in England, precisely as in the case of cuckoos and dabchicks,¹ led me to study some foreign species. I first turned to India. There, I found that in the Nilghri Hills, where, in certain parts at all events, the sun heat is much greater than with us, the Nightjars seemed to apprehend and to utilise this fact, and to make heat directly aid them in the work of incubation. This is the case with many birds besides some of the mound birds—with the dabchicks more especially. This we shall find well borne out by the report of a most reliable authority, who has made very valuable contributions to Indian ornithology—Miss Cockburn, who, writing from Khotagherry, says of the Nilghri Nightjar (*Caprimulgus Kelarti*):

"This Nightjar never builds a nest, but lays her eggs (generally

¹ *Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands*, p. 82.

two in number) on the bare ground, and occasionally on a shelf of rock, where there is not the slightest appearance of anything resembling a bush to shade the bird from the searching rays of the sun while engaged in the work of incubating. She evidently prefers heat; and for this purpose chooses very warm localities. This bird is often contented with only one egg, which it is supposed to have the instinct to remove to another place if looked at too frequently by man. The business of hatching is apparently left entirely to the female, as she alone is seen near the eggs. The Nightjar's eggs are found in the months of February, March, and April. Some of them are perfectly oval; others are thicker at one end than the other. I know of no bird's eggs whose colours fade so very much if kept after being blown. When first taken, the prevailing hue is a beautiful salmon-colour, with large blotches of a darker shade; but in a short time they lose their freshness."¹

The American night-hawk, as we shall soon see from Thoreau's account, is inclined to brood its eggs on bare rocky shelves on slopes. In this it resembles apparently *Caprimulgus Kelarti* of the Nilghri Hills, though whether the same motive of deriving from the sunheat aid to incubation is a motive we cannot undertake positively to say. We should think, however, this motive in America, where the heat in summer in certain parts is intense, is very likely indeed with such a bird to have play.

Some of the Indian Nightjars produce the most beautiful eggs of all the species. This especially applies to the eggs of *Caprimulgus andamanensis*, which differ from those of any other Indian species. "The ground colour," says Mr. Hume,² "is a delicate salmon-pink, mottled and streaked and ornamented with zigzag and hieroglyphic-like lines of a darker and somewhat purplish pink."

XII.

Nightjars are very capricious in distribution everywhere as well as in England. Mr. F. Lewis tells in the "Ibis," in an article on the Land Birds of Sabaragamuwa Province, Ceylon, that he has observed a very curious break in the distribution of the bird there. "It is found in abundance in and around the little village of Veralupe, adjoining the town of Ratnapura; but half a mile to the east it does not occur, and a little distance beyond it again appears in numbers.

¹ Hume, iii. p. 42. The fact last noted above is another warning against describing eggs too absolutely from specimens found in cabinets—even British Museum cabinets.

² *Stray Feathers*, i. p. 471.

I can find no explanation for this curious phenomenon, though I have watched the case with curiosity for some years." ¹

XIII.

Caprimulgus macrurus, or large-tailed goat-sucker, is the only true Nightjar yet discovered in Australia. It was found at Port Essington, by Mr. Gilbert, frequenting the open forest, and sometimes in dense thickets, sheltering itself under a bush or tuft of dead leaves on the surface of the ground, in which position it sits so close that it may be almost trodden upon before making any endeavour to escape; but, on taking wing, it flies with amazing swiftness and with a zigzag motion, suddenly dropping into some near place of concealment. It is said to breed in October. From the plate given by Mr. Gilbert, the rictal bristles in this species are very long, and incline forward when the bird is at rest. In general habits it closely resembles our own Nightjar; but Bronowski says that it invariably lays but one egg, and lays it on the bare ground.

The "more-pork," or tawny frogmouth of Australia, more especially of Western Australia, is scientifically *Podargus strigoides*, and is perhaps the nearest of all the other varieties to the true Nightjar. It is said to have been called "more-pork" from its cry, which was thought to be very near to that; but the "Western Australian Museum Guide" says this is an error—that the more-pork call is really the cry of the boobook owl (*Ninok boobook*) which was at first wrongly attributed to this Nightjar. At another place this is added: "For years the cry of the boobook owl ('more-pork') was attributed to the tawny frogmouth (*Podargus*), which has quite a different note." ² The tawny frogmouth has some notable characteristics, just departing sufficiently, and no more, from the normal traits of the common Nightjars. This makes them the more interesting in themselves and the more worthy of study. My friend, Mrs. Peggs, who has resided for some years in Roebuck Bay, has described the bird there to me thus:

"It is grey-green; its feathers appear to stick quite out from the bird, and, when resting on a tree along the branch, it is almost indistinguishable from a portion of the branch, and this habit of itself would suffice to class the bird. It is said sometimes to lay its two eggs or its one egg on the bare ground, and sometimes to find accommodation in the hole of a tree or a disused, rough nest of

¹ *Ibis*, July 1898, p. 356. ² *Guide to Western Australian Museum*, p. 27.

another bird. The 'more-pork' cry is certainly not used when the bird is surprised by too close an approach. I have never heard it give that cry when I surprised it; then it gives a very different cry, hard to describe—something between a hiss and a squeak. It very seldom takes prey on the wing, but searches for it on the ground."

Podargus strigoides literally means "owl-like swift-foot," and the name "frogmouths" has been given to the whole genera, while one variety has been expressly called *Batrachostoma*, so that the round mouth and open gape is found in them all, suggesting that neither one nor other did originally search for its main food on the ground, though that habit has developed a harder, thicker bill, the presumption being that they all originally caught it in flight like our own true Nightjars, and that probably differentiation has proceeded in this way along with increase in size, &c., to protect the species from certain owls or eagle owls. The nocturnal habit has also in some of the varieties been much modified.

If, however, Australia has, so far as we yet know, but one true Nightjar, it has a further number of birds closely allied, yet with traits of the owls—indicating thus, it may be, a link between these species. In structure, plumage, and aspect they are Nightjars, the owl affinities lying more in habit than in appearance. They are called owlet Nightjars—one of them, scientifically *Egotheles Novæ Hollandæ*, departs from the practice of northern Nightjars by nesting in holes or spouts of trees—more particularly of the gum-trees, and in perching across, not parallel to, a branch. In the nesting in holes it has reached a habit fixed and uniform, which with the "more-pork" is as yet but occasional. Its flight is straight, and not at all marked by the sudden twists and turns and zigzags that distinguish the European Nightjars. Bronowski tells how it may be disturbed and seen by tapping at the base of rotten or hollow trees, when one or other of the birds will put its head out of the hole, just as a human being would put head out of door or window, on any unusual noise being heard, to see what is the matter.

Another is the white-bellied Nightjar, *Egotheles leucogaster*, larger and more powerful than the owlet, and strictly nocturnal in its habits, which the owlet hardly is.

Dr. Russel Wallace makes reference to the peculiar habits of the Australian *Podargi*—huge goat-suckers, which build nests very similar to woodpigeons', and their eggs are protected much as the wood-pigeons' are¹—but unfortunately he does not, or cannot, tell us much more of them.

¹ *Darwinism*, p. 214.

In his work on "Distribution of Plants and Animals," Dr. Russel Wallace tells us that the Nightjars do not reach New Zealand, which, considering that the species in several of its varieties is well represented in Australia, is the more surprising. Dr. Wallace also tells us of a new and remarkable variety called *Steatornis*, which is more related to the goat-suckers than to any other species. It was first discovered by Humboldt in a cavern at Venezuela, and it has since been found in caves and deep ravines in Trinidad and other parts of the West Indies. The most remarkable thing about it is that it is a vegetable feeder, which a bird that has begun, as the more-porks or frogmouths have done, to find all its food on the ground, is most certainly on the way, in a modified fashion, to become.

Dr. Wallace, in his "Distribution of Plants and Animals," tells us also that the plants of New Zealand are mostly dull in colours of flowers, being wind- and not insect-fertilised, and he adds that insects there are scarce. This would account for the lack of bright-coloured and conspicuous flowers, as well as for the absence of Nightjars, which, if they were there, would have to adopt some of the habits of certain of the Australian Nightjars, and cease to catch prey on the wing, and to search for it on the ground, so becoming more and more vegetable feeders. Thus do all things in Nature hang together: no scented or bright-coloured flowers means few insects; no insects means no purely insectivorous birds, Nightjars or others, just as Mr. Darwin proved that where there were old maids with cats, there would be plenty of humble bees.

XIV.

The common night-hawk of America, as it is called there, and sometimes the Virginian goat-sucker, is scientifically *Chordeiles virginianus*, and is very close to our common Nightjar. Thoreau had his own special experiences to record with regard to it. In his Diary, under date June 7, we find him writing:

"Visited my night-hawk on her nest. Could hardly believe my eyes when I stood within seven feet and beheld her sitting on her eggs, her head towards me; she looked so saturnian, so one with the earth; so sphinx-like, a relic of the reign of Saturn, which Jupiter did not destroy, a riddle that might well cause a man to go dash

¹ The origin of this word is as follows: χορδή = *chorde*, a stringed musical instrument, βελῆν = evening—which shows that the earlier observers had a fancy for finding music in the note, calling the bird "evening musical instrument."

his head against a stone. It was not an actual living creature of the air, but a figure in stone or bronze, a fanciful production of art, like the gryphon or the phoenix. In fact, with its breast towards me, and owing to its colour or size, no bill perceptible, it looked like the end of a brand such as are common in a clearing—its breast mottled or alternately waved with dark brown and grey, its flat, greyish, weather-beaten crown, its eyes nearly closed, purposely, lest those bright beads should betray it: with the stony cunning of the sphinx. A fanciful work in bronze to ornament a mantel. It is enough to fill one with awe."

Again, under date July 22, he thus speaks of the young bird:

"One of the night-hawk's eggs is hatched. The young is exactly like a pinch of rabbit's fur or down of that colour, dropped on the ground, not two inches long, with a dimpling, irregular arrangement of minute feathers in the middle, destined to become its wings and tail. Yet even it half-opened its eyes and peeped, if I mistake not. Was ever bird more completely protected both by the colour of its eggs, and of its own body that sits on them, and of the young bird just hatched? Accordingly, the eggs and young are but rarely discovered. There was one egg still, and by the side of it this little pinch of down fluttered out, and was not observed at first; at foot, down the hill, had rolled half the shell it had come out of. There was no callowness as in the young of most birds. It seemed a singular place for a young bird to begin its life, this little pinch of down, and lie still on the exact spot where the egg lay—a flat, exposed shelf on the side of a bare hill, with nothing but the whole heavens, the broad universe above, to brood it when its mother was away."

This name of *Cordeiles*, however, has, with the newer school of ornithologists, given place to *Caprimulgus americanus*; and under this designation we find Prince Buonaparte writing of them. He says that "the night-hawks are among the swallows what the owls are among the *Falconida*, and, if we may be allowed the expression, the *C. americanus* has more of the hirundine look than the others. . . . When in woods or hawking near trees, the flight is made in glides round the tops or branches, and often it will settle for a few seconds on the very summit of the leading shoots. The eggs are of a dirty bluish white, with blotches of dark olive-brown. During incubation the male keeps a most vigilant watch round. In wet and gloomy weather these birds are active all day."¹

Dr. Elliot Coues says that if they do not circle tree-tops in flight

¹ Wilson, pp. 371 and 372.

for capturing prey, they quarter the air; and he adds that one of the eggs may be hatched a good deal sooner than the other. "I once found," he states, "an interval of three days elapse between the hatching of the two eggs of the night-hawk. Nuttall speaks of the night-hawk sometimes actually visiting towns, and then sailing round chimneys and other elevated stalks or points in circles.

The *whip-poor-will* is more familiar to us, since its singular cry or call is often referred to by popular writers who are not called on to describe the bird or otherwise to note its class or peculiarities. It has been at different times differently ranged. Dr. Elliot Coues writes:

"The common whip-poor-will has been referred back to the old genus *Caprimulgus*. While it certainly differs from the chuck-will's-widow type of *Antrostomus* in not having the rictal bristles garnished with lateral filaments and is not very obviously different from *Caprimulgus* of the old world, it may be best to keep it with *Antrostomus*, where all the New World species are usually referred, until the limits of the respective genera are better understood."¹

From all we can gather, whip-poor-will (*C. vociferus*) is so nearly allied to *C. carolinensis* that an ordinary observer would never distinguish them. Wilson notes how in the evening they will go skimming on the grass within a foot or two of a person as if never seeing him, the eyes so intent on the insects hunted.

In the lower part of the State of Delaware Nuttall found these birds troublesomely abundant at the breeding season. It was the reiterated cries of whip-poor-will, whip-peri-will, issuing from several birds at the same time, that caused such a confused vociferation as at first to banish sleep.² Nuttall notes another peculiarity of the whip-poor-will, and tells us that this call, except on moonlit nights, is continued usually till midnight, when they cease, until again aroused for awhile at the commencement of twilight.³

Nuttall, who clearly paid much and close attention to this bird, also tells us that the whip-poor-will is the only Nightjar which has white, unspotted eggs; and that both male and female take part in incubation. The young of this variety, as of the night-hawks and those we have in England, are hatched downy—in this, as Dr. E. Coues remarks, resembling the lower order of birds, and not the higher with which they are associated. This suggests more than one question—why, for instance, a bird so specialised and developed should in this respect make itself a complete exception, so high, yet

¹ Key, p. 449.

² Ornithology of United States, p. 379.

³ *Ibid.* p. 744.

so low, in this matter, which is no doubt correlated with its now building no nest whatever. Only the more prominent parts on the young are covered with this down; the naked parts are covered in three or four days, the inequality of the distribution of this down which marks all the Nightjar young, gives the dimpling character which Thoreau noted in the young night-hawk when first seen by him.

Mr. Thomas MacIlwraith has given a pretty full account of the night-hawks and whip-poor-wills in Canada. He says of the latter:

"It is seldom seen abroad by day, except when disturbed at its resting-place in some shady part of the woods, when it glides off noiselessly like a great moth. . . . Not unfrequently it perches on the roof of a farmhouse, startling the inmates with its cry, which they hear with great distinctness. This is the only song of the whip-poor-will, and it is kept up during the breeding season, after which it is seldom heard."

Mr. Nuttall notes this about chuck-will's-widow (*C. Carolinensis*):

It commences its singular serenade in the evening soon after sunset, and continues it with short interruptions for several hours. Towards morning the note is renewed, until the opening dawn. In a still evening this singular note will be heard for half a mile, its tones being slower, louder, and more full than that of whip-poor-will.¹

Audabon celebrates the sensitiveness of this bird:

"When the chuck-will's-widow, either male or female (for each sits alternately), has discovered that the eggs have been touched, it ruffles its feathers and appears extremely dejected for a minute or two, after which it emits a low, murmuring cry, scarcely audible to me, as I lay concealed at a distance not more than eighteen or twenty yards. At this time I have seen the other parent reach the spot, flying so low over the ground that I thought its little feet must have touched it as it skimmed along, and, after a few low notes and some gesticulations, all indicative of great distress, take an egg in its large mouth, the other bird doing the same, when they would fly off together, skimming closely over the ground, until they disappeared among the trees. He adds that the eggs, of a dull olive colour with darker specks, are about the size of pigeons' eggs.

Mr. Gosse makes this note:

"It wanted but a few minutes of midnight when suddenly the clear and distinct voice of the chuck-will's-widow rose up from a pomegranate tree in the garden below the window where I was sitting, and only a few yards from me. It was exactly as if a human being had spoken the words."²

¹ *Ornithology*, p. 740.

² *Romanca of Natural History*, p. 174.

Waterton did not forget to observe and to report on some South American species. In the second journey to Pernambuco and Brazil he writes :

"The prettily mottled plumage of the goat-sucker, like that of the owl, wants the lustre which is observed in the feathers of the birds of day. This at once marks him as a lover of the pale moon's nightly beams. There are nine species here. The largest appears nearly the size of the English wood-owl. Its cry is so remarkable that, having once heard it, you will never forget it. When night reigns over these immeasurable wilds, whilst lying in your hammock, you will hear this goat-sucker lamenting like one in deep distress. A stranger would never conceive it to be the cry of a bird. He would say it was the departing voice of a midnight-murdered victim, or the last wailing of Niobe for her poor children before she was turned into stone. Suppose yourself in hopeless sorrow ; begin with a high loud note and pronounce 'Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,' each note lower and lower till the last is scarcely heard, pausing a moment betwixt every note, and you will have some idea of the meaning of the largest goat-sucker in Demerara.

"Four other species of the goat-sucker : articulate some words so distinctly that they have received their names from the sentences they utter, and absolutely bewilder the stranger on his arrival in these parts. The most common one sits down close by your door, and flies and alights three or four yards before you, as you walk along the road, crying, 'Who are you ; who, who, who are you ?' Another bids you 'Work away ; work, work, work away.' A third cries mournfully, 'Willy-come-go ; Willy-Willy-Willy-come-go.' And high up in the country a fourth tells you to 'Whip-poor-will ; whisp, whisp, whip-poor-will.'

"You will never persuade the negro to destroy these birds, or get the Indian to let fly his arrow at them. They are birds of omen and reverential dread. They are the receptacles for departed souls who come back again to earth, or are expressly sent by Jumbo or Yalahou to haunt cruel and hard-hearted masters, and retaliate injuries received from them."

XV.

Dr. Freeman, in his interesting book, "Ashanti and Jaman," has a good deal to say about the filamented Nightjar of West Africa, with its remarkable outstanding wing-feathers. These, as he says,

¹ Pp. 145-6.

are caused by the quill of a feather from the carpus of each wing being developed to an enormous length—fully twice as long as the bird's body. He was perfectly astonished when he first saw the bird flying. It seemed that, at a distance from the bird, at each side were two dark bodies like butterflies, or some other insect, and about this matter at night he could by no means satisfy himself, as then the elongated quill or feather stalk was entirely invisible, of course. But afterwards he came upon the bird through the day because of a habit it has of frequenting pathways, and there it would sit, with the long wing-feathers directed straight up above it, till he was within a few yards of it, then fly away, to advance farther up the path, and then sit down, to go through exactly the same process as before. When sitting among the long grasses, which sometimes reach as high as seventeen feet, and long-stemmed vegetation with feathery tops, this Nightjar's filamented feathers fall in well with the general effect—the more, as with our own Nightjars, this bird tries to scratch out a depression beneath it—the filamented feathers rising up straight over its back. It may be suggested that concealment in such retreats, which it can always find, is *the* reason for this feather development. At all events, there is no other more likely explanation as yet. The general habits of this Nightjar otherwise very closely resemble those of the Nightjar in England, which we know best.

XVI.

My old friend, Canon Tristram, was so good as to answer a query of mine about the Nightjars of Palestine, to the following effect: "So far as I had any opportunity of observing the habits of the Palestine species of Nightjars, they do not in the slightest degree vary from ours. They have the same trick of lying flat on a horizontal rail or pale, and passing for a piece of wood. The only eggs I took were on the bare ground, two in number."

There are yet several points to settle about our common Nightjar; so that young ornithologists who will specially devote themselves to it, and not grudge to give summer evenings patiently to watch and study it, have still chances of distinguishing themselves and adding to the accepted facts about a bird as interesting, strange, weird, and unaccountable as any.

APPENDIX.

1. If we knew more about the special habits of different varieties of Nightjars, we could at once make our survey more profitably comparative, and perhaps reach some secrets of differentiation or variation. Thus the zigzag turnings and circlings in flight, or "quartering the air," are common to all of the true Nightjars, while those which have departed from this habit, like *Ægotheles Nova Hollandæ*, have also ceased to be truly nocturnal. *Leucogaster*, again, which remains nocturnal, still retains these marked characteristics in flight, though varying from the normal in some ways.

2. Have those Nightjars which, like the so-called Australian more-pork occasionally, and *Ægotheles Nova Hollandæ* systematically, seek their food on the ground and are seldom on the wing, been modified, and how far, in bill and wing, and in the pectinated toe?—which in that case, if it is used for scratching up food in earth, snails, grubs, &c., would need to become stronger as well as the beak—a process which, we believe, has already proceeded so far in the tawny frogmouth, and perhaps farther still in *Ægotheles Nova Hollandæ*.

3. An important question arises: What modifications, if any, have been effected in the young from the nesting-in-hole habits, as occasionally in the so-called more-pork, and absolutely in *Ægotheles* and the *Podargi*, which, as Dr. Wallace tells us, build nests like wood-pigeons? Are the young still hatched downy or to the same extent, or are observable modifications to be noted?—the highly specialised bird then coming more and more in this respect to rank itself with the higher birds here, while falling into other habits more like some of the lower birds.

4. We are told that the eggs of the whip-poor-wills are *pure white*. Is there anything special to this class in nesting or in variation of habit in regard to places in which they lay the eggs, since they are not colour-protected, as in the case of most other Nightjars which lay their eggs on the bare ground? This observation would be most interesting and helpful towards a theory of modified habits affecting coloration of eggs.

5. The males of some species appear very closely to share the incubation with the females; in others this is not so. Is there in this difference grounds for pointing to differences in development of certain parts, or is this either way unaccompanied by any modification, however slightly marked otherwise?

ALEX. H. JAPP.

NAPOLEON AND PRINCE METTERNICH.

PRINCE METTERNICH was driving in Vienna one day during the Congress of 1815, when the horses bolted, the carriage was overturned, and Metternich was thrown into the roadway. Finding he had no bones broken he picked himself up and walked quietly away. The same evening he met the King of Naples, who had seen the accident. "How horribly frightened you must have been," said the King. "Not at all," answered Metternich; "it is no merit of mine, but I am constitutionally inaccessible to fear." "It is as I thought," replied the King; "you are a supernatural being."

The man who had learnt in his youth to confront Napoleon was naturally an object of awe and admiration to the crowned heads of Europe. Curiously enough Napoleon himself singled out the man who was to become his greatest diplomatic opponent. When Count Cobenzl was appointed in 1806 as Austrian ambassador at Paris, Napoleon took exception to the choice and pointed out young Metternich as the most suitable person to be sent to his Court. It had been previously decided to send Metternich to St. Petersburg, and he was on his way thither from Berlin when Napoleon signified his request. Metternich received instructions to stop at Vienna, and there he learned that his destination was Paris. Napoleon took a pleasure in conversing with him at the Sunday receptions at the Tuileries, when the whole diplomatic *corps* would be assembled *en masse*. "You are young," said Napoleon, "to represent so old a country." "Your Majesty was only my age," replied Metternich, "when you fought Austerlitz."

Metternich made a brilliant success in Paris. His manners, his address, his appearance recommended him not only to Napoleon, but to the whole Court circle. He was appealed to as an authority on all matters of taste and etiquette. No ceremonies or entertainments were undertaken without his advice. He played the *role* of trifler to perfection, and while he appeared to be immersed in gaieties

he was employed in watching political events and studying Napoleon's disposition.

After the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Marie Louise, Metternich was treated with still more confidence by the Emperor and admitted to the closest intimacy. Napoleon urged him to visit the Empress more often and with less ceremony, and left them alone, that they might converse more freely. The Empress was not always so judicious in her conduct as was desirable, and Napoleon asked Metternich to advise her with regard to her attitude towards strangers. "The Empress is young," he remarked; "she might think I was going to be a severe husband; you are her father's minister and the friend of her childhood; what you say will have more effect upon her than anything I could say."

When war finally broke out with Austria Napoleon's wrath exploded over the head of the ambassador who had, as he felt, befooled him and lulled his suspicions with fair words. The French representative at Vienna had faithfully reported to his master that Austria was making unusual preparations to increase her military strength, but Metternich's soothing phrases calmed Napoleon's rising wrath and gave Austria time to complete her arrangements. Events succeeded each other so rapidly that the Austrian despatch warning Metternich to fly from Paris had only just arrived when Napoleon, in hot indignation, gave orders to Fouché, Minister of Police, to seize the ambassador and march him to the frontier under strict guard. Fouché, however, was not disposed to carry out his instructions *au pied de la lettre*. He called at the Austrian Embassy and courteously asked Metternich when it would suit him to leave Paris. He even put off the journey for a couple of days after the date was fixed, in order to give Metternich time to recover from a slight indisposition.

It was to Metternich that the Allied Sovereigns turned in 1813 when Napoleon, who wanted time to reorganise his forces, was doing all in his power to protract negotiations. M. de Bubna, the Austrian ambassador, had been spending fruitless days in trying to gain an interview with Napoleon at Friedrichstadt, near Dresden, where the Emperor had stationed himself. Time passed on, and still the business was no nearer being settled. The Sovereigns grew more and more uneasy and consulted Metternich as to what was to be done. This brought matters to a head. No sooner did Napoleon hear that Metternich was in the confidence of the Allies than he made up his mind that further delay was useless. He sent a message requesting that Metternich would come and see him. The utmost excitement prevailed. Metternich went in the character of mediator for half

Europe. Ministers, generals, ambassadors thronged the ante-chambers of the palace in feverish anxiety.

The interview began at two o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon, who was standing with his hat under his arm, began in an injured tone: "Here you are then, M. de Metternich, at last. You have come very late, for twenty-four days have elapsed since the armistice was signed and nothing has yet been done. All this has arisen from the delays of Austria. I have long been sensible that I could not rely on my relations with that Power. No extent of obligation or kind deeds has been able to overcome your inveterate hostility towards me."

Warming to his subject Napoleon proceeded to set forth how benevolent and pacific had been his conduct throughout, and how ungrateful Austria had shown herself towards him. Metternich replied that he had come to ask for peace, and explained the proposed terms. Thereupon Napoleon broke out into fury and insult.

"I know," he said, "what you desire in secret. You Austrians desire to get Italy entirely to yourselves; your friends the Russians desire Poland; the Prussians are set on Saxony, the English on Belgium and Holland. And if I yield to-day you will to-morrow demand of me those the objects of your most ardent desires. But before you get them prepare to raise millions of men, to shed the blood of many generations, and to come to treat at the foot of Montmartre. Oh, Metternich! how much has England given you to propose such terms to me?"¹

After this Napoleon continued in a blustering strain, saying that he would rather die than tarnish his glory. "I am a soldier. I have need of honour and glory. I cannot reappear lessened in the midst of my people. I must remain great, glorious, admired."

Metternich asked, if that were the case, when the war was to come to an end, and added, "I have just traversed your army; your regiments are composed of children; you have anticipated the regular levies and called to arms a generation not yet formed; if that generation is destroyed by the war in which you are engaged where will you find a new one to supply its place? Will you descend to a still younger brood of children?"

At this point Napoleon lost the last remnants of his self-control; he grew pale with rage, and letting fall the hat which he had been carrying he walked up to Metternich, exclaiming, "You are not a soldier, sir; you have not even the soul of a soldier: you have

¹ Alison's *Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Stewart*, vol. i. p. 651.

not lived in camps or learned to despise your own life or those of others when their sacrifice is necessary. What are two hundred thousand men to me? I can afford to spend a hundred thousand men every year."

"Let us open the windows," replied Metternich, "that Europe in a body may hear you, and if it does so the cause I am pleading will not suffer."

Kicking his hat into a corner Napoleon paced about the room, haranguing in an impassioned strain on his indifference to the slaughter of any number of soldiers belonging to other nations, and descanting forcibly on the unpardonable ingratitude of Austria after he had done her the honour of marrying an Austrian archduchess.

All through the June afternoon this duel of words was carried on, Napoleon trying to gain his point by invective, Metternich sticking doggedly to the original terms of the negotiation. The sun went down, it grew too dark for the opponents to distinguish each other's faces, and still the anxious watchers outside the locked doors waited in wondering suspense for the issue.

At last, finding he could make no headway, Napoleon exclaimed, "Vous persistez, vous voulez toujours me dicter la loi; eh bien, soit la guerre! mais au revoir à Vienne."

"You are lost, Sire," was Metternich's parting word. "I had the presentiment of it when I came; now, in going, I have the certainty."

When Metternich came out Berthier rushed up to him and eagerly inquired if he were satisfied with the Emperor. "Perfectly so," replied Metternich; "he has taken a load off my conscience, for I swear to you your master has lost his senses."

Napoleon in describing the interview the same evening, said to some one, "I have had a long conversation with Metternich. He held out bravely; thirteen times did I throw him the gauntlet, and thirteen times did he pick it up. But the glove will remain in my hands at last."

GEORGIANA HILL.

TERMINATING THE TREATISE.

A GHETTO SKETCH.

THE Beth-Hamidrash of the synagogue of the "Seekers of Truth" is thronged to-night with an immense assembly. The large dark-ceiled, dingy-walled room, which wears a gloomy aspect by day, is now lit up with a blaze of splendour: the central chandelier—hanging from a blackened beam above the *Almemmor* or precentor's platform—glittering with a blinding effulgence that is reflected from its many clusters of prismatic drops; gas-jets blazing with their flaming tongues; candles shining with their serene slender rays. A babel of a hundred voices roars tumultuously in the "house of study"; eager excited talk flows freely on every side, accompanied by ceaseless gesture. Knots of men are gathered here and there: near the "holy ark" containing the scrolls of the Torah—a cabinet behung with a blue plush curtain, and surmounted by twin tablets inscribed with the decalogue; beside the huge bookcase with glass sliding doors, stocked with ponderous leather-bound volumes; and about the many massive pillars supporting the ceiling, to one of which is attached a crescent-shaped tin box with a slit in the top, which serves as a depository of givers of charity in secret. A loquacious little fellow, with a silk hat on the back of his head, is explaining to several open-mouthed listeners an elaborate table in the tiniest of type, displayed on one of the walls, and that shows the calendar for as many years in the future as any frequenter of the sanctuary is likely to require; a hatchet-faced, grizzled wight is haranguing a small company on the gradual spread of Sabbath-desecration; a solicitous father is arranging terms with a *Melammed* for the Hebrew instruction of his backward son; numerous groups are hotly debating matters of policy concerning the synagogue; two or three "Seekers of Truth" are discussing the discourse delivered by the *Maggid* (preacher) on the previous day; and many a workman is railing at the tyranny of employers in the sympathetic hearing of his discontented mates.

A big placard, printed in bold and weak characters in alternate

lines, posted on a disused door, attracts the attention of every arrival, who, though aware of the nature of the night's event, reads, perhaps for the tenth time, the following announcement, which has stared at him from many a shop window and hoarding in the last few days: "On the first day of the week, section *And he lived*, at 8 o'clock in the evening, our teacher the Rav . . . , the son of our teacher the Rav . . . , will terminate the treatise *New Year*, and whosoever cometh, happy will he be and blessed will his name be called."

Seated on the benches about the middle of a long table, between the platform and the bookcase, are a group of elderly men swaying intermittently over faded folios, and deeply engrossed in study and discussion, despite the general commotion around them. The table is covered with a print cloth stained with candle-grease, which is tied to the legs in vain provision against physical demonstrations of mental excitement. The diligent circle consists of those who regularly attend the Talmudical expositions, synecdochically called the *Blatt* or leaf, which are delivered by the Rav (minister) on every night but the Sabbath. They are labouring over a treatise which was begun some two or three months ago, and of which, in accordance with traditional custom, the subtleties and perplexities of the last page or so have been left to be unravelled to-night, with all the honour of an especially large audience and the rumoured reward of a subsequent repast. Some of them have the reputation of scholars versed—nay, thoroughly steeped—in the entire rabbinical literature; and report says that one, with a grey forked beard and wizen cheeks, sitting in a huddled posture, possesses the letters patent of a Rav, whereof a cruel fate has prevented his enjoying the fruits. The others, with the exception of the Melammed, who is constantly wiping his spectacles with a snuffy, red-patterned handkerchief, and the bookseller—fabled to incorporate in his person the being of an author too—follow quite humble callings, comprising as they do a retail grocer, a glazier, a pedlar, and an itinerant egg-dealer. Absorbed the whole day long in seeking little more than the bread of life, they now are lost to all worldly distraction, wandering in a maze of dialectics, and forming a striking picture of animated study amid the surrounding stir and babble—with lips trolling, eyes flashing, brows wrinkling, shoulders heaving, bodies swaying, and thumbs resolutely scooping the air as though to clinch the momentous argument. Blithely they follow the bewildering passage of the dicta of opposing schools; keenly past barriers of objection and lurking fallacies, they scent the trail of the guiding truth, and vigorously they

clutch each other's gesticulating hand in vehement dispute, while pouring forth a torrent of references, and whirling their own free hand in rhythm with the sequence of contrasted clauses.

But suddenly the hubbub ceases; the hatchet-faced haranguer restrains his exhortations, the uproarious debaters check their fiery eloquence, and a lanky ill-clad youth who has been poring over a volume of the "Midrash" by the light of a candle on a broad window-ledge, turns round wondering at the abrupt lull. "The Rav is here!" is whispered throughout the room. The throng quickly, reverently parts, and a slim black-coated figure of medium height hastens past with lowered visage to the seat next to the ark, where he stops and faces the wall. All gossip is stayed; the people assume an attitude of prayer; and a fatherless worshipper, still in his period of eleven months' mourning, has ascended the *Almemmor* to do the precentor's office.

The service concluded, the assembly press forward to the Talmudical table. But the benches are of limited capacity, and after they have been filled to their utmost there still remains a modest multitude who form a triple straggling fringe on either side. Amongst these is the *Parnass*, the directing genius of the shrine for the current year, who, with an unconvincing look of wisdom, is leaning his elbows on the back of a bench; but a past president and former rival of the present warden, who has long seceded from the "Seekers of Truth" because of the waning of his influence, but has been invited to the celebration because of the air of importance lent by his dignity as communal chairman, is given a seat of honour and comfort. The shuffling of feet and buzz of voices yet continue, and the *Shammes* (beadle) feeling his authority defied, takes up a prayer-book, strikes it thrice with his heavy palm, and belches forth an emphatic imperious "Sha-a-a!"

Silence follows. All eyes turn to the impressive figure at the centre of the table. A dark grave face, vivid eyes, snowy beard, thin firm lips, silver-streaked earlocks, and a lofty forehead surmounted by a skull-cap; the whole pervaded with a glow of enthusiasm, an ineffable halo of piety and learning:—such is the appearance of the Rav. At his elbow is a pile of six or eight stout volumes for purposes of reference; and a pair of thick wax candles, in tall silver candlesticks, shed their light around him. His forefinger passes quickly down the page of the bulky tome as he reviews with the glance of a veteran the preceding arguments, and a faint strain of the traditional sing-song slowly issues from between his lips. Almost imperceptibly, amid breathless stillness, [he begins in low

clear tones to unfold the theme of his exposition ; and in another moment he has embarked on the advertised passage.

"The sea of the Talmud," as the Rabbis call the thesaurus of ancient Jewish lore, is an expanse whose every inch is known to him, whose depths are revealed to him in their very outline, whose currents flow harmoniously with the trend of his thoughts. Vast, indeed, it is, almost immeasurably vast, but he has traversed its mighty bosom more than once, with a perseverance that grew with time and a joy augmented by the belief that only thus could one reach celestial territory. His mind glides upon it with the ease begotten of fifty years' practice, and his features wear a look of anticipated success. At first with steady course, to suit the feeble wits in the company, he steers the way on the great tract—which contains in its midst elements of all earthly science, scraps of saga and fable, gems of truth, lumps of wisdom, myth, allegory, all resting on layers of religious legislation—skilfully avoiding dilemmas and passing safely over stretches of logomachy, cleaving asunder conflicting theories and principles, and stopping ever and anon to study some interesting spot more minutely in strips of bordering commentary, and then continuing cheerfully and more briskly on the path strewn for him with the light of Heaven ; what time he marks his progress by a quaint fantastic air, rising now to treble and sinking soon to a soft rumbling bass, now quavering, now flowing, now harsh, now sweet, vibrating with tender emotive chords and loud with grating ululations wherein resounds a people's voice with the wailing echo of the centuries. And his hand, restless as with some feverish transport, bounds with pointed finger hither and thither, following the varied turns and twists of the fluctuating argument as it ploughs the Talmudical deep. But soon there comes a pause : the need of searching outlook arises, of penetrating a cloud of hazy hypotheses, and the passage is stayed while the master of the Gemara, with knitted brow, consults the ponderous books at his side.

Meanwhile the rumoured possessor of a rabbinical diploma discusses in an undertone with the erudite grocer ; the itinerant egg-dealer, with much taking of snuff and stroking of his beard, exchanges views with the philosophical glazier ; and the Melammed, placing his forefinger to the side of his nose, gives ear to the strictures of the learned pedlar. Meanwhile the gaunt goat-bearded beadle, perched on the narrow ledge of the bookcase, with his hand grasping a shelf, and his legs dangling, succumbs to the fatigue of the day, the heat of the room, and the dryness of the discourse ; his eyes close, his head droops, and he is on the point of falling to

the floor when he awakes with a start and a look of wrath. Meanwhile the communal chairman, helpless before the like soporific influences, is bowed in peaceful slumber, his gold-rimmed *pince-nez* clinging lovingly to his nose; and the *Chazan* (precentor), a dense portly personage, sitting apart in solitary state beside the ark, listens to the general hum and hums himself an original refrain for the "additional" service of an approaching festival.

At length the Rav has concluded his research; a luminous commentary has dispelled the overhanging mist, and with a pleased countenance, from which the wrinkles seem to have vanished, he continues the voyage in the ancient volume. But floods of reasoning press heavily about him; the argument toils on wearily; and the burden must be lightened by the jetsam of anecdote and recurrent wit. Still there are spells of uninterrupted *Pilpul* (dialectics) when the whole assembly seem borne along as by some mighty impulse, the movement of their minds evincing itself in their faces, which present a panorama of wrought-up interest, anxiety, cogitation, delight, and concentrated study. They watch the course of the Rav's advance with eager eyes, with close-pressed lips, ever on the alert for a deviation from the rightful path, and quick to exclaim their queries or self-convinced corrections. Often, indeed, there rises a vigorous dispute between master and men as to the true tenour of the labouring ratiocination, and on either side is heard a strong expression of subtle views—voluble quotation of maxims and authorities—weakening down at last in favour of the grey preceptor. Then there spreads across the faces of the more light-hearted a smile of triumph at the confusion of those that would be clever, and though the chances are great that to them the meaning of the whole discussion is a dark impenetrable mystery, yet many are the mutual smirks and the shakings of forefingers that serve as signals of a complete agreement with the final decision.

And so the argument struggles on, with regular visits to the neighbouring commentary, returning ever and again to the midst of the text; and as the Rav glances round he meets with many an assenting nod and sage demeanour, affected by wise and unwise alike, and prompted by a general desire to appear sympathetic. Yet here and there are drowsy eyes, heavy drooping heads; victims as it were to Talmudic sea-sickness, whose habits have estranged them from this exhausting excursion. A swart puny creature, with a cloth cap on his dishevelled shock, who has been lately bereft of his wife, has lulled himself to sleep, and on his knee sits a little weakling boy with pitiful eyes and pale thin cheeks. An erst-famed Melammed,

purblind and doddering, looks on with a vacant stare; and leaning against the charity-box pillar stands a man of demented wit, with a bronzed bearded face, and leering glittering eyes.

But now a sense of relief seems to hover about the company: a dim perception that the end of the passage is drawing nigh; and their hearts beat faster, and their attention becomes more keen as they await the issue of the Rav's disputative emprise. And he, with a voice still bold and steady, and little subdued by an hour's incessant speech, pursues his path with undiminishing zest, his dark, grave features lit up with majestic glow—fed by internal ardour—and his lips throwing forth the ever-succeeding measures of dialectical lore with rapid, delightful accents. Diligently the seven faithful students follow the winding track—the dizzying disquisition—insensible to the tossing and rocking on the theological tide, and lifting up their eyes ever and again from their tomes gaze with a look of reverence on the thoughtful aged countenance. Slowly the bark glides on, and now it sails swiftly, on and on, with a pleasant rhythmic motion, nearing safely its destination; and as the tones of the Rav are stilled and his Talmudic voyage ended, a hearty joyous shout breaks forth from every throat: “*Yosher Kowach* (Strength increase)!” and a mirthful uproar reigns throughout the room.

Again and again is the hand of the Rav shaken with unutterable admiration. Wishes galore hail down upon him that he may live to terminate many a treatise in the days to come. With a smile of content he mops his brow and nods acknowledgments on every side. And the fatherless worshipper, who read the evening service, hurriedly recites the customary prayer of thanksgiving, in which occurs a specially long glorification of God, and favour is besought “for all who study the Law in whatsoever place.” After which spiritual invocation a general exodus ensues into an adjoining chamber to complete the celebration with material festivity.

ENOCH SCRIBE.

*THE FIGHT AT BOW, NEAR
LONDON, IN 1648.*

“Essex is comming up w^t a petition which displeaseth the houses, and therefore would hinder it either by faire meanes, sending downe Knights of that Shire to receive it or to perswade them to send it up by a few, or by foule, fo which purpose a Regiment of Horse is to be sent to Rumford, and another to Bow under the command of Cromwell.”

“Essex Petition is now expected and Cromwell gon to Bow, in case they come with number to oppose them.”

(Extracts from Letter of Intelligence, May 1, 1638. Clarendon MS.)

AT the time of the historic contest for supremacy between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, Bow was a rural town situated some two and a half miles east of the City of London. It was a settlement which had grown up on both sides of the bridge erected in the twelfth century over the river Lea. The eastern portion of the bridge is in the county of Essex, and the western portion in Middlesex. Bow was then, as now, one of the Tower Hamlets, but it is now surrounded for miles on every side with nineteenth-century buildings, and but for the church and the river, and the position of the bridge and the highway, little remains to mark the town which Cromwell knew. The year 1648 was a period of great unrest and disturbance in London. Frequent collisions occurred between the parliamentary army and the London populace. The majority of the citizens and of the inhabitants of the neighbouring counties of Essex, Kent and Surrey were in favour, at this time, of making a compromise with King Charles, and of restoring him to the throne with somewhat diminished power and authority. The King was now a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle in the custody of Colonel Hammond, and in the early part of the year even Cromwell and his party still thought it might be possible to come to terms with him, or to induce him to abdicate in favour of one of his sons, who was, however, to be

deprived of certain prerogatives which Charles considered belonged to the Crown.

Dissatisfaction with the existing condition of affairs was becoming general throughout the country, and high-handed proceedings by Parliament, and more particularly by the parliamentary army, had aided the Cavaliers in their task of stirring up opposition to Cromwell and his friends. The occupation of London by the parliamentary army had aroused the keen resentment of the citizens, and Cromwell and Fairfax saw with some alarm that they might be called upon to keep down the City by force of arms at the same time that they were doing battle with the Welsh and the Scotch. This they knew the army was not strong enough to accomplish, and they therefore resolved to appease the City fathers. Accordingly, Fairfax (the Lord-General of the parliamentary forces) announced to the House of Commons (May 1) his intention of sending Cromwell into Wales, and withdrawing the regiments from Whitehall and the Mews, and leaving the protection of Parliament to the London forces under Major-General Skippon, a Presbyterian favoured by the Londoners. He also withdrew his soldiers from the Tower, and allowed the City to garrison that fortress with its own militia; and permitted the replacement of the chains which had been drawn across the main thoroughfares to prevent cavalry charges, and which had been taken down by the army.

Although the army was cordially hated by the people of London, the citizens were too much afraid of a fresh outbreak of war to take active measures against it, and when, at the end of May, the Kentish royalists mobilised and met at Blackheath, and asked for support from the City, these concessions probably influenced the townfolk in their decision to refuse to render any assistance.

However, in the early part of the year the discontent in the City was so widespread that the Parliament dreaded the appearance of any great gathering of malcontents, even though they came only to present a petition; hence the order to Cromwell to prevent the passage of any large number of the Essex petitioners through London, either by fair means or foul.

The petitioners were to be persuaded to allow the petition to be presented by a few representatives who might pass to Westminster without attracting undue attention; and should the petitioners prove untractable Cromwell was to disperse them with his cavalry. But the men of Essex seem on this occasion to have been a match for the forceful Puritan, as the distasteful petition which prayed that the King might be satisfied was actually brought to Westminster on

May 4 by a procession of some 2,000 men, and was said to represent the wishes of 30,000 of the Essex inhabitants. Probably Parliament at the last moment concluded that it would not be wise to use force of arms merely to prevent the presentation of a petition; but twelve days later the men of Surrey presented a similar petition, and John Evelyn in his diary notes that "some of them were slayne and murder'd by Cromwell's guards in the New Palace Yard."

The people of Kent also determined to present a like petition, and to support it if necessary by force of arms. A general rising of this county took place on May 21, and Rochester, Sittingbourne, Faversham, and Sandwich were occupied in the King's name. It was agreed that on May 30 the supporters of the petition should meet, fully armed, at Blackheath. The petitioners came as far as Deptford, but then retreated because news arrived of the approach of the parliamentary forces. A detachment of the petitioners was defeated at Maidstone on June 1 by Fairfax, and the greater part of the Kentish men then dispersed. The Earl of Norwich (Lord Goring), the leader of the royalist forces, fled, and reached Blackheath on the evening of June 3 with some 3,000 followers. Fairfax, who had still to occupy other towns in Kent, detached a body of horse under the command of Colonel Whalley (first cousin to Cromwell) from his main army to deal with Norwich and his party. Professor Gardiner, in his "History of the Great Civil War," says that "when Norwich reached Blackheath he found no sign of welcome. With the gates of London shut against him, and Whalley's troops pressing in his rear, his position was untenable. A gleam of hope, however, reached him from Essex, where, as he was informed, thousands had risen for the King. Crossing the river alone he rode off to Chelmsford to ascertain the truth, leaving his deserted followers distracted by panic. The greater part of them fled hurriedly into Surrey, abandoning their horses and casting away their arms to escape observation. About 500 crossed the Thames in boats, their horses swimming by the side, and the following morning established themselves at Stratford and Bow, where they were at last rejoined by their commander, who found no signs of a rising in Essex. Taking possession of Bow Bridge, Norwich cut the communication between Essex and the City, hoping in the first place that London would even yet admit him within its walls, and in the second place that, if that was not to be, he might, by his interposition, give a breathing space to the men of Essex to rally round him."

A pamphlet entitled "Newes from Bowe," printed in 1648, tells

us that "On Sunday night last, being the fourth of this instant June, there was a small skirmish between some of the Lord Goring's forces which were joyned with the Essex men at Bow, and some of the Lord Generalls horse which were come back to mile end, and are commanded by Col: Whaley, there was about three men killed on both sides, those of the Essex party were forced to retreat again to Bow bridge and farther action ceased for the present. There are more horses mounting in the City of London to assist those on that side of the river of bow and the L. Gen. (Fairfax) is coming back, and will be on the other side this night or to-morrow."

A weekly newspaper called *The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer*, in its issue for the week ending June 6, 1648, informs us that on Sunday, June 4, Lord Goring "with the choyssest of his men was ferried over into Essex, having heard that the Essex men had begun to rise into a body, and planted two Drakes on Bow Bridge, where he (the reporter) heard they appeared to stand in a posture of defence but interrupted none that passed that way. About one of the clock in the afternoon Collonel Whaley who with a considerable party of horse was sent in pursuit of the Lord Goring did advance after him into Essex over the river (over London Bridge), and had his Rendezvous on Mileend Green, from whence he had sent many Prisoners which he had taken, to Guild-Hall. The Lord Goring being come into Essex, the militia of the City sent up two Draks to Aldgate which were planted for the present safety of the City."

The same periodical in its news for Monday, June 5, states that "Collonel Whaley the last night had like to have been engaged with them (the royalists) not far from Bow, having with him a considerable Body of Horse, besides three troops lent from Lieutenant Generall Cromwell, and a troop belonging to the City, under the command of Capt. Cook. But finding the Foot had lined the Hedges, and dressed an Ambush for him, he did forbear, and was content to return with two or three prisoners taken, and as many slain."

From a narrative of the Great Victory in Kent, and of the fight at Bow, ordered to be printed by the House of Commons in 1648, we learn that "The Lord Goring with those at Stratford and Boe had a dispute with some of ours, where we killed them a Major, and three men, and took six prisoners, with one man slain on our part, and upon assurance of an indemnity the Essex men will be quiet."

Many of the royalist papers printed at this period were very lewd and coarse, and few more so than *The Parliament Kite*, but the issue of this newspaper for June 8, 1648, contains the following

interesting reference to the seizure of Bow Bridge : Lord Goring "ferryed over his Horse and Foot at Black-wall, and so in good Equipage marched to Stratford-langton, and possessed themselves of Bow-bridge, and surprized two Foot-Companies of the (Tower) Hamletts, all but those that flung down their Armes, and run for it, one of which was said to be the cowardly Gale alias Disch. From Bow on Sunday in the afternoon, a Party of about 13 Horse scouted out as far as Mile-end, and gallantly charged some four Troops of Fairfax his Horse who like valiant Rebels, began to run for it."

According to Professor Gardiner, Norwich, leaving his troops behind him under Sir William Compton, hurried to Chelmsford on the 7th, and after a conference at Brentwood with the principal Essex royalists returned to Stratford, and on the 8th took his troops to Brentwood, where he joined his forces with those of Sir Charles Lucas ; but a letter from Sir Thomas Honeywood to Col. Cooke, dated June 7, states that "the rebels that were at Bow have been driven thence by Col: Whalley who is now at Stratford Langton with orders to pursue them."

The story of the retreat of the royalists to Colchester, and the long siege of that town by Fairfax, is too well known to need repetition here. The royalists did not surrender until the 28th day of August, and during all those long weeks of siege Bow Bridge was a position of great importance from a military point of view, for the bridge is on the direct road from London to Colchester, and greatly facilitated the transport of food, arms, and ammunition. Its importance is sufficiently indicated in the following Orders and Letters from the Committee of both Houses of Parliament which sat at this time at Derby House :

June 8, 1648.—Warrant to the Committee of the Tower Hamlets. "You are authorised to draw forth upon this occasion 120 trusty men, with two pieces of ordnance, to secure the bridge at Bow and passages at Ham, in order to prevent the enemy from seizing on them and thereby hindering the coming of provisions into the City and so breed a discontent there. Also by guarding the said bridge and passes many disaffected persons may be kept from repairing to the rebels and their correspondence with the City hindered."

July 3, 1648.—Letter to the Lord General (Fairfax). "The enemy have an intention to stop the passage at Bow Bridge so as to hinder the coming of ammunition and other provisions by that way to you."

July 5, 1648.—Letter to the Militia of the Tower Hamlets.

The Fight at Bow, near London, in 1648. 179

“There are now a guard of Essex horse at Bow Bridge, but as there may be occasion to employ these elsewhere, you are desired to prepare a guard of 100 men to secure these bridges.”

July 20, 1648.—Order to Major-General Skippon for a convoy from London to Bow, and the like to Colonel Mildmay to take charge of the said ammunition from thence till he meet another convoy (from the army before Colchester).

The presence of troops was no novelty in the little town of Bow, for in 1589 the inhabitants of Bow, Bromley, and Stepney had been obliged to receive into their houses, and find victuals for, several hundred of the troops who were sent into Portugal. When the troops had departed the inhabitants petitioned the Government that they might be “paid the several sommes of money due unto them for the victualing of soldiers before their going into Portugale,” and the Privy Council generously ordered that £30 should be distributed that “the poore men maie in some sort be relieved and our selves no more trobled.” The Government of the present day would probably be glad to dispose of their bills for the victualling of soldiers in a similar manner. Nevertheless, the passage of Fairfax’s army and all the attendant paraphernalia of war through the rural hamlet was a stirring episode to be long remembered and discussed by the inhabitants.

The capture of Colchester by Fairfax and Ireton was followed by the barbarous execution, after surrender, of two of its most gallant defenders, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle. Thus terminated the last struggle for King Charles, and a few months later the ill-fated monarch was beheaded.

HAROLD F. HILLS.

*THE LOVE STORY OF AN OLD
MARQUISE.*

IN the late autumn of 1713, a young girl, Mademoiselle de Froulay, daughter of one of the most aristocratic houses of France, made her first journey to Paris. She travelled in a post-chaise, and was alone, save for one woman-attendant and the two postillions that her father had sent from Paris to escort her. They were six days on the road—those villainous roads that nothing but the exigencies of a royal progress could make tolerable—and when at the journey's end she was met by her father at the de Froulay Hôtel in the Rue St. Dominique, he received her as coolly as if they had separated only the evening before, though, curiously enough, he had never seen her till then during the fourteen or fifteen years of her young life.

This visit to Paris was a tremendous and unexpected epoch in Mademoiselle de Froulay's career. Her mother had died at her birth while her father was away commanding his troops on the German frontier; and, as soon as she was able to dispense with a nurse's care, she was taken in a litter to the Abbey of Montivilliers, where her serene childhood was passed among the quiet Sisters, under the direct and kindly supervision of her aunt, the imposing Abbess. She was a speculative, dreamy child, and would spend hours, eerie twilight hours, in the sepulchral chapel where the abbesses of the convent lay buried; feeling no fear of the gloom, no terror of the tombs and effigies of the departed abbesses; she looked on these latter rather as her spiritual kin among whom her aunt would one day be laid; among whom she might eventually lie herself as her aunt's successor. For there seemed nothing but the cloister before her. All the hopes of the house were centred in her only brother, a handsome young seigneur who had been, as was the custom of his class and period, so much away from his family that she never saw him till she was eight years old; her father's estate was not large enough to dower her according to her rank; and her grandfather, the only one of his line who had married into a *famille de finance*, was considered a deplorable example for all the rest of his blood to avoid.

Then, one day, when she was in her fifteenth year, news came to

the convent which brought a supreme change into her quiet destiny. Her brother the young seigneur was dead, and, though married, had left no children. She was, therefore, no longer the possible *religieuse* with the veil before her ready to hide the world from her young and curious eyes, but a great heiress, fitted by rank and wealth for almost any fortune that France could offer. Her accomplishments, too, were all that any lady was expected to acquire, but her aunt, the Abbess, wisely decided that the usages of the *grand monde* in which her future would probably be spent, were not to be lightly picked up by hearsay or intuition; they could only be learned in Paris under the careful guidance of some high-born dame to whom the practice of such knowledge was an everyday affair.

Hence the journey to Paris—when the prescribed period of mourning was over—where her father, after ordering a satisfying quantity of confectionery even for the appetite of fifteen, took her to the Hôtel de Breteuil, where she was to pass the winter with her aunt, the Baronne de Breteuil-Preuilly (her father's sister), learning meanwhile what had suddenly become an important and serious branch of her education—the manners and habits of aristocratic France as practised at Paris.

Notwithstanding the tears shed at parting with her indulgent aunt the Abbess, this sudden excursion into an entirely new life was full of charm for the intelligent young girl whom the Fates had dowered at birth with the magic gift of observation. The Hôtel de Breteuil was a handsome building overlooking the gardens of the Tuileries and divided into several flats of eight or nine rooms; each storey occupied by different branches of the Breteuil family.

Thus, the ground floor was the *pied-à-terre* of Lady Laura de Breteuil, a peeress of Britain, descended from the Royal Irish line of the O'Briens. Her mother was superintendent of the exiled Queen's household at St. Germain, where they had sumptuously furnished apartments; indeed, the whole family were fervent Jacobites, devoted to the Stuart cause; an important factor in one episode in Mademoiselle de Froulay's life.

The second storey was occupied by the Countess of Breteuil Charmeaux, born a de Froulay, who was a source of wondering amusement to the young visitor. She was a vain, exacting, egotistical dowager, who kept seven waiting-women employed night and day with her whims and fancies. She never went out save in a gorgeous coach drawn by six horses, with coachman and four lacqueys in grand livery, looking, as her brother-in-law the Baron—who had to pay—sarcastically remarked, “like nothing so much as a show at Easter.”

The Commandeur de Breteuil Chantecler lived in the third storey, and was, to all his servants, a man of mystery. His life was quiet and regular: he was singularly lenient to his people; yet, whenever he walked out at evening with a hood drawn over his head, and his long cloak wrapped closely round him, his domestics would peer curiously from the windows, and invest his unobtrusive habits with a romantic interest, all of which was to the young mademoiselle full of charm and excitement.

She was thus suddenly transplanted into the midst of a family not her own, so critical and *exigent* that at times it seemed to her a veritable thorn bush. The relatives with whom she had come to spend the winter were the Baron and Baronne de Breteuil-Preuilly, who retained the first storey for themselves, while the fourth and topmost floor was given up to their five children. A beautiful apartment in this latter flat was assigned to the visitor, which especially delighted her because it "gave" on to the gardens of the Tuileries; but this privilege earned her the enmity of her cousin Emilie, some few years younger than herself, who had to turn out of it into three tiny rooms during the whole of her cousin's visit. There was a natural antipathy between the two girls; the little guest thought Emilie of gigantic proportions for her age, with enormous hands and "terrible" feet, and a skin like a nutmeg-grater; and in after life was angry with Voltaire because that sharp-eyed critic of his kind dared to call this self-same Emilie "beautiful and wise."

The household of the wealthy Baron was carried on in the generous opulent style prevalent at that period among the rich aristocracy. The house was gilded and decorated in the gorgeous fashion then affected; forty-four servants were needed to keep the establishment going, which is not surprising, for twenty extra covers were nightly laid for guests who might or might not come in to supper. The Baron had a fine library for the time, and cultivated letters, or men of letters at least. Fontenelle was a constant visitor on Tuesdays, and, being of good family as well as a literary celebrity, was always welcomed at supper; while Rousseau (not Jean Jacques), whose lyrics were admired but whose birth was obscure, was entertained only at early dinner; for the Baron's complacent patronage of letters never overpassed the bounds of the proprieties by asking him to supper! Just as in our day people on the boundaries of class, of equivocal undefined position, may be freely asked to lunch, but never invited to the more solemn festival of dinner. In two hundred years nothing is changed save the designation of the meals!

There was the Duc de St. Simon, too, a disagreeable old man, son of St. Simon of the famous "Memoirs." He also came frequently, but rarely stayed to supper, not from lack of the requisite rank but because of his wretched health, and, his enemies said, because he was too parsimonious to give suppers in return. Rousseau's sharp tongue did not spare him—perhaps, as poets will, he thus revenged himself for unreturnable affronts: noting the Duc's jaundiced complexion and "little black satanic eyes" he likened them, to the girl's delight, to "*deux charbons dans une omelette*" in the pleasant French fashion of the period, which found it impossible to be witty without being personal. *She* said he was like an ugly sick raven, devoured by ambition and vanity, and always perched upon his ducal crown.

Into all this stir of unaccustomed life came the young heiress in the dawn of womanhood, eager after her peaceful girlhood in the serene atmosphere of the Benedictine nunnery to see everything that was fit for eyes so fresh and innocent. Though a spectator, she took little part in all that went on around her; she was too truly the *jeune fille* of an aristocratic house to be allowed any freedom incompatible with the strictest supervision. One can see her, demurely observant, but entrenched behind her fine, high-bred reserve; seeing much, saying nothing, storing up all the keen new impressions which bit into her vivid young brain like an etching. She sat straight up on a backless chair—no girl of that day dreamed of placing herself on a chair with a back to it, while to have taken an armchair would have been considered an enormity—with *La civilité puerile et honnête*, which her aunt had given her to study. It was an old edition of Poitiers, giving much quaint advice as to etiquette which had become obsolete; with much sound practical teaching also that sustained Mademoiselle in the social functions at which, in her eventful future, she was to shine with brilliance and distinction. Her aunt, the Baronne, was an invaluable teacher of the forms to be observed in every conceivable situation. She was a *grande dame*, placidly beautiful, of the unsmiling Madonna type, to whom etiquette and form were as the law of life. She could pronounce "Monseigneur" with the exact *nuance* necessary to differentiate it when speaking to a bishop or to a prince of the blood, an accomplishment that was justly considered among those who knew no small achievement. She had a passion for preserving the minute distinctions of rank, and was for ever impressing on her children the shades and niceties of deference to be observed in the daily duties and occurrences of life. Though the fashion of sending round cups and

glasses by the sons of the house was the mode of the moment in Paris as in England, it was not favoured by this arch-mistress of manners ; it savoured too much of the *bourgeoisie*, she said, and accordingly forbade it.

Presently, into this calm routine of regular tasks and simple pleasures came a disturbing influence, an exquisite new experience that the young girl, fresh from the cloistered seclusion of Montivilliers, found "sweetly strange and strangely sweet." Jacobite plots were being hatched at St. Germain, and the ground-floor of the Hôtel de Breteuil, occupied by the superintendent of the exiled Queen's household, was naturally a *rendezvous* for political interviews between the adherents of the Old Pretender. Among the most active of these was George Keith, the young Earl Marischal of Scotland, who had quite recently, with all the enthusiasm of a convert, joined the ranks of the Jacobites, partly owing to the influence of his maternal uncle the Duke of Perth, whose line had ever been loyal to the House of Stuart ; but chiefly, perhaps, because he had been deprived of his appointment as captain of the Royal Guards, a deprivation which, in young hot-headed fashion, he meant to avenge by throwing all the weight of his wealth and position on the side of the Jacobite party.

He was introduced to the salon of the hospitable Baron, and there, among a numerous company, the young Mademoiselle de Froulay met him for the first time. He was just twenty-five ; handsome, accomplished, wise for his years, serious because of the tremendous import of his mission ; she was about fifteen, on the beautiful tremulous borderland of womanhood, her heart waiting to be impressed with the indelible stamp of first love. They were drawn to each other by that indefinable perfect attraction of two strong natures mentally akin yet physically opposite ; they looked at one another first with surprise, then with interest ; then the room was empty to either if the other was absent. Instinctively they learned the art of speaking to each other without saying a word ; soon they dared not converse in the presence of friends lest their trembling voices should break down and betray their emotion. It was the simplest, purest love-idyll, accompanied by no secret kisses, no clandestine meetings ; every word, every movement was in the presence of a dozen or score spectators, each of whom would have remarked censoriously on the slightest deviation from the most severe propriety. One day, chancing for a few minutes to find themselves isolated in a crowd of guests, he said to her suddenly, with all the diffident shyness of young passion :

"If I dared to love you, would you pardon me?"

"I should be charmed," was her half coquettish, wholly truthful reply.

Hardly another word was said, but a sweet new confidence was established between them, and, whenever they dared, they looked at each other with the perfect, rapturous content that is the birthright of first, unsullied love.

Six weeks or two months of this happiness, this ever-fresh delight, passed thus, when her aunt, the Baronne, suggested that the young heiress should take a few lessons in Spanish from the Earl Marischal, who was an unusually good linguist for his time, speaking French, Spanish and Italian as well as his native tongue.

"Why not English?" asked the Earl Marischal, thinking, perhaps, of the day when he might take this peerless French maiden as his bride to his romantic Highland home.

"Oh, not English, Monsieur," was the reply. "You of the North learn Southern languages; we of the South look still farther South; we all naturally turn to fine climates, the land of sunshine, the land of good wine."

But what did it matter to the young lovers which language they studied since they had learned from each other the softest and easiest language of the world—that of life's first love?

So in the great *salon* Mademoiselle de Froulay sat on her high stool, while the Earl Marischal—"milord George" as she loved to call him to herself—seated himself behind her on a folding chair. Madame la Baronne was not far away, be sure; her sweet, serious eyes, "gray as those of an eagle," watched all her brood with the never-winking vigilance of the born duenna. Visitors and conspirators came and went; other Breteuils, from their various apartments in the big mansion, looked in; but the Spanish lessons went on at their appointed times with praiseworthy regularity. Was much Spanish learnt? She was an apt pupil there is little doubt, but she was learning sweeter lessons than even the sweet Spanish tongue.

"I have been translating a verse from English into French," he said to her in a low tone one evening as they sat demurely "studying."

"What is it?" she asked, full of eager interest and admiration for all he might say or do.

"It is a quatrain that my father composed for me; I should like you to know it. I have rendered it into blank verse, according to the English fashion, which is verse without rhyme, but not without reason, as you will see."

He handed her a slip of paper—a paper that she still treasured when her hair was gray—on which was written :

“Quand vos yeux, en naissant, s'ouvraient à la lumière,
Chacun vous souriait, mon fils, et vous pleuriez.
Vivez si bien, qu'un jour, à votre dernière heure,
Chacun verse des pleurs et qu'on vous voie sourire.”

Another evening he told her, in a quiet monotone that might have been the mutterings of Spanish grammar, the latest story from London. A rich Dutch heiress had fled to England with one of the adherents of the detested William of Orange. Her relatives had no clue as to her whereabouts, so they caused an advertisement to appear in the London papers, beseeching her to come back to the home her absence had made desolate ; or, if she would not return, at least to send them the key of the tea-chest which she had, by mistake, carried off with her !

A simple enough story, in truth, but the lever, nevertheless, which moved the balance in which hung great fortunes ! Anything whereby the Orangists—whom, as good Jacobites, they virtuously hated—were held up to ridicule would have tickled the lively imagination of fifteen, and the two sat laughing decorously, delighted to share a joke, however small. Emilie, the *gauche* cousin, scowling sulkily from her corner, concluded, with the angry sensitiveness of a child, that they were laughing at her, though nothing could have been further from their thoughts, which, with the egotism of love, simply flowed from one to the other ! However, as soon as Emilie could obtain a hearing she made such spiteful, envious remarks, that the Earl Marischal, following his inclination, and in self-defence, made a formal proposal for the hand of Mademoiselle de Froulay.

This was a serious matter ! A de Froulay born, and an heiress to boot, was not to be promised in marriage lightly. The proposal was, with due ceremony, submitted to her father, her grandmother—a quaint old lady who wore five rows of corkscrew curls, and an open coat over a skirt embroidered with all the beasts of the ark in silver thread—and her eldest aunt, the vain, dry-hearted woman residing in the Hôtel Breteuil who lived only for show and vanity. Mademoiselle waited for their decision with rosy pictures floating nebulous, unbidden, like sunset clouds across her mental vision ; pictures, alas ! that too soon were rudely brushed aside by bitter realities.

“He is a Protestant, a Calvinist !” almost shrieked her aunt, the Countess, when the object of the family conclave was declared.

Poor little Mademoiselle ! It was the dreadful truth, though

no one had enquired as to his religious beliefs before, chiefly, no doubt, because nearly all good Jacobites were good Catholics also. Questioned on the subject, the Earl Marischal owned it, simply, straightforwardly, realising too well that he was thus raising a barrier, hopeless, impassable, between him and his love. After this there was no more to be said. With the unwavering submission which is the first teaching of the Church, that therein lies its strongest bulwark of authority, Mademoiselle de Froulay bowed her poor little suffering heart to the inevitable, without hesitation, seeking no compromise, thinking of no mitigation. Their exquisite pure young dream was ended by a nightmare of poignant suffering; and the Earl Marischal left immediately for his country, where, rendered the more desperate by the cruel conclusion of his love-idyll, he threw himself with reckless disregard into the conspiracy which ended in the disastrous rising of 1715.

His was no half-hearted allegiance; his methods were too decisive and direct to admit of any doubt as to which cause he had espoused. He marched at the head of a company of nobles to the town of Aberdeen, where at the market cross he proclaimed King James VIII., and, for a few brief weeks, town and district, in a fool's paradise of delusion, were subject to Jacobite rulers. Then came the day of awakening, the disastrous day of Sheriffmuir, where the rising hopes of the Stuart party were dispersed like mist-wreaths before the wind. The Earl Marischal commanded two squadrons, and in the utter rout managed to escape to the continent.

Some time after this he wrote a letter to Madame la Baronne, full of sadness and despair, telling her of the grievous failure of the Jacobite enterprise; adding that his estates were forfeited and he himself attainted.

Bereft of his lands, a price on his head, he wandered to various courts of Europe, wasting the best years of his life, as did so many others, for the foolish futile Jacobite cause. He intrigued with Spain, and, two years after the "fifteen," again attempted to raise a rebellion in Scotland in the abortive campaign organised by Cardinal Alberoni; then, again escaping with disaster, he sought refuge at the Spanish Court, where for many years he was intermittently entrusted with political missions. Finally, in middle life he drifted to the Court of Prussia, where the Great Frederick, perceiving the worth and wasted abilities of this unfortunate nobleman, offered him his kindly friendship, and showered honours on him, in appreciation of his brilliant qualities. He created him Knight of the Black Eagle of Prussia; he appointed him Governor of a district in Switzerland;

and, in 1751, sent him as Prussian Ambassador to the Court of France.

Half a lifetime had passed. The young Mademoiselle de Froulay had long since become the Marquise de Créquy, a very great lady, and distinguished in that vicious age for the exquisite propriety of her life. She had become a grandmother too; but though a true wife, with an admiring appreciation of her husband's many excellent virtues, yet in the treasure house of her memory illumined by the halo that hovers round happy days, she cherished the romantic recollection of her first love which had blossomed and suffered blight. The Earl Marischal of Scotland was still her hero, still the faultless young lover who had never fallen in her esteem because of the wear of life's daily demands and duties. She had no thought of ever seeing him again; nought save a remembrance, which was, as she said, "*toujours honorable et chère.*" Then, one day, they met in the presence of Madame de Nevers, he in the white-haired seventies, she with the griefs and joys of more than half a century traced with Time's graver on her face and heart.

"Listen," he said to her, after their first formal greetings, "listen to the only French verse I have ever made, perhaps the only reproach I have ever directed to you:

"Un trait lancé par caprice
M'atteignit dans mon printemps.
J'en porte la cicatrice
Encor sous mes cheveux blancs.
" Craignez les maux qu'amour cause,
Et plaignez un insensé
Qui n'a point cueilli la rose,
Et que l'épine a blessé."

They were both deeply affected. Tears glittered in his proud eyes. . . . She was transported in thought to the beautiful unfulfilled dream of their youth. After a few moments of emotional silence she asked:

"Are you soon going back to the King of Prussia? Shall we be separated for ever? Are you still unconverted?"

"I am yours after as before death," he said simply. "I loved you too well not to embrace your religion. What other faith could have given you the strength to make such an un murmuring sacrifice? I have become a Catholic in spirit and in truth."

They never met again, but that declaration was, for the old Marquise, a sweet assurance for the rest of her long life. With the serene absolute faith of her religion she looked forward in quiet hope to the happy future, when those two, who had been so mercilessly parted in their youth, would meet again in the transcendent joys of *the Bright Hereafter.*

JAYE GARRY.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN GENTLEMAN.

IT is a little disappointing that such an ardent sociologist as Mr. Herbert Spencer has not devoted a portion of his immense energy to a department of science which is strictly anthropological—the evolution of a gentleman. The title of gentleman covers interpretation of a thousand shades, and is so conveniently vague that the researches of versatile genius would have a wide field for burrowing out the first notions of gentility from the most primitive strata. True enough, the perverse interrogation of the old rhymer would seem to place such investigation under limits :

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman ?

But we have learned now to philosophise without founding on a state of nature, and we are entitled to a suspicion that the notion of gentility is traceable from a crude and early development. It is a culpable sin of omission to be laid to the account of those people who have raked together the data of anthropology from the folk-lore of countless ages that they have left us in outer darkness on the origin of this interesting sentiment. When we do recognise the gentleman, he comes in on the full tide of an advanced civilisation. He has already the brilliance and wit of the modern gentleman, and we are left in wonderment to look for the link of connection between him and the days of his remote parentage, when his ancestors sought to assimilate the qualities of their respected dead relatives by making them the most considerable item of a substantial dinner. In the absence of convincing evidence to the contrary the assumption may be permitted that this laudable desire, in spite of the distinctly disagreeable form in which it was meant to be realised, was a species of reverent homage to "superior quality" which must be taken as a rough synonym for primitive gentility.

Beyond this it would scarcely be safe to infer much more from researches among the Yncas or the Khonds. But among ancient

historians Herodotus' inclinations and tastes set strongly in the direction of such interesting questions, and from a patient collation of his entertaining tales it would be possible even to piece together types of the primitive gentlefolk. There were people in Athens who set great store by a long pedigree—a pedigree so long, in fact, that some professed to be descended from an asparagus.

There were the great folk of Egypt and the lesser folk, and the privileges of the former were considerable. They indulged the luxury of embalming in its most expensive form; they were entitled for a consideration to have their brains drawn out through the nostrils with an iron hook, and to have the body stuffed with "pure myrrh, pounded cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted." Herodotus also tells us that superior quality had substantial recognition, especially among the Royal Scythians. In the burial rites there was a wonderful elaboration of detail. "In the remaining space of the grave they bury one of the king's ladies, having strangled her, and his cup-bearer, a cook, a groom, a page, a courier, and horses, and firstlings of everything else, and golden goblets; they make no use of silver and brass."

There is another charming story of Hippocleides, the son of Tisander, who surpassed the Athenians in wealth and beauty. It throws a sidelight on the accomplishments of the people of quality. Hippocleides had come among a company of gentlemen to woo the hand of the wealthy Cleisthenes' daughter. "When the day for the consummation of the marriage arrived, and for the declaration of Cleisthenes himself, whom he would choose of them all, Cleisthenes having sacrificed a hundred oxen, entertained both the suitors themselves and all the Sicyonians; and when they had concluded the feast the suitors had a contest about music, and any subject proposed for conversation. As the drinking went on, Hippocleides, who much attracted the attention of the rest, ordered the flute player to play a dance; and when the flute player obeyed he began to dance; and he danced, probably so as to please himself; but Cleisthenes seeing it beheld the whole matter with suspicion. Afterwards, Hippocleides, having rested awhile, ordered someone to bring in a table; and when the table came in he first danced Laconian figures on it, and then Attic ones; and in the third place, having leant his head on the table he gesticulated with his legs. But Cleisthenes, when he danced the first and second time, revolted from the thought of having Hippocleides for his son-in-law, on account of his dancing and want of decorum, yet restrained himself, not wishing to burst out against him; but when he saw him gesticulating with his legs, he was

no longer able to restrain himself, and said, 'Son of Tisander, you have danced away your marriage.' But Hippocleides answered: 'Oh, it's all one to Hippocleides.' Hence it became a proverb." But the prototype of the modern gentleman is something different from this. There is a degree of naïveté in the earliest types of which the well-bred man would protest his innocence.

The Athenian gentleman of antiquity is really the fount and source of the modern social virtues. The wisdom of the philosopher had defined him as the *καλὸς κἀγαθός*, but unfortunately the moral and spiritual significance of the term speedily disappeared. The nature of gentility chose to develop the more material conception of the "man made up to the nail," which was the rougher Roman idea. Contrasts between ideals and reality are always instructive, and very often amusing. The scrupulous attention which the Greek philosopher paid to the elaboration of the gentleman makes a chapter of ethics read like a handbook of modern etiquette. Aristotle's magnificent man and high-minded man, and their opposites, exactly embody the idea of what a gentleman should be and what he should not. There is just the taint of moral pendency, a kind of intellectual snobbery in the descriptions which is apt to place the gentleman in a somewhat ridiculous light. By piecing together his various characteristics as they are scattered through a Classification of the Virtues and Vices, we have the conditions of "quality" in a mosaic.

"The magnificent man is like a connoisseur in art; he has the faculty of perceiving what is suitable, and of spending large sums of money with good taste. . . . He will spend his money, too, in a cheerful and lavish spirit, as a minute calculation of expense is a mark of meanness. He will consider how a work can be made most beautiful and most suitable, rather than how much it will cost, and how it can be done in the cheapest way. . . . [Magnificence] displays itself on such private occasions as occur once in a lifetime — *e.g.* marriage and the like."

Whereas the ungentlemanly fellow "exceeds in spending more than is right, for he spends large sums on trifles and makes a display which is offensive to good taste, as, *e.g.* by entertaining members of his club at a breakfast which is as sumptuous as a wedding breakfast, and if he provides a comic chorus, by bringing the members of it on the stage in purple dresses, after the manner of the Megarians." After this criticism in æsthetics he presents the man of quality in another light. "It would seem, too, that the high-minded man possesses such greatness as belongs to every virtue. It would be

wholly inconsistent with the character of the high-minded man to run away in hot haste, or to commit a crime; for what should be his object in doing a disgraceful action, if nothing is great in his eyes? . . . Such honour as is paid by ordinary people and on trivial grounds, he will utterly despise, as he deserves something better than this. . . . He will not be exceedingly elated by good, or excessively depressed by ill-fortune; for he is not affected in this way by honour itself *as if honour were the greatest thing in the world*. Again, the high-minded man is not fond of encountering small dangers, nor is he fond of encountering dangers at all, as there are few things which he values enough to endanger himself for them. . . .

"Accordingly he will tell the truth too, except when he is ironical, although he will use irony in dealing with ordinary people." With the same gravity Aristotle proceeds: "It seems too that the high-minded man will be slow in his movements, his voice will be deep, and his manner of speaking sedate, for it is not likely that a man will be in a hurry, if there are not many things that he cares for, or that he will be emphatic, if he does not regard anything as important, and these are the causes which make people speak in shrill tones and use rapid movements."

Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, the Greek gentleman declined to conform to this prim and rigid canon of gentility. Earlier than this by a few centuries the lyric poets embodied in their verses the non-ethical interpretation of the sentiment. It is on this interpretation that the modern spirit has seized, and in accordance with it the modern idea has been moulded. The philosophers' gentleman is still the endless theme of sundry homilies, but he is none the less an abstraction and is likely to remain so. Horace Walpole protested that he was not a learned man, only a gentleman, who potted among chipped vases and ladies' epigrams and court scandal; he would have shuddered if his gay friends had read the Aristotelian meaning into his title of gentleman. The man "foursquare without a flaw" was an instructive ideal, but for bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh we must turn back from the vapourings of philosophy to the truer instincts of poetry. Lesbian song, for instance, welled up from the pure springs of a busy commercial class. But active commercial life, the restless and varied existence of those hardy folk whose business was in the waters, had in it little that was sordid and nothing that was prosaic. The old nobility cast their spell upon society, and tinged with romance the merest commonplaces of life. Love, wine, politics, or warfare are the inexhaustible theme. These *vivid pictures*, framed in scattered fragments of verse, profess to deal

with nothing but the truth. They have at times seemed likely to pay the price of their candour, and have perhaps been rightly described as too realistic for the cold morality of Northern Protestantism. Here at any rate is the gentleman's life as it really was lived, and in the life of the modern gentleman history repeats itself. There is none of the mawkishness of the erotic poetry of the Roman decadence. The Greek gentleman is unschooled in artifice: his very excesses are half redeemed by their freshness.

There is the old story of the man and the maid, but the old story possesses more than its ordinary interest when it is told by Alcaeus and Sappho and in their own words. Alcaeus writes ardently in praise of his mistress, "pure, soft-smiling Sappho." He would speak with her, but shame prevents him. The lady replies in his own metre, but will take neither his meaning nor his pleasure. Her suspicion is conveyed to him in a chilling hypothesis. Shame would not prevent him from open speech with her, did he not harbour some evil intent or thought. But Sappho herself had to feel that love was not so fair as fickle. The scattered fragments of her verse are a pathetic chapter of the intensest human passion. The sorrow and anguish that are of the essence of love and are mingled with love's enchantment are drawn in sore travail from the soul. There is a world of unuttered passion in her complaining of Eros (Gk. ἔρως):

γλυκὸν πικρὸν ἀμάχανον ἔρπετόν

love, that "bitter sweet irresistible beast."

Cruel? but love makes all that love him well
As wise as heaven and crueller than hell.
Me hath love made more bitter towards thee
Than death toward man; but were I made as He
Who hath made all things to break them one by one,
If my feet trod upon the stars and sun,
And souls of men as His have always trod,
God knows I might be crueller than God.¹

Modern prudery has seen fit to lift its skirts and tread daintily by the most beautiful of those sacred relics. Modernism is unspeakably shocked at the unconventionality—that is what pricks the modern social sense—of such regrets as the following—

Δίδυκε μὲν ἂ σελῶνα
καὶ Πληιάδες, μέσαι δὲ
νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ὥρα,
ἔγω δὲ μόννα καθέδω.²

¹ Swinburne, *Anactoria*.

² 'The moon has set, and the Pleiads, and it is midnight, and the hour goes by, but I lie alone.'

This is only a benighted fragment, and perhaps we dare not attempt an interpretation of it out of its context ; but against it and a few others like it have been levelled the venomed lances of outraged prudery, and the poor lady has been covered with epithets which have little flavour of charity.

The home of the Lesbian was chosen by nature to be the sacred precinct of love. In the white heat of those southern gardens the languor of love as the languor of laden flowers settled on all created things. Gardens lit with a blaze of colour ; fountains that sprayed refreshment on the weariness of noontide, orchards where the quivering leaves ministered shade and fruit ; music of nature that never ended, day or night. This was the environment of the poetry of passion.

The verses of Alcaeus read like a prophecy of our Cavalier forefathers, the gay gentlemen of Oxfordshire who rode well to hounds and drew their swords for the king. The storms of politics no less than the storms of love have gone to the fashioning of a gentleman. And wine, "wine that maketh glad the heart of man," Alcaeus has crowned with a rarer chaplet than the flowers with which he often decked the brimming cup. The soldier poet is familiar to our history and fiction, especially of the seventeenth century.

Now, ye wild blades, that make loose inns your stage
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,
Stout Edgehill fight, the Newberries or the West,
And northern clashes, where you still fought best ;
Your strange escapes, your dangers void of fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear.
Whether you fought by Damme or the Spirit,
Of you I speak.

Naturally their loyalty and their wine were boon companions :

Bring the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim ;
'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him,
Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt, ye base carles,
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles !

The riot of wine mad mirth is preserved in the following verses from "Wine, Women and Song" :

In the public house to die
Is my resolution ;
Let wine to my lips be nigh
At life's dissolution ;

That will make the angels cry,
With glad elocution,
"Grant this toper, God or High,
Grace and absolution."¹

A slight discrepancy mars any comparison of Alcaeus with the Cavalier poetasters of our own kind.

Alcaeus was a better poet than a soldier, whereas our poor Wildrakes were more nimble with their swords than with their verses. When it came to sword play the Lesbian *epigrammatist* sinned on the side of prudence; for, after all,

He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day.

But the irresistible "gentleman of honour," to meet whom Cromwell was hard at work training his tapsters, did better service for his sacred Majesty than for the sacred Nine, and it would be no gross libel on his rhymes at least to apply to them the second line of the old epitaph of—

Lord Peter,
Who broke the laws of God and man and metre.

The love-making of the Greeks varied its intensity and fervour with a touch of lighter romance. The campaign was carried on with all the arts that a lover could command for the service of his beloved, and of all the gentle arts the serenade was the prettiest and most attractive. Mr. Symonds imagines the following ode to have been sung by an Athenian lover under the window of his *Endiades*:

Shine forth, my golden sun,
My lovely little one!
Sweet bod of beauty, marking of heaven's grace!
Thou fairest face
Of all that bloom upon the smiling earth:
Why wilt thou slum
These words that wake thee to a happier birth,
Thou thoughtless one?
Nay, slay me not! but rise!
And let thy living eyes
Be to me as the light
Which envious night
For all his clouds and shadows cannot chase away!
It is Melanthius cries:
Arise! Arise!
And beam upon him with thy spirit's day!
Nay, ere he dies,
Be pitiful, and ease
The languor of his love, *Endiades*!

¹J. A. Symonds. (Chatto & Windus, 1884.)

It is not hard, either, to find out what were the accessories and perquisites of the gentle life. The Athenian gentleman had other pleasures besides a well appointed table. For, after all, excellent cakes and loaves, wine-bibbing, the wearing of garlands, and a provident begetting of children were minor and even sordid cares. No doubt it was a pleasant employment to loiter over a dessert of figs and peas and beans, to roast myrtle berries and beech nuts at the fire, and to taste with the precision of a connoisseur the most delicate Attic confectionery ; but if a gentleman was to be something more than an epicure and fly the reproach of belonging to a mere "City of Pigs" he had to affect a much wider range of interests. A categorical enumeration of these would be tedious, but it was the profession of a gentleman to admire painting and embroidery, to acquire valuables in gold and ivory, to practise the arts and music, to indulge rhapsodists, actors, and dancers. A subsidiary item was an army of tutors, wet-nurses, dry-nurses, tire-women, barbers, cooks, and of course doctors.

It was not the genius of the Roman to add much that was original to the sentiment, but he strutted pompously in magnificent and borrowed plumes. Greece set the fashion, and Rome put on the old-fashioned bravery without an attempt at improvisation on her own account. At first it sat awkwardly, and was never worn without some apology or with an uneasy consciousness of guilt. But at length the uneasy feeling passed away and the Roman wore his gilded accomplishments with an air of original proprietorship. And fine gentlemen there were in plenty, though the idea of gentility was cast in a more material and luxurious mould. Moral pedants like Cato kept haughtily aloof from contamination with the accursed thing, but conservatism of that sort was whimsical and problematic. There is no need to search for illustrations of the amours and symposium of the Roman gentleman in the erotic poetry of Latin literature. The pages of Roman history blaze with his brilliance.

The infection spread to the Senate and the camp, and a gentleman's romance hovered over the "House" and perched upon the Imperial Eagles. Pompey, we are told, was so handsome that Roman ladies wished to bite him ; and modern biographers of the great Julius have complained because Cæsar's good looks and charming manners made him the object of malicious scandal which involved him in endless complications and impossible intrigues with half the married women of Rome ! The distracted Cicero at an important crisis could do nothing but wring his hands and spitefully bemoan the inactivity of his colleague Pompey, who sat speechless

in Parliament admiring his fine clothes. And yet Cicero himself sedulously cultivated the life of a gentleman, and in his pleadings before the jury indulged in rapturous excursions into the fairyland of art and fashion, and, fearful lest he should stop short of any one accomplishment in the exacting title, with pathetic vanity he took to writing poetry. A gentleman poetaster is always a picturesque figure, but the father of the fatherland in such an association is as ridiculous as Frederick the Great galloping from a lost battle with a quire of bad verses in one pocket and a vial of poison in the other. Cicero represents what is best in Roman society. He was a *novus homo* and had little to boast of in the *imagines* which were the pride and glory of the great Patrician houses. After him we have plenty of well preserved portraits of the Roman gentleman, but they are such as to dazzle and confuse without delighting the eye. The whole is too plainly overstudied; there is a lavishness in detail which vitiates the general effect. The excesses of the Greek gentleman were picturesque divergences from a prim canon of taste; the excesses of the Roman gentleman were only the painful exaggerations of a part that was already overdone.

The gigantic revolution which inaugurated the triumph of the Teutonic nations altered social no less than political conditions. It was an excellent tonic, which braced a nervous system enervated almost past hope. It seemed at first as if this terrible physic would destroy the system with its pitiless ravages, but the wreckage of the old constitution harboured vitality enough to support the strong infusion of new life. The immediate prototype of the modern gentleman occupies an interesting period of transition between the old and new schools. Christianity put a new face on many aspects of the old Roman civilisation, and from the nature of things it played havoc with the traditional sentiment of gentility. And here again there is no need to evolve the man of quality from the decadent literature of a dotard civilisation, for he is part and parcel of history. The life of Augustine is a curious episode in the long history of this sentiment of gentility. In a little volume of the Confessions there are prefaced categorically the main facts of a life full of incident and interest styled "*Compendiosa D. Augustini vita cum suis annorum notis.*"¹ Under the *præcipua facta* is a statement of his conversion which marks an interesting division—"Tandem coelesti voce percussus convertitur." It is interesting because previous to the "percussion" which effected his conversion he appears to have

¹ *Augustini Confessionum Libri Tredecim.* Parisiis: apud Roger et F. Chernovitz.

typified the gentleman of the later Latin culture. He "professes" rhetoric at Carthage, and pays overmuch respect to astrology; he repairs to Rome; later he professes the *artem oratoriam*, falls under the influence of Ambrose, and is gathered *in sinum Ecclesie catholice*. Under the lenz of an ascetic, and especially an ascetic taking posterity for his father confessor, the virtues and vices of the gentleman are viewed with little discrimination and dismissed with scant respect.

On the vanity of elegant accomplishments he delivers himself thus: "Seducebatur et seducebamus, falsi atque fallentes in variis cupiditatibus, et palam *per doctrinas, quas liberales vocant*, occulte autem falso nomine religionis; hic superbi, ibi superstitiosi, ubique vani. Hac popularis glorie sectantes inanitatem, usque ad theatricos plausus et contentiosa carmina, et agonem, coronarum foenearum, et spectaculorum nugas, et intemperantiam libidinum." In the fourth book he asks with the indignation of rhetoric what the ten categories of Aristotle had availed him when a pupil under a Carthaginian master, who is humorously described lecturing with extraordinary vigour, "buccis typho crepantibus"! He lays it rather bitterly to the charge of the liberal arts that they did not save him from the lust of the flesh: "Et quid mihi proderat, quod omnes libros artium quas liberales vocant, tunc nequissimus malarum cupiditatum servus, per me ipsum legi et intellexi, quoscumque legere potui?"

But after his conversion and baptism he still retains his old æsthetic tastes, and in his most ecstatic moments he confesses how deeply the swell of mighty music moved him: "Quantum flevi in hymnis et canticis tuis, suave sonantis Ecclesie tuæ vocibus commotus acriter! Voces illæ influebant auribus meis, et eliquabatur veritas tua in cor meum; et exæstuabat inde affectus pietatis, et currebant lacrymæ, et bene mihi erat cum eis."

Speaking of the pleasures of the ear in a similar strain he confesses his partiality: "Aliquando enim plus mihi videor honoris eis tribuere quam decet; dum ipsis sanctis dictis religiosius, et ardentius sentio moveri animos nostros in flammam pietatis, cum ita cantantur, quam si non ita cantarentur."

To be sure the reason of his commendation is a pious one: "Adducor . . . cantandi consuetudinem approbare in ecclesia; ut per oblectamenta aurium infirmior animus in affectum pietatis assurgat."

He bridles himself also against the temptations of the eye, and in his enumeration of these he is evidently taking a retrospective glance at his own former tastes. The passage is well worth quoting, and is in his usual ornate and abundant style. "Quam innumerabilia,

variis artibus et opificiis, in vestibus, calceamentis, vasis, et cujusque modi fabricationibus, picturis etiam diversisque figmentis, atque his usum necessarium atque moderatum et piam significationem longe transgredientibus, addiderunt homines ad illecebras oculorum !”

The modern gentleman of our own land will remember with pride that he does not derive his title exclusively from the social virtues of Hellenism. There was an aboriginal substrate which provided the nursery for a more pretentious importation. Before the Roman soldier or the Roman culture had passed into these islands there were gentlefolk of a sort, people of quality with an innate sensibility of the finer things around them. Men of letters like Herodian or Dion Cassius were at pains to give a studied misrepresentation of the distant islanders. A patriotic Scotsman attributes to pardonable superstition such descriptions of the Caledonian of Roman times as include him in a species of “semi-aquatic animal, who passed the greater portion of his time swimming in the lochs.”

Greek romance and the tales of far-travelled men boldly discoursed of one-footed folk and of strange fantasies in the royal line of Thule. “They” (the ancients), says Gibbon, “sometimes amused their fancy by filling the vacant spaces with headless men, or rather monsters, with horrid and cloven-footed satyrs, with fabulous centaurs, and with human pigmies, who waged a bold and doubtful warfare against the cranes.” Of fiction and fairy tale of this sort nothing can be made ; all we have to go upon in the way of conjecture are the *Kjokkenmoddings* or kitchen middens, the relics of the Drift Age, yet even this prehistoric epoch has its affinity with the later ages of culture. “Even if many links in the chain that binds the present to the past be lost, notwithstanding the facility with which the Scot has been credited for constructing a pedigree, we have doubtless his living representative among us still, were we only acute enough to discover him.”¹ A rudimentary conception of art expressed itself in homely and natural fashion. Lubbock speaks of the passion for self-ornamentation as prevailing among the lowest, as much as if not more than among the more civilised races of mankind.² Another historian finds in the beads and amulets of the gravel deposits, in the charnel houses of a rude and hoary antiquity, in the rudely ornamented urns, in the axe-heads of exquisite workmanship, in the mouldering relics of the funeral feast, an expression of the ambition to realise one’s strength in the contemplation of the work of one’s hands, an impressive monitor “that so it has been

¹ Mackinnon, *Culture in Early Scotland*.

² *Origin of Civilisation*.

from of yore, for the same soul moves in primeval savage and modern philosopher, though it reveals itself after a different fashion."

The West slowly took the impression of Roman culture. It passed from Gaul to the British shores; and for long it was accounted the fascination of a magic for the undoing of liberty, a delicious but resistless power. That Thule possessed a professor for itself is probably no more than the fancy of Martial and Juvenal, but that Britain was the conquest of the Gallic schoolmaster is one side of sober truth.

It would be idle to look for any great refinement of taste among a wild untamed people who were as yet only the bewildered spectators of an invader who came with stranger and more potent weapons than the sword and flaming brand. When at length the glory of the new culture and the religion of Christ had stirred them to emulation, they turned to the building of abiding monuments, which with their grave and decorous proportions were the silent prophets of the triumphs of western architecture. The genius and culture of every age have studied to reproduce themselves in the elegance and magnificence of public buildings. "L'architecture a été jusqu'au quinzième siècle le registre principal de l'humanité . . . toute idée populaire comme toute loi religieuse a eu ses monuments; le genre humain enfin n'a rien pensé d'important qu'il ne l'ait écrit en pierre . . . L'architecture est le grand livre de l'humanité, l'expression principale de l'homme à ses divers états de développement, soit comme force, soit comme intelligence."¹

Romance has made King Arthur the centre of a large cycle of legends, and the character of the king has been woven at the poet's pleasure and fancy to wear well on soldier, saint, or gentleman. He was born of some ancient God, the idol of bardic enthusiasm, but under the hand of Geoffrey rose into splendid prominence in mediæval romance. At the end of the twelfth century, when a historian had to clothe his thoughts in language suitable to the exacting taste of the gentle life, Joceline, the monk of Furness Abbey, made a biography of the less shadowy figure of Kentigern. It was his business to present to his readers not so much a saint as the hero of a modern novel, "to clothe so precious a treasure, if not in gold tissue and silk at least in clean linen." Of Kentigern himself nothing can be known with any certainty: it is doubtful if his rigid asceticism would fall in with the easy sentiments of the gay gentleman in orders a span of centuries later. His chatty biographer records of him that

¹ Victor Hugo, *Notre-Dame de Paris*.

"the sight or touch of the most beautiful maiden had no more effect upon him than the hardest flint." For the age of the biographer we expect this was a most unpalatable reminiscence—even of a saint.

We are not surprised to find that the Celtic monk savoured more of the gentleman than the Calvinistic Puritan. He tempered his piety with that cool sense of refreshment which King James sighed for in the Presbyterianism of his Northern Kingdom. The Celt indulged the human passion for ornament, and his piety glowed from an environment dainty and delicate with a hundred and one pleasing trifles. "Even yet," says Dr. Mackinnon, "it requires no small courage on the part of the candidate for the favour of a Presbyterian congregation to appear on the day of the preaching match with a ring on his finger! I have known more than one aspirant for a parish who was prudent enough to denude himself of this emblem of worldliness, and carry it in his vest pocket for the occasion." But those innocent concessions to refined habits of living did nothing to traduce the Celtic monk from the purpose of his calling. By an ingenious trick of plastic art, the representations of Pagan mythology were enlisted in the service of the Christian Church. The gorgeous bestiaries of the Middle Ages are traceable to the cultivation of morality by the symbolism of animal life. The centaurs and winged genii were but the old Pagan pictures set in a new frame. Orpheus was rapidly converted into the Good Shepherd, and the dragon which guarded Andromeda made a tolerable whale of sufficient capacity at least for Jonah. That immortal allegory, richly sculptured, served the ecclesiastics well when speech was helpless before the great mysteries of religion. It may have been a little crude, but as a symbol of the resurrection the interpretation was unmistakable and irresistible. Those who wish to harvest all the attainable information of a bygone culture must examine with their own eyes the quaint museum of curios that tell their own story of the gentle life of the dark centuries.

EPILOGUE.

The eighteenth century, the century of gentlemen, is most representative of the style and sentiment of modern gentility. The preceding centuries contented themselves rather with conning isolated lessons learned from the old schools of fashion and culture. There is to be found a curious gentry in the pages of history and romance; a robust sort typified by Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, a man of letters who combined his bookish tastes with a genius for intrigue in politics and the embarrassments of love. There are the gentle

pilgrims of Chaucer's creation, who rode upon a day to Canterbury in all the bravery in which the observant worldly wise poet set them forth. There are the bold knights who could pay the prettiest compliments to the Virgin Queen, and win or lose a fortune in the high seas with the reckless gaiety of the pirate who was nothing if not a gentleman. There are the knavish gentlemen of history like Wharton, whose manners were shining and irresistible, who was nevertheless, in the conceit of the old Tory, "the most universal villain I ever knew"—the Satan of apostate Whiggism.

But my Lord Chesterfield of the eighteenth century is the best epilogue of the fine sentiment. He gathers together all the subject matter pertaining to it, and presents his son with the ethics of gentility in a body of precise and terse laws. In his advice there is a punctiliousness that would bear comparison with Aristotle, though further comparison is impossible in the matter of morals. Such comments as the following must have a familiar ring to those who are on much less intimate terms with Aristotle's Ethics than with their Bible: "To conclude this article: never walk fast in the street, which is a mark of vulgarity, ill befitting the character of a gentleman or a man of fashion, though it may be tolerable in a tradesman;" or, "In my mind there is nothing so illiberal and so ill bred as audible laughter. It is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter; and that is what people of sense or breeding should show themselves above." It was Chesterfield's experience, he tells his son, that virtue to keep its lustre must be polished like gold. But the furbished virtues must shower their blandishments on all, not merely on "shining and distinguished figures, such as ministers, wits, and beauties." The common run of ugly women and middling men were to be courted with the same assiduity, for that was the price of popularity and general applause. *Mauvaise honte* was productive only of bitter animosities. "I have been in this case, and often wished an obscure acquaintance at the devil for meeting and taking notice of me, when I was in what I thought and called fine company." But the results he found were unpleasant. Music, to be sure, was a liberal art, but a man piping himself at a concert was in degradation. A gentleman should pay the fiddler, but never fiddle himself! His observation on the ostentation of learning is very shrewd and discerning: "Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out, and strike it, merely to show that you have one." Polished and shining manners are prelude and burden of the strain; but nothing overmuch, mannered, or moralled. "We may shine," says my lord, "like the sun in the temperate zone, without scorching."

DANIEL JOHNSTON.

THE RED KINGS DREAM.

“If he left off dreaming,” Tweedledee retorted, “you’d be nowhere. You’re only a sort of thing in his dream. If that king was to wake you’d go out like a candle.”—*Thru’ the Looking Glass.*

NIGHTS hush—and all the deep blush roses pale,
 The valley steeped in dew, and o’er the hill
 (Crown’d with dark firs) a shrouding, misty veil—
 One watching o’er the scene, where all is still,
 And seems but to exist for those lone eyes
 Now keeping vigil. Low there sets the star
 Which brightly lit the azure ev’ning skies,
 And some faint streak of grey, from East afar,
 Tells of a morning when the world will be
 Not for one watch alone, but brightly gleam
 For many ; and there dawns reality—
 Or are we always phantoms in a dream ?

Whose dream ? My dream ? Surely the dream is mine
 Here, in the silence. Yet, at waking day,
 Love ! I would rather that the dream was thine
 Than I without thee walked Love’s living way !
 Thy dream ! But then at this calm hush, when night
 Broods o’er still sleeping day, life’s mysteries
 Seem nearer, truer, than the deeds of light—
 My soul and thine alike as part of these.
 Our dream ? Then, waking, shall each cease to be ?
 With dawn of day the rose is deeper hue ;
 When day shall dawn will not my love for thee
 Know all that source of truth whence comes the true ?

O Red King, dreaming ! what are we and ours
 If thou dost wake ? And even what are we
 Whilst thou dost slumber thro’ our living hours ?
 And what *is* life, and what reality ?

All that we *know* is change. The fact of seeing
 Stamps it but passing shadow, which may last
 One year or many ; but it's changeful being,
 So late the future, soon must be the past.
 Thou wak'st, we pass away—but passing where ?
 Going out. But what *is* outside ? Dies the flame :
 And has earth passed with that one flick'ring flare ?
 Did the faint rushlight give the world a name ?

Comes there a colour o'er the rose—a sound
 Where hang the creepers in untrain'd array,
 Festoon'd for feather'd homes ; a rustling sound
 Of wings, to flap the freshen'd air of day.
 The chill stream bathes the feet of rising dawn,
 The river bird knows where the rushes bend
 With Morning's breath, the dew be-tassell'd awn,
 Her pink-tipped fingers raise and greeting send
 From rosy lips o'er all the earth. Dost still
 Slumber adown the wood, strange, sleeping King ?
 There is a golden glow o'er yonder hill,
 And at thy feet hath sprung the fairy ring
 From warm, moist earth, which all thy dreams have made
 Enchanted ground. Then, if I, dream-form'd, rove
 Only while thou art here in slumber laid,
 Dream thou of Earth's one dream of Heaven—*Love* !

I am but living in that dream ? I care
 For that not one spent petal of the rose—
 So where I am my love is also there !
 Then let the Red King's eyes in slumber close.
 Or if he wake and we are outside ? Well—
 We are outside *together*, and dim space
 Has no black darkness. In a dream, to dwell
 With Love were worth full many firmer place !
 The pines stand sentinel to guard this way,
 The cup-moss here is at its loveliest.
 Dream on ! The cold cares of prosaic day
 May gain a glamour from this couch of rest.

The waters thro' the cold, dull afternoon
 Flow on. The sunny ripple comes again.
 The silver beams of Autumn's harvest moon
 Will follow long dark nights. And what is gain

Is loss so soon—how do we even dare
To think that such is life—in truth and all?
The fitting shadows mock us everywhere,
There is no answer to the spirit call
For substance. O! Red King, I kiss thy brow,
Sleep on! For thou hast dream'd sweet dreams for me,
And what was not sweet I forgive thee now—
'Tis such a fraction of eternity
Thy slumber takes. Yet would I pray thee, sleep,
Dream on! For sometimes waking is a sorrow;
While in *this* dream, I know, but shadows weep,
But cannot tell who weeps in that to-morrow!

E. M. RUTHERFORD.

TABLE TALK.

A HOLIDAY SUGGESTION.

TO those (including, as I hope, the majority of my readers) who do not find the slaughter of grouse or any other form of destruction an indispensable accompaniment of a holiday, and who have not mapped out schemes of Alpine climbing or seaside ablution, and yet feel it incumbent on them to quit London for awhile—a duty or obligation which weighs lightly on me—let me commend the revisiting of some group of our English cathedral churches. Of course, I do not prohibit an exploration of the whole. Nowhere, to my thinking, can repose be found more peaceful, or more enchanted, than in a quiet cathedral close with the daws swarming around the towers and clamouring without disturbing the calm. Mine is a zeal without knowledge. I am shamefully ignorant of architecture of all sorts, and especially of ecclesiastical architecture, yet I know no form of man's work that appeals to me so directly and so strongly. I do not think I could bear to live the rest of my life in a place such as Wells, Lichfield, or Ely, as I would scarcely on any conditions forswear the intellectual collision and unrest of London. Yet I am not sure that to do so, to spend one's life drinking in and absorbing, so to speak, every phase of beauty and delight to be drawn from one Gothic building, such as Wells, would not be as pleasurable and remunerative as retiring, as Byron suggests, to the desert for a dwelling-place,

With one fair spirit for my minister.

For every cathedral church, and I know all that are within practical reach in Western Europe, has a physiognomy as distinct as that of a beloved woman. There may be rhapsody in the comparison, but there is no irreverence.

ENGLISH CATHEDRAL CHURCHES.

LET the reader summon up his memories, for I will not assume that there is one who cannot do so, of Durham, York, and Lincoln, of Peterborough, Norwich, and Ely, of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, of Canterbury, of Salisbury, of Winchester, of Exeter, of Wells, and say, if he dares, which he likes best. I

use no qualifying adjective concerning these edifices, since, in fact, I lack the courage so to do. The language of eulogy seems weak and powerless to characterise our superb fanes. It seems to me as if any one of them might justify a life's devotion, and there are, I believe, those who dwell beside them who yield them such. I am willing to admit the claims of edifices such as are to be seen in Rouen, Amiens, Rheims, Paris, Orleans, Bourges, and Chartres, some of them, perhaps, more brilliant than anything that we can show. But our English architects seem to have consciously or unconsciously absorbed the influence of English surroundings, and our English churches have a reposeful beauty which I find nowhere else. Let the reader pardon me an outburst in which I do not often indulge. The summer brings with it "immortal longings," and I would like to infect one here and there of my readers with the notion of breathing the balmy atmosphere of the English close, and contemplating once more the glories of an English cathedral.

A SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A FRIEND of mine, a scholar of high position and editor of a well-known literary periodical, suggests the formation of a society for the protection of the English language, and surely something of the kind seems to be needed. In presence of the assaults made upon it by those who should be its defenders, it calls for protectors as loudly as do the children, animals, and birds which we are always trying to defend. Possessors of one of the noblest and richest tongues that man has devised or obtained, we treat it with neglect equally incomprehensible and shameful. It is painful to contrast the cultivation of style which prevails in France and extends to Spain, Italy, and Belgium, with the neglect, almost amounting to contempt, exhibited in England. Ignorance and rapidity of production are responsible for the slovenliness of much of our Press work. It would be futile, however, to pretend that the writers for the Press are the only offenders. Scarcely one of our producers of history, science, or *belles lettres* is there that extends the slightest consideration or homage to our language. Most of them, indeed, might almost be charged with mangling purposely the bosom from which they draw their sustenance.

RESPECT PAID TO ENGLISH IN PAST TIMES.

IT was not always thus. In those Tudor times in which our language took the shape, lovely and majestic, it has long borne, and still at times exhibits, men prized it as

The richest treasure that our wit affords.

In lines which should live for ever in men's hearts, Samuel Daniel, the poet, animated by a fine spirit of prophecy, asks—

Or should we, carelesse, come behinde the rest
 In powre of wordes, that goe before in worth,
 Whereas our accent, equall to the best,
 Is able greater wonders to bring forth :
 When all that euer hotter spirits exprest
 Comes betted by the patience of the North ?
 And who, in time, knowes whither we may send
 The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
 This gaine of our best glory shall be sent,
 T' enrich vnknowing Nations with our stores ?
 What worlds in th' yet vnformèd Occident
 May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours ?
 Or, who can tell for what great worke in hand
 The greatnes of our Stile is now ordain'd ?

I quote, not as I fear for the first time, though it is very long since I used them, these words, the beauty and justice of which cannot easily be over-praised, using for the purpose, since the poem whence they are taken, "Musophilus," is not even now easily accessible in a modern form, the edition of 1602. The mission of our tongue is not yet accomplished, and beside the "unformed Occident," with which men's minds in Daniel's time were filled, we are spreading the "accents that are ours" over "the gorgeous East," and over an austral world of which Daniel never dreamed. Who shall limit the extent or the sway of our language? Who also dares talk of the greatness of our (modern) style, or dream of foreign nations being "refined" by such accents as we now use?

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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A WILD IRISHMAN'S EXPLOIT.

BY JOHN K. LEYS.

MR. JOSEPH BELLINGER was the editor and sole proprietor of the *Weekly Mirror (and Critic)*, a steady-going, old-fashioned, weekly journal. The *Mirror* had been established many years. It had had a considerable reputation in its day, but that day was now long past; lately it had not been doing very well, for it had been eclipsed by younger and more dashing rivals. It did not pursue any special path, but meandered over all things in heaven and earth in a sober and somewhat melancholy fashion, from week to week and from year to year.

Mr. Bellinger resembled his journal. He too was steady, old-fashioned, stiff, somewhat feeble, and very discursive in his talk. But at the office of the *Mirror*, the old man was an autocrat. His sub-editor, Thomas Larkyns, was little more than a proof-reader, except for the fact that he wrote an article and a column of personal paragraphs for the paper every week.

On one point only had Mr. Bellinger yielded to his subordinate's suggestions. Mr. Larkyns had represented that it was absolutely necessary to have a column or two of Personal paragraphs—"Personal Tit-bits"—the sub-editor wished to call them. After much argument the new feature in the paper was announced; but Mr. Bellinger with a frown drew his heavy goose-quill through the title beloved of the sub-editor, and substituted "Personal Notes and Anecdotes." In all other matters it was the same. Nothing of an objectionable or even a questionable tendency ever appeared in the *Mirror*. One might have thought that the sheet was issued by the Religious Tract Society, so free was it from scandal, *persiflage*, or frivolous matter.

And it may be imagined that it was often extremely difficult for Mr. Larkyns to find—as it was his duty to do every week—a supply of “personal” paragraphs which would suit the fastidious taste of Mr. Bellringer, and would be, at the same time, worth printing.

It was the height of the season; London was very full; and the *Mirror* was pursuing the even tenor of its way, when Mr. Bellringer was suddenly summoned to Brussels, to see an aged aunt, from whom he had long expected a fat legacy. So, although it was Thursday morning (an important day at the office of the *Mirror*), he made preparations to set out at once.

“You must write the leader yourself this week,” he said to Mr. Larkyns. “Be moderate; above all things be judiciously moderate. I think the new commercial treaty with Denmark will be as good a subject as any. And do take care of your ‘Personal Notes.’ Don’t be too personal, I would say. Give no one any ground for complaint. I shall be back by Monday, I expect.—Good-day.”

Friday morning found Mr. Thomas Larkyns at the office, laboriously constructing top-heavy sentences with no meaning in particular, about a commercial treaty with Denmark, when the door of his sanctum was pushed rudely open, and a brother of the quill, a jovial Irishman named Dennis O’Flaherty, walked into the room.

“Get away, Dennis; I’m busy,” said Larkyns virtuously.

“Where’s the ould cock?” responded O’Flaherty, nodding his head towards the editor’s room.

“Gone to Brussels.”

“The Divil he has! Thin ye’ll just come with me, Tommy, my lad. Lightfoot and Marrable and one or two more of us are going to make up a party. We lunch at the Cock Pheasant at half-past two, and go to see Tottie Howard in ‘Sly-Boots’ in the evening. Tomorrow we all run down to Marrable’s place at Richmond. His better half’s away. We’ll play whist or poker and drink whiskey, all Saturday, Saturday night and Sunday, and come back to town on Monday morning mightily refreshed. What say you, old man?”

“I’d be delighted to go with you,” said Larkyns ruefully; “but I’ve got this confounded article to write, and a heap of proofs to correct, and——”

“Is that all? Go on grinding out the meal, and I’ll take a look at these little slips.”

So saying Mr. O’Flaherty threw aside his hat, lit a cigar, tilted his chair back on its hind legs, and picked up a proof-sheet.

Long before the article was finished, the proofs had been disposed of; and the Irishman left his friend on the understanding that he

would turn up at the Cock Pheasant at half-past two, or as soon after as he could.

Never had an article given Larkyns such trouble as this one did. The sentences would not come right; they would not hang together even decently. A thousand times the young fellow cursed his employer's folly in tying him down to a barren subject about which it was next to impossible to say anything. But the most tiresome tasks get finished at last. The article was at length completed and despatched to the printers, with instructions that the proofs were to be forwarded to him at the Cock Pheasant.

It was past three before Tom Larkyns joined his friends; and lunch (which was practically their dinner) was nearly over. However, he ate and drank heartily, making up for lost time. After his meal he drank the best part of a bottle of sherry; and he had just reached an extremely comfortable stage when a waiter brought in a note for him.

He tore open the envelope, glanced at the scrawl within, and uttered a cry of dismay.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the company.

"Matter enough!" cried the luckless journalist, dropping his head upon his hand. "I'm ruined! I've forgotten my column of 'Personal Notes!'" It was true. The unmanageable article had so filled his mind that he had entirely forgotten the "Notes."

"We started them just a month ago," said Larkyns, "and I know my chief will never forgive my going to press without them. Besides, I haven't anything ready to fill the space. What *shall* I do? I'm in no condition to write now."

"Hold up your head, Tommy," said O'Flaherty. "I'm the soberest man present. *I'll* write your pars. Get me a dozen sheets of note-paper and a pen," he added to the waiter.

Larkyns grasped his friend's hand with the effusive gratitude of a man who has taken as much wine as he can conveniently carry; and O'Flaherty retired into a corner with the writing materials.

In an hour and a half the task was completed; and O'Flaherty carried his good-nature so far as to go down to the printers an hour or two later, and see the paper put through the final stages before going to press. He then joined the rest of the party at the theatre.

The Richmond programme was carried out; and on Monday forenoon Larkyns entered the office of the *Mirror* a little pale, and a little shaky, but otherwise none the worse for his excursion.

"Mr. Bellringer has returned, sir," said one of the clerks to him.

"Oh!"

Tom pulled himself together, and entered the editor's room. Mr. Bellringer was sitting at his writing-table, his elbows on the table, and his head between his hands.

"Good-morning, sir," said Mr. Larkyns, with a feeble smile.

The editor looked up, and the sub-editor's smile died away. Mr. Bellringer was glaring at him like a wild beast! Then suddenly, with a half-articulate cry, the old man jumped up from his seat, sprang on his sub-editor, grasped him by the coat collar with both hands, and shook the unfortunate journalist as hard as he could.

"Mr. Bellringer! Sir! Why do you—? What—do you mean?" gasped Larkyns, as he swayed to and fro. Mr. Bellringer had been a powerful man in his youth, and was still rather muscular.

"Mean!" shouted the owner of the *Mirror*; "I mean that you have ruined me! At least you have ruined my journal. Such infernal impudence I never heard of! But you shall suffer for it! Oh, but you shall pay for it dearly! I will encourage these people to prosecute you—criminal information, of course. You'll get on an average, I should say, six months for each offence—say three years' imprisonment. *That* will settle you, you villain! *That* will teach you to sting the bosom that warmed you, and bring an old man's grey hairs with sorrow——"

"Look here, sir," said Larkyns firmly, "I'm verry sorry if anything's gone wrong, but really I don't know what it is."

This cool impertinence (as it seemed) almost stupefied Mr. Bellringer.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that you do not *know* what you have done? Have you no conscience? No sense of decency? No brains left you?"

"If it's anything in the *Mirror*, I may tell you I haven't seen a copy of the last issue. I've been in the country—for my health's sake—and have just returned."

Mr. Bellringer's passion mastered him once more.

"*Read that!*" he screamed, thrusting a copy of his journal under his sub-editor's nose. "Read it, sir! Read it aloud!" And Mr. Larkyns read as follows:—

"The upper ten (if one may so speak) of the ecclesiastical world is talking of nothing but the unfortunate scrape—to call it by no harsher name—in which the Bishop of one of the northern dioceses has unfortunately become entangled. It appears that about a month ago his lordship took a railway journey from London to his own cathedral city, travelling in a smoking carriage, for (as everybody knows) his lordship is in private an inveterate lover of the weed. When the prelate chose his carriage it had already one occupant—a

lady well known to the frequenters of the Frivolity Theatre for her skill as a *dansense*. The Bishop's friends say that there was no other seat in a smoking carriage available, except one filled by some artisans of his lordship's flock in a state of semi-intoxication; but another account states that when the guard with some difficulty made room elsewhere, his lordship, glancing at the charming face of the young lady opposite, pointedly refused to move. Be this as it may, there can be little doubt that the bishop and the *dansense* travelled together from ten A.M.—well, several hours. It is whispered that the young lady parted from his lordship under the firm impression that she was engaged to be married to him; and that the result would inevitably have been an action for breach of promise, had it not been for the well-known fact that his lordship is a married man—as much married, in fact, as was Bishop Proudie himself. At present, the shot hangs fire; but as a man's being married is no legal bar to an action of this nature, we may expect some day soon an amusing trial; unless the fair actress consents to compromise her claim. We can authoritatively contradict the report that his lordship is honorary prelate to the Church and Stage Guild. On the contrary, his lordship has always been considered a strict Evangelical."

"Horrible! Infamous! Atrocious!" cried Mr. Bellringer.

Mr. Larkyns groaned, and the paper fell from his hands. He remembered only too well. The traitor O'Flaberty had done this thing.

"Go on, sir! Go on!" screamed Mr. Bellringer.

Mr. Larkyns went on, and found that two columns were filled with paragraphs of this description. In many cases hints were given as to the identity of the persons lampooned, hints which might apply equally well to any one of half a dozen people. "A maiden lady of uncertain age, and yet more uncertain temper," but related to one of the oldest families in England, had clandestinely married her youngest footman. The sale of Dunderton Castle, "which our readers will find advertised in all the leading dailies," had become necessary, owing to the frightful losses which his Grace had sustained at baccarat. And so on.

"Well, sir, what have you to say to all this?" cried Mr. Bellringer, in a voice that was hoarse with rage. "I have had visits from several indignant gentlemen, each supposing himself to be the brother of the lady who had married her footman. As for the story about the Bishop, it's simply blasphemous—shocking. Then, the Duke of Dunderton——"

"But—but there isn't any Duke of Dunderton!" ejaculated Mr. Larkyns.

"It doesn't matter," said Mr. Bellringer severely, "the names may be fictitious, but the persons are real enough, or at any rate the slanders are—these gross, false, wicked calumnies are real. Can you deny *that*, sir?"

There was no answering arguments like this, and the unlucky sub-editor began to explain that under the stress of work he had left it to a friend on the press to write the paragraphs; but the proprietor of the *Mirror* would not listen to him.

"It doesn't matter, sir, whether it was by utter neglect of your duties or by wilful malice that you allowed such abominable falsehoods—or childish nonsense—to appear in my journal," said Mr. Bellringer, in a lofty yet angry tone. "Meantime the least you can do is to sign this Retractation and Apology." So saying the old man placed before the delinquent the draft of an apology so humble in its tone that Larkyns's cheeks flushed as he read it. Still, he reflected, some explanation was due, and he was not in a position to stand upon trifles. He seized a pen and signed the sheet.

"Now you can go, and I hope never to see you again," said Mr. Bellringer with a grim smile, as he locked the Apology up in his drawer.

"What, sir? Am I dismissed?" cried poor Larkyns.

"Dismissed? Certainly. What else did you expect, pray?"

The young man's heart seemed to leap into his mouth. He turned on his heel without a word, and walked out into the street, the pitiless London streets, which seem to the unfortunate colder and harder than any other streets in the world.

All that day he spent in trying to find another situation—unsuccessfully. On Tuesday he fell in with O'Flaherty, who received Larkyns's story with shouts of untrammelled laughter, till the melancholy end was reached. The Irishman was sincerely sorry, which did not do the unhappy man much good.

On Thursday Larkyns remembered that the *Mirror* owed him a little money, and he thought he had better call and see the cashier. He did so, and learned to his surprise that Mr. Bellringer had not been at the office since Monday. A little further inquiry made him aware that the unfortunate journalist, tormented by threats of actions for damages and criminal prosecutions, and wincing under the sarcasms of his sympathising friends, had immured himself in his house at Bayswater, abandoning himself to the gloomiest forebodings. As for the *Mirror*, Mr. Bellringer had apparently left it to take care of itself. Except the abject Apology which Larkyns had signed under the impression that it would be accepted as an atone-

ment for his fault, there was nothing in type for the next issue. It looked as if O'Flaherty's ill-timed jest would prove the death-blow of the poor old *Mirror*.

When Larkyns had ascertained all this, he went to a tavern where he knew he should probably find O'Flaherty and confided to him the fact of the imminent decease of the *Mirror*. "And in fact, Dennis, I'm not sorry," he added, "for the vindictive old ass, Bellringer, has the Apology he wrung from me in type, ready for insertion, with my name in letters half an inch long at the foot. I should never be able to hold up my head again if that thing were published."

The Irishman went on sipping his brandy and water for some little time in silence: then suddenly he started up, and absolutely forgetting to empty his glass called out, "Wait for me here!" to his friend, and hurried from the room.

An hour—two hours—passed, and O'Flaherty returned, evidently in a state of great excitement.

"I've done it, Tommy," said he.

"Done what?"

"I've bought the *Mirror*!"

"But—but you've got no money to pay for it."

"It doesn't matter. I'll keep it going; that's the main thing. I made the old man take bills; and if I can't meet them out of the profits of the paper I'm no worse off than I was before. Will you have a half share with me?"

"On these terms—that I take profits, and can't pay losses?—certainly!" said Larkyns, staring at his friend.

"I consider you're entitled to that," said the Irishman; "but come along, my boy. You and I have to write a whole number of the *Mirror* before this time to-morrow; so there's no rest for you or me this night."

When Mr. Bellringer opened his copy of the *Mirror* on Saturday morning, expecting to find in it the Apology (a masterpiece, he flattered himself, in that species of literature), he found instead the following Editorial, which proceeded, it is needless to say, from the facile pen of Mr. D. O'Flaherty:—

"To our great surprise and intense amusement, we find that the column of 'Personal Notes' in our last issue, which we intended as a piece of harmless fun, has been taken seriously by some worthy people. It may sound incredible, but such is the fact. Enraged fathers and furious brothers have called and threatened us with sudden and unprovided death because we said an old lady had

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er footman ! She can't have had *all* those fathers and
From every diocese in the province of York old ladies
(female) have undertaken a journey to London on purpose
us, and ask us to tell them in the strictest confidence if it
dear bishop who travelled with the actress. Nay more, we
al letters from the wives of bishops' chaplains, offering to
e our veracious anecdote by evidence of similar incidents
y to themselves. Alas, for poor human nature !”
Flaherty followed this up with a series of paragraphs more
more amusing than the former ones, as well as a couple
to correspond. The old subscribers to the paper were
but the paper sold, and succeeded better than it had ever
he reign of Mr. Bellringer. O'Flaherty and his friend
exceedingly ; and they are flourishing still.

THE NOVELS OF PÉREZ GALDOS.

BEFORE the beginning of the present year few persons outside of Spain had ever heard of Benito Pérez Galdós. One of his novels, "Doña Perfecta," had, it is true, been translated into several European languages, but the translations had made little stir even in literary circles. Suddenly, however, in the first quarter of 1901 there appeared at Madrid a play called "Electra," which obtained a success such as few dramas have ever had in Spain, and which has gained for Pérez Galdós a European reputation. Not, indeed, on account of the literary merit of the piece, for if "Electra" had been performed in Paris or London it would probably have been pronounced mediocre and uninteresting. But it so chanced that the first representation of the play coincided with the most violent outburst of anti-clericalism which Spain has known since the days of the Liberal Minister, Mendizábal, in 1836. The public, embittered against the friars by the privileges enjoyed in respect of taxation by those semi-religious bodies, was raised to fury by the revelations of the Ubao case—an action brought by the guardians of a rich young lady to obtain her release from a convent, in which she had been incarcerated against their wishes but with her own consent. At this juncture—when the excitement had reached a pitch that the particular convent in question was in danger of being burned to the ground by the mob, and monks and nuns found it wiser all over the country to keep out of the way—Pérez Galdós produced his drama, a work full of allusions to clerical tyranny. Never has author known better how to seize the psychological moment. "Electra" has proved to be a perfect example of Mr. Kipling's theory that "it does not matter *what* you write, provided you know *when* to write it." At once the Liberal Press throughout Spain hailed the play as a new programme for the anti-clerical party. The bishops, by forbidding the faithful to attend any representations of the "immoral" piece, naturally gave it a tremendous advertisement, and all Spain, from San Sebastián to Algeciras, flocked to the theatre whenever "Electra" was advertised. So great was the alarm of the

clergy that in clerical Seville they laboured, with success, to secure the boycott of the drama in the local Press. But elsewhere their efforts failed. Even the rival charms of the bull-fight paled before the delights of applauding the anti-clerical hits in the play, and of shouting "*¡Mueran los frailes!*" ("Death to the friars!") and "*¡Viva la Libertad!*" The sixtieth performance, which took place when the present writer was in Madrid, was a perfect triumph for the author, who further increased his popularity by handing over the proceeds to the poor of the capital. No nation reads less than the Spaniards, who appear to consider a love of books as a sign of a vacant mind. Yet "*Electra*" has reached the—for Spain—unprecedented sale of 20,000 copies, and it is usually the only book that can be purchased at the one bookseller's shop of a small Spanish town. Meanwhile the name and fame of the dramatist spread abroad. He had become at a bound the most prominent man in Spain; he had quite thrown the Sagastas and the Silvelas of politics into the shade; he had even striven successfully with Cerrajillas, the noted bull-fighter, in the race for notoriety, and reports of "*Electra*" threatened to crowd out the daily bulletins of that wounded gladiator's health from the columns of the Madrid papers. As public men in Spain usually decline to lead public opinion, Pérez Galdós became in himself a leader, and the most widely read Austrian paper published a long article from his pen on "Spain of To-day," which was reproduced all over the Peninsula. From Portugal, where there is an anti-clerical movement similar to that in Spain, came eager applications from rival managers for the dramatic rights of the notorious drama. An impetus was also given to the sale of the author's previous works in Spain, and the volumes of his "*Episodios Nacionales*," bound in the red and yellow of the national colours, enlivened the windows of the *Puerta del Sol*. By yet another stroke of luck the publication of the last volume of that series of historical novels, "*Bodas Reales*" ("*Royal Marriages*"), happened to coincide with the very unpopular royal marriage of the Princess of Asturias, the young King's sister and possible successor. Pérez Galdós's novel had nothing to do with the Princess and her husband, but took its title from those "*Spanish marriages*" which, in 1846, led to so much unpleasantness between Great Britain and France. The name was, however, quite enough for the enterprising publisher, and the reputation of the novelist as the interpreter of what Liberal Spain was thinking received further confirmation. To-day it is not too much to say that Pérez Galdós is the one living Spanish writer whose name has any significance north of the Pyrenees, and the one author

who wields influence south of that range of mountains at which, it was once sarcastically said, "Africa begins."

To those who desire to gain some acquaintance with the romantic episodes which made up so much of Spanish life in the first half of the last century, no better guide can be recommended than this popular novelist and dramatist. For a number of years Pérez Galdós concentrated all his efforts on the production of a great prose epic which should do for modern Spain what Zola's "Rougon-Macquart" series of novels did for modern France, and what the late Gustav Freytag in his "Ahnen" did for Germany across the ages. The thirty volumes of the "Episodios Nacionales" cover the whole field of Spanish affairs from the battle of Trafalgar, which gives its name to the first of the series, down to the Royal Marriages, which furnish a title to the last. During those forty-one years Spain was almost constantly the theatre of great historic events which attracted the attention of the whole world, and in which Englishmen played an important part. The Peninsular War, the Restoration of the Bourbons, the march of the French through the country under the Duc d'Angoulême, the wretched reign of Fernando VII. with the "Apostolical" rising, the intrigues round the sick-bed of the miserable despot, the proclamation of Isabel II., the first Carlist War, and the subsequent disturbances of the military chiefs—all these form the background to the pictures of Spanish life which the novelist has drawn in this his longest and most interesting work. All the leading men and women of the period are presented to us as living personages of the narrative, with all their virtues and defects portrayed at times in almost Tacitean colours. We have the Queen-Regent of those days, the lovely Neapolitan, Maria Cristina, of whom a Carlist said to the dejected Pretender, "everything would have been otherwise if your Majesty's august sister-in-law had been born with a squint,"¹ and whose "beauty was the political support to which both Liberty and the Monarchy owed their principal successes."² We are told how she captivated all hearts when she entered Madrid as a blushing bride in the winter of 1829, and how poets exhausted their vocabulary of complimentary epithets in their desire to do her honour. In another novel we have a description of her abdication and departure from Valencia in 1840. We are shown the marked contrast between Don Carlos and his greatest general, the ill-fated Zumalacarrigui, "the former the living personification of absolutism, the latter the personification of the formidable national force which loved and defended it."³

¹ *Mendizábal*, p. 165.

² *Ibid.* p. 163.

³ *Zumalacarrigui*, p. 293.

In one volume after another we see the self-styled Carlos V., narrow and obstinate, beloved by his friends, yet devoid of every particle of statesmanship, keeping up a miserable and distracted Court, now at Oñate, now at some wretched mountain hamlet where a dish of beans was regarded as a luxury for the royal table, but always and everywhere the victim of monks and friars, and solemnly proclaiming the Virgin as the *Generalisima* of his armies. No writer has studied Carlism more carefully than Pérez Galdós, and, opposed to it as he is from conviction, he yet does justice to the sterling qualities of the rank and file on both sides. He makes a Sicilian diplomatist say of the Pretender's Court at Oñate: "My friend, here everything you see is false, and in this diminutive capital you will find no more truth than in the big one at Madrid; false is the piety of most of these courtiers; hypocritical is their belief in the divine right of this poor comedy-king; deceptive is the enthusiasm of those who loaf about in the army and in the public offices." Yet the same cynical observer is made to continue: "The one element of truth is the *people* in its ignorance and its innocence; that is why it is the donkey which bears all the burdens. *It* does everything: *it* fights, *it* pays the costs of the campaign, *it* dies, *it* rots away in misery, so that these phantoms may live and glut their greed of place and pelf."¹ And in the same novel the author expresses the same contrast in his own words: "The story of the 'Apostolical' and Royalist campaigns and that of the mutual extermination of Spaniards during the dynastic war down to the Convention of Vergara cause grief and horror, because of the vast scale on which lives were sacrificed, and the pettiness of the persons in whose names the most flourishing part of the nation died or allowed itself to be butchered."² Yet, as one of the characters in a later volume confesses, "Spain is an invalid which can only live by being bled"; and, again, "The Spaniard is a born fighter, and when he cannot have a natural war he invents one."³

The military leaders on either side come off better than the titular heads of the contending factions. The two men whom Galdós most loves to honour are Zumalacarregui the Carlist and Espartero the champion of the "angelic" Isabel. Honesty and simplicity are typified in the doughty guerilla chief who is sent by the intriguers of the Carlist headquarters, against his own wishes, to besiege Bilbao, then as now the great Liberal stronghold in the North. Few scenes in this whole epic of civil war are more pathetic than that in which

¹ *De Oñate á la Granja*, p. 185.

² *Ibid.* 206-7.

³ *Montes de Oca*, pp. 22, 62.

the wounded Carlist is taken to die in his simple village home. "He was," such is the author's epitaph upon him and at the same time upon his party, "the soul and the arm of the Absolute Monarchy, and the Carlist cause died with him. Although its ghost has not even yet been laid to rest, Carlism was buried with the bones of Zumalacarregrui beneath the flags of the parish church of Cegama."¹ On the other side, Espartero, hero of the bridge of Luchana, reliever of Bilbao and Duke of Victory, who wound up the first Carlist War by the pact of Vergara with the more moderate section of his opponents under Maroto, comes in for unstinted praise. He is held up as a colossal figure, such as Spain no longer produces, and his ambition is forgiven because of his firmness of character. For Galdós, Liberal though he be, is under no illusions. "In our country of chick-peas and military risings," he writes, "the successful soldier is the only possible saviour."² "Every Spaniard," says one of the characters in "Los Apostólicos," "when he demands Liberty, means his own, caring little about that of his neighbour. Despotism beats in every Spanish heart and runs in all Spanish veins. It is our second nature, it is the leprous inheritance of past centuries, and will only be cured by the lapse of centuries to come."³ Hence the author's manifest liking for such another strong man as the Carlist leader, Cabrera, nicknamed "the leopard," whose bloody reprisals for the savage murder of his mother by the other side are described in "La Campaña del Maestrazgo." Yet the folly and futility of all these operations and all this bloodshed are never concealed. "Why are we fighting?" asks one of the people in this last-named novel. "If I examine the question thoroughly, I find no reason for this butchery. Liberty, forsooth! Religion! The rights of the Queen, or those of Don Carlos! When I set to work to philosophise on this war, I can't help bursting out laughing; and, laughing and thinking, I end by convincing myself that we are all mad. Do you think that Cabrera cares one jot for the rights of his male Majesty? or that those on the other side care one jot for the rights of her female Majesty? I believe that they are both striving for domination and office, and for nothing more."⁴ And elsewhere, in "Los Apostólicos," Galdós reads his countrymen a severe lesson on the results of this insensate struggle between rival parties in the field. "The outline of our country," he writes, "does not resemble a geographical map, but the strategic plan of an endless battle. Our people is not a people, but an army. Our Government does not govern, it defends

¹ *Zumalacarregrui*, p. 308.² *Los Apostólicos*, pp. 229-30.³ *Mendióbal*, p. 130.⁴ *La Campaña del Maestrazgo*, pp. 69-70.

itself. Our parties are not parties as long as they have no generals. Our mountains are trenches, and that is why they have been wisely stripped of trees. Our plains are left uncultivated, in order that artillery may career over them. Our commerce exhibits a traditional nervousness, caused by the fixed idea that *to-morrow* there will be a row. . . . Peace is here merely a preparation for the next struggle, a brief breathing-space, in which men dress their wounds and clean their weapons in readiness to begin again."¹ No words could better express the modern history of Spain.

While he reserves his warmest admiration for the generals, Galdós is not unkind to the politicians pure and simple—if purity and simplicity can be predicated of any politicians. For Mendizábal, the famous Liberal Minister, who honestly tried to rid Spain of the incubus which still impedes her progress—the friars and the nuns—he has a profound liking. The strange career of this able man is of special interest at the present moment, when Spain is confronted by exactly the same problem which he tried in vain to solve in 1836. Galdós devotes a whole novel to the statesman whom the Spaniards summoned in their despair from his counting-house in London to save the State, and who relied more on Villiers, the British Ambassador, than on his own followers. He shows us at once the strength and the weakness of the popular idol of that day—his un-Spanish, English style of speaking; his great knowledge of affairs and his small knowledge of the classics; his vast plans of reform and his petty vanities of dress; his gigantic stature, which earned him the nickname of "Don John-and-a-half"; and his small feet, of which he was extremely proud. His rapid rise and still more rapid fall are depicted, and the scene in which the fallen Minister quits his post is one of singular dignity. Palace intrigue, and the lack of that "glorious Parliamentary oratory which is in Spain and in the Spanish genius a sort of combative poetry," caused his failure.² Besides, the Spaniards love "to throw stones at the idol which they have set up."³ Galdós evidently believes that what Spain wants is a new Mendizábal who would secularise the monasteries and abolish the friars. Yet he is not, as he has been described by his enemies, an advocate of violence, even towards the religious orders. Some time ago a rabid Spanish paper published a cartoon reminding the Madrid populace how its forbears had set fire to the convents and massacred their inmates on the fatal 16th of July, 1834. But Galdós, in his graphic account of that event, is all on the side of humanity and the friars.

¹ *Los Apostólicos*, p. 63.

² *Ibid.* p. 57.

³ *Montes de Oca*, p. 48.

He tells us how the alarm of Asiatic cholera, then an unknown disease, fell upon the ignorant mob; how some playful children were seen throwing a few handfuls of soil into the water-butts, and how this simple act was skilfully combined by a reckless anti-clerical agitator with the equally inoffensive action of a friar who had imported a load of sacred earth from a shrine at Manresa, and was so distorted as to appear a deliberate attempt on the part of the religious orders to poison the people. At once the logic of the agitator went home to the excited brains of the distracted and terrified *madrileños*, and the guiltless friars were butchered in cold blood, dying like heroes on their knees before the altars.¹ Only a few weeks ago Galdós most emphatically protested that he was no foe to religion and the Church, and he is too humane a man to treat even those whom he considers to be the worst foes of his country with unfairness.

The "Episodios Nacionales" might be read with interest for the historical scenes alone, such as the famous intrigue round the sick-bed of Fernando VII., when Doña Carlota, the Queen-Regent's sister, gave the historic box on the ears to the base and grovelling Minister, Calomarde, who meekly replied, "White hands offend not"; or such as the comical interview between Maria Cristina and the revolutionary sergeants at La Granja; or the refusal of the Basque soldiers to fight any more for Don Carlos after six long years of combat.² Very touching, too, are the betrayal and execution of the chivalrous Montes de Oca, the paladin of Maria Cristina, who raised her banner against Espartero's Regency, and who, though a dreamer, is one of the purest figures in all this gallery of portraits, "the living personification of the poetry of politics."³ But in each novel there is a more or less complete scene of private life, as affected by the public events of the time. In this respect, however, the "Episodios Nacionales" suffer from a defect common to all long series of stories, and indeed inevitable in that class of composition. The same characters reappear in successive volumes, often without the slightest explanation, and thus the reader, who has neither time nor patience to wade through all the previous books of the series, finds himself suddenly plunged into the middle of things with no clue to guide him. Yet the characters are all types, and intended to be regarded as such. There is the type of the young and ardent "Royalist volunteer," who quits his quiet work as sacristan of a convent at Solsona for the excitements of warfare, of which, like Don Quixote, he has read much in

¹ *Un faccioso más y algunos frailes menos.*

² *Vergara.*

³ *Montes de Oca*, p. 247.

books, but which he soon finds to be not all heroism. There is the nun with whom he has fallen violently in love, but who calmly sends him to the scaffold in place of a Liberal agent who possesses her affections, and who has been captured and condemned to death by the "Apostolical" party.¹ There is the military priest, who goes in quest of buried cannon for the Carlists, shares their miserable headquarters, consoling himself with the reflection that "there is no mattress like Faith,"² and is then captured and converted by the Cristinos, being now confident that one side is no better and no worse than the other. There is the young man of doubtful parentage but enormous influence who chases the lovely ward of a diamond merchant all over Spain, and goes on missions to the Carlists at one moment and escorts helpless damsels through the hostile lines at another. There is the cleric whose one idea is bull-fighting, who discusses politics in the jargon of the bull-ring, and thinks it quite becoming to one of his sacred profession to go to a *corrida de toros*, yet refuses tickets for the performance of a harmless play. And there is the ruined old aristocrat of proud Aragón, whose life is one long struggle to wring money out of his careful and penurious grandson in order that he may continue to live as an extravagant grandee, going about the country with his reminiscences of Napoleon and his rather risky anecdotes of Parisian society as he had known it before that great man had revolutionised everything. Side by side with this representative of the old school we have portraits of typical members of the middle class, "that formidable class which to-day is the universal power which does and undoes everything, which is nowadays omnipotent in politics and the magistracy, in administration, in science, and in the army, and which first saw the light at Cádiz amidst the roar of French bombs and the perorations of a hybrid Congress."³ It is this middle class which, as the author shows, has elbowed its way between friars and nobles and "created a new Spain." But Galdós more than once expresses the opinion that the best hopes for the future of his country are to be found, not so much in any one class or in any particular set of institutions as in the national character, that "tenacity, that chivalrous courage, which make up the whole history of a race, which, even when it is falling to the ground, thinks how it is to raise itself again," that "tenacious Celtiberian constancy" which has enabled the Spaniards to survive so many disasters.⁴

One of the most interesting features for British readers of these

¹ *Un voluntario realista.*

² *Los Apostólicos*, p. 30.

³ *Zumalacarreagui*, p. 196.

⁴ *Zumalacarreagui*, pp. 250, 54-55.

novels is the kindly feeling which they display for our national character and customs. We are apt to find pictures of ourselves the reverse of flattering in most foreign novels at the present day; but in the pages of Galdós it is not so. The British envoys who come to prevent the brutal system of shooting all prisoners during the first Carlist War, are regarded as the benefactors of Spain and of humanity; an old Spaniard is represented as considering it one of his proudest distinctions to have rendered a service to the great *Belington*, while another Englishman, Lord John Hay, is favourably known to the populace as *Lorchón*. In the thirties, of which period Galdós has given us such a minute and careful picture, English, and not French, fashions were the rage in Madrid, and Mendizábal's English clothes were the envy and admiration of all who beheld them. It was to London that the Spaniards of that time looked for political no less than sartorial advice, and even the Carlists were constrained to imitate their opponents and import a financial Minister from the City. When an enthusiastic mechanic, whom his friends regard as crazy because he foretells the construction of screw-steamers and ironclads, dreams of a great commercial future for Bilbao, it is to England that he looks for the capital and enterprise necessary to accomplish his ideal.¹ And it is the British House of Commons which the Spanish Liberal statesmen of that generation extolled as the highest incarnation of political wisdom! Among his own countrymen, the author reserved the highest encomium for the people of Aragón and Navarre, whose tenacity of purpose he is never tired of extolling. When an old rake is asked how he had the audacity to make love to the Empress Josephine, he answers by the simple and sufficient reply: "I come from Navarre." On the other hand, the butt of the company is usually an Andalusian, with his soft pronunciation and his clipped and shortened words. For the Basques, in spite of their devotion to Don Carlos, the novelist has a regard no less strong than that which Loti has shown in his famous story of Basque life, "Ramuntcho." That strange people with its uncouth tongue naturally plays a great part in his narrative, and if, for the benefit of his readers, he has translated the phrases of that primitive language, which is said to have puzzled even the devil, he has left all the local colour of the Basque Provinces in his picture.

Galdós is intensely patriotic; and while his patriotism is for Spain as a whole, without distinction of races or languages, he has done something in the course of his national epic to stimulate the

¹ *Luchana*.

pride of almost every city in the Peninsula. The social life and politics of the capital are clearly reflected in his stories; the plays and the scandals; the new fashions and the new jokes that interested and amused Madrid under Ferdinand VII. and his "angelic" daughter are faithfully recalled. The gardens of La Granja, the rugged passes of the Pyrenees, the small northern towns among the mountains, the great brown plains of Castile, and the invincible fortress of Bilbao pass in succession before our view. He does not idealise, but presents things and places as they were, and we miss at times the quaint picturesqueness with which Borrow, writing of the same period, invests even much that was commonplace in the Spain of that day. Nor is Galdós tempted to take higher flights into the regions of philosophy and metaphysics; he presents us with no complicated problems of science or religion; he contents himself with the more useful function of interpreting the past life of the Spanish people for the benefit of the new generation. Yet in the third series of his "Episodios" he is beset by the danger, as he himself points out, that he may inadvertently give offence to some who are old enough to have witnessed the events narrated. It was this fear which made him decide at first to close the national epic with the end of the second series, and it was only after a long interval that he altered his intention and added a third series of ten more volumes to those already published. Judged by Spanish standards this sequel seems to have attained success, for as many as 10,000 copies have been issued of several of these later stories. Galdós humorously complains that his countrymen always borrow any book that they desire to read; but his work has recently been laid before them in the cheapest and most popular of all forms—that of the *feuilleton* at the bottom of the page of a halfpenny newspaper, the Republican *Pais*.

Unlike so many modern novelists, the leading Spanish writer is singularly free from all that is morbid and unwholesome. The youngest of "young persons" might read him without being shocked. In his descriptions of private life he looks at the bright side of things, and, possessed of a keen sense of humour, is frankly and genially optimistic. But when he passes on to consider the future of his country he becomes a pessimist, and in this respect he may be compared with most Italian writers of the present day. At the end of the second series of the "Episodios Nacionales" there is a dialogue on the prospects of Spain between a sanguine old gentleman and a disillusioned Liberal. The latter's opinion we take to be that of the author, from the great stress which

is laid upon it. "Salvador," he writes, "had but little confidence in the union between liberty and the Church, of which his companion dreamed. He laid bare his inmost thoughts, and said that in all his lifetime he expected to see nothing but blunders and errors, barren struggles, essays and attempts, leaps backwards and forwards, corruption of the new system which would increase the partisans of the old, noble ideas degraded by treachery and progress almost always conquered in its conflict with ignorance. 'Better days,' he cried, as he pointed with his stick to the horizon, 'are still so far off that assuredly neither you nor I will live to see them. Reform is slow, because the disease is serious and deep-seated and can only be cured by individual effort. My ideal is far ahead. But it will come, and even if we are not allowed to see it realised we may console ourselves by penetrating, in thought at least, the dark future and contemplating the beautiful innovations of the Spain of our grandchildren. Meanwhile I cannot share your enthusiasm, because I do not believe in the present. I seem to be a spectator of a bad comedy. I neither applaud nor hiss. I am silent and perhaps asleep in my stall. I shall dream of that distant future of our country, of that time, my dear friend, when the majority of Spaniards will laugh at your angelic innocence of politics.'"¹ These lines were written in 1879, but the events of the last twenty-two years do not appear to have greatly modified the author's views. In his manifesto on the state of Spain, published last April,² he despairs of the future unless the education of the young can be taken out of the hands of the Jesuits and the Government of the country taken out of the hands of the professional politicians. Like Gambetta he points to clericalism as "the enemy," while he considers the Spanish system of *caciquismo*, or the supremacy of a few party leaders, or "wirepullers," as we should say, as the curse of parliamentary institutions. Certainly, unlike his hero, Salvador, whom we have just quoted, he is not content to be merely a "spectator." He has rendered by his writings yeoman's service to what he considers to be the true interest of his country, and as he is not yet an old man he should have plenty of useful work still left in him. Like Salvador, too, he has no family ties, and can accordingly devote himself entirely to his task. Unfortunately for his fame abroad, those who write in Spanish must be, for the most part, content to find their audience either in Spain or in South America. Happy is the novelist whose lot it is to be

¹ *Un faccioso más y algunos frailes menos*, pp. 328-9.

² *Heraldo de Madrid*, April 9, 1901.

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France or Great Britain, and who thus escapes those who are proverbially *traditori* !

is the epic which Galdós has written for the benefit of his en. He treats of a time when, as he says, "poor modern n was vanishing, rubbed out like paint that had been badly and leaving behind it feudal quarrels, mystic zeal and super- horrible cruelties and eminent virtues, heroism and poetry, ention of angels and devils, who walked about the world, l and at liberty."¹ The theme is a good one, but the f execution is not always excellent. Galdós wrote these es of thirty novels at headlong speed ; some volumes were off in some six weeks at Santander, where the novelist e time when he is not in Madrid. Hence they lack finish, eader who has followed the adventures of a leading or some twenty chapters is astonished to find the person- om he is interested married or killed off in a single page, s in a few lines, at the end. A foreigner cannot pretend to of a Spanish writer's style ; but Spaniards accuse Galdós of aisms in his prose. He certainly writes clearly, and shows d knowledge of human nature. Whether his work will ns to be seen ; perhaps he has been too prolific a writer

THE EDUCATION OF THE EARLY NONCONFORMISTS.

EDMUND CALAMY wrote "A Historical Account of my Own Life," 1671-1731, which was first published in 1829, under the editorship of John Towill Rutt; and from this we can learn direct as to his schools and masters.

Calamy came from a representative Puritan family. His father was one of the ejected ministers of 1662. His father's father—they all are called Edmund for Christian name—was one of the authors of "Smectymnuus." His father's father's father is said to have been an exiled Huguenot from the coast of Normandy. They were each of them learned men, given to the Puritanic traditions. But in 1662, Edmund Calamy, father of the writer of the autobiography, was driven from his church, though he had voluntarily given of his means to the King's Exchequer in 1661. After eviction from his living, Calamy continued to preach privately in his own house. But, by the Clarendon Code in operation, this was illegal, and warrants were issued against him. "And though," as we are told in the Nonconformists' Memorial, "he usually met his people every Lord's Day, and sometimes twice in a day, and even several times in a week, so favourable was Providence to him that he was never once disturbed in the time of divine worship."

Before proceeding to an account of Edmund Calamy's education, it is fitting to note the manner of father whom he had. Here is the old-time description of him: "He was a man of peace and of a very candid spirit, who could not be charged, by any that knew him, with being a Nonconformist either out of humour or for gain. He abhorred a close and narrow spirit, which affects or confines religion to a party, and was much rather for a comprehension than for a perpetual separation. He was ready to do good to all as he had opportunity, though such a lover of retirement, that he was for passing through the world with as little observation as possible; and therefore, he was not upon any occasion to be persuaded to appear in print." Or, to quote the words of the son's autobiography:—

"I was from my infancy carefully instructed in the common Christian principles of truth and duty, so in matters of difference among professing Christians *I had moderation instilled into me from my very cradle.* Never did I hear my father inveigh against those that officiated in the public churches, nor did he attempt to create in me any prejudices against them or their way; but he took all occasions that offered to declare against heat and rancour on all sides, and for loving all such as were truly pious and bore the image of God upon them, whatsoever their particular sentiments might be."

The latitudinarianism of men like Jeremy Taylor and Chillingworth was repeated in the Puritan Nonconformists like Edmund Calamy. To show this side of Nonconformity, it would only be necessary to trace the history of its cultured men; and an investigation of the annals of the dissenting academies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would show that the claim of the exercise of the judgment and conscience by the individual was one made with a tender consciousness of the right of all others to exercise the same privilege, to whatever conclusions they might thus be led. No doubt the sufferings which were undergone by Nonconformists embittered many against their persecutors; still, the Nonconformist ministry has never lacked witness, even in the midst of suffering, to the right of their persecutors to hold their own convictions as long as they were held sincerely. And so one generation passed on to another the gentle word, *moderation* or toleration, and it is to this Puritanic tradition, in a very high degree, that we must trace historically the basis of liberal Christianity, which is prepared to face all investigation so as to find the truth, and to put aside prejudices of partisanship and of creed. The elder Calamy, as described by the son, was not an exceptional Nonconformist; he is typical of the more cultured, as they passed on the light of their free souls from generation to generation. The history of the education of these men, persecuted and despised as they were by scornful and self-satisfied contemporaries, would be the finest record of education, outside of the ancient Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, to be found in England. It is not improbable that in the eighteenth century their academies afforded an education even superior to the contemporary Universities—superior, if not in book-learning, at any rate in the culture of the finer virtues of life.

Whilst Edmund Calamy is typical of the emphatic appreciation of the best culture of the times by the Puritanic Nonconformists, he has admirably supplied in his autobiography the means of tracing his course of education. He changes his schools frequently, but there seems to be a method in his madness. Either his own family

have to remove out of the way of those who are likely to interfere with or persecute them, or those who are keeping school find they are within reach of the law for endeavouring to teach school without conforming to the Church, and taking out a licence for teaching from the Bishop of the diocese in which they were living.

In his early years Calamy was taught at home by his mother. He was very delicate, and his mother, who was naturally anxious about him, took great pains over him as to his reading and to his knowledge of the Catechism. "And when I had learned it she carried me in her hands and delivered me to the care of good old Mr. Thomas Lye, to be publicly catechised by him on Saturday afternoons, at Dyers' Hall, having been herself catechised by him in her younger years, which she seemed to mention with abundance of pleasure. That old gentleman was remarkable for his particular talent in dealing with children upon the first principles of religion; and some were observed," adds Calamy, with modesty of statement, "to retain the good impressions then made upon them all their days after."

It is not easy at the present time to estimate the importance and influence of the catechetical instruction of the past. From John Brinsley, in 1612, in his "*Ludus Literarius*," and from Charles Hoole's "*New Discovery of the Old Art of Teaching School*," in 1660, we learn that religious instruction by means of catechisms¹ was part of the regular school course, though in boarding-schools it formed a constituent part of the Sunday occupation. Adam Martindale, in his "*Autobiography*" (*Chetham Society's Publications*, vol. iv. p. 122), says: "Within the compass of this septennium, in the year 1656, the ministers . . . agreed upon some propositions about the work of personal instruction. Multitudes of little catechisms we caused to be printed, designing one for every family in our parishes; and to all or most they were accordingly sent." It is a mistake to suppose that the Assembly's Catechism, though the most famous, was the only catechism in use. There were many. In a catalogue, of 1658, of books "vendible in England," I notice over twenty, besides innumerable expositions of the Lord's Prayer, different portions of Scripture, and of the Creed. Amongst these teachers Mr. Thomas Lye held, as Calamy affirms, an honoured place. He had written an explanation of the Shorter Catechism, under the title "*The Assemblies Shorter Catechism*, drawn out into distinct propositions,

¹ Charles Hoole says the master is not to "wield it in a tedious, unmethodised discourse, concerning things unnecessary to be taken notice of, and unmeant for children to be puzzled with."

and proved by plain and pertinent Texts of Scripture at large. *With short Rules of Direction for Masters of Families, how to use this Book to the best advantage.*" This was printed in 1674. It is in the directions to masters of families we see that Thomas Lye was alive to the importance of teaching—and it is to the same spirit was due the well-known work of that famous Nonconformist, Daniel Defoe, 'The Family Instructor.' Here are Thomas Lye's plain directions :—

1. That it should be gone through in a family once a month. It is therefore divided into thirty parts.

2. It is to be distinctly read over by parts at a time, till the portion for the day is finished.

3. "When you first begin to examine your family, let them answer only *within book* ; and after you have once or twice gone over the whole Catechism *within book*, and you perceive the understandings to be somewhat enlightened, then, and not till then, let them be required to answer *without book*."

4. Keep close and constant to the questions of the text.

We thus see the method of teaching adopted by Mr. Lye. In 1673 he published his views at more length, in "A Plain and Familiar Method of Instructing the Younger Sort. According to the Lesser Catechism of the late Reverend Assembly of Divines, specially intended for Governours of Families." He there lays down that there are seven rules of catechising :—

First. That the question be barely propounded, and the answer returned.

Second. That truth must be separated from falsehood by trying the child's understanding with further simple questions. "To repeat words," he says, "and not to understand the truths contained in them, is but to act the parrot, and profits very little."

Third. The child must be tested as to his ability to express his knowledge of the meaning of every hard and difficult word or phrase.

Fourth. Draw the whole answer into several doctrinal propositions if it contains more than one. Bid the child prove each of them by Scripture, since "the Holy Scriptures are the only foundation and touchstone or proof of infallible and saving truth."

Fifth. "Take the several Scriptures annexed to the answer, and in order propose them distinctly to the child. Ask him what he observes from them, and from what part of the text especially he draws his observation."

Sixth. Propose such usual objections from Scripture or reason as seem to contradict the truths asserted.

Seventh. Particularly improve and apply the several truths which have been opened and proved by Scripture.

All these directions are copiously and conclusively illustrated by Mr. Lye, and, given his premiss that the Scriptures are the "only foundation of infallible truth," and that they can be dissected into texts of equally infallible worth, whether isolated or in their context, Lye's method is excellent, and is undoubtedly keenly logical. Indeed, he was in sober earnest over this matter of education. He published "A New Spelling Book." The book is fully described by its further title, "Or Reading and Spelling English made Easier. Wherein all the words of our English Bible are set down in an alphabetical order, and divided into their distinct syllables. Together with the grounds of the English tongue laid in verse, wherein are couch'd many moral precepts. By the help whereof, with God's blessing, little children, and others of ordinary capacities, may, in few months, be enabled exactly to read and spell the whole Bible." Thomas Lye signs himself "Philanglus," and the British Museum copy is the second edition, published in 1677. At the end of Lye's 1674 edition of "The Assemblies Shorter Catechism" is an advertisement of "The Child's Delight, together with an English Gramar."

It is quite clear that Thomas Lye was logically driven into paying attention to the teaching of children, since religious truth required a knowledge of the Scriptures, and these again could only be consulted through a knowledge of reading and spelling. His spelling-book, therefore, contains the words used in the English Bible. But the teaching to read (for the sake of Bible-reading) becomes eventually an end in itself, and Lye becomes enthusiastic in drawing others to the work of teaching. The advice given to amateur teachers of spelling is excellent, but it is too long to quote. Lye triumphantly asserts: "I have presented thee with something that thou thyself wilt say is new. Probably thou hast heard of an Iliad in a nutshell, or seen the ten commandments cut on a small penny. But didst ever yet behold the whole Bible, every word therein distinctly set before thine eyes, in a few pages?"

Edmund Calamy learned to read from Mr. Lye. He says of himself: "I was betimes inclined to learning, a lover of my book, and eagerly bent on being a scholar." He left Mr. Lye, we are not told why, and learned "the accidence and grammar" from Mr. Nelson, curate of Aldermanbury, "who kept school in the vestry of the church of St. Alphage." On leaving Mr. Nelson, Calamy was sent "for the benefit of the air" to Mr. Yewel's at Epsom, in Surrey. Mr. Nelson had been too indulgent; Mr. Yewel was too strict. He

was not a great scholar, but very pious, spending much of his own and of his pupils' time in prayer. Calamy thus describes this school:—

“This good man had a considerable number of boys under his care; but they fared so well, and the rates he had with them were so low, and he was at the same time at so great an expense to keep up a meeting on the Lord's Day in his school-house, to which ministers came down every week from London, that he got very little for all his pains, and he was often in trouble. And it was observed that he proved at last but unhappy in some of his own children, who discredited their strict religious education. My being there increased and confirmed my health, though it did not much advance me in learning.”

Calamy next went to school with a man who had been a pupil under the famous Dr. Busby, of Westminster School—Mr. Tatnal—who kept school in Winchester Street, near Pinner's Hall. Mr. Tatnal, we learn from the Nonconformists' Memorial, had had experience in teaching at the free school at Coventry, and is said to have taken “great and successful pains in instructing youth.” He is also said to have had great skill in vocal and instrumental music, which rendered him “acceptable to many of the gentry in and about the city.” Calamy says that whilst at the school he sometimes said by heart a satire in Juvenal in a morning.

In 1682—that is, when Calamy was eleven years of age—he went to Mr. Doolittle's school, apparently as a boarder. Mr. Doolittle was a native of Kidderminster, and had been “converted” by Richard Baxter. He studied at Cambridge, and entered the Church. But in 1662, on the passing of the Act of Uniformity, “upon the whole” he thought it his “duty to be a Non-conformist.” He first started a boarding-school at Moorfields, then a larger one in Bunhill Fields, and during the plague he removed to Woodford Bridge, near Chigwell, in Essex, in 1665. His next place of school was at Wimbledon, and then at Islington. It was whilst he was at Islington that Edmund Calamy became his pupil. Calamy says that Doolittle had a “considerable academy” in his house. He names some, who became well-known ministers of religion, who were his contemporaries at Mr. Doolittle's, studying philosophy and divinity. Calamy says it was of advantage to him and to Ebenezer Chandler, another boy, “to have from day to day free liberty of conversing with those who, in age and knowledge, were so much our superiors.” Mr. Doolittle was again obliged “by disturbance” to remove, this time to Battersea, whither Calamy did not follow him.

Calamy next was placed at the Merchant Taylors' School, under Mr. Hartcliff.

Mr. Hartcliff placed Calamy in the fifth form, and soon raised him to the sixth. As an illustration of the disability of Nonconformists of the time in their school career, the instance of Joseph Kentish is worth quoting from Calamy: "He was captain of the school, and, in compliance with his father, stood at this time as one desirous of going to the University, for which he was generally reckoned as fit as anyone in the school. All in the upper forms were then examined by Bishop Mew, of Winchester, the President of St. John's, Dr. Kidder, and other divines, who gave their presence upon the occasion. The upper scholars were examined with a peculiar strictness, and none more critically than this Mr. Kentish, who gave great satisfaction. But the examiners being informed that his father was a Dissenting minister, after they had gone over several parts of learning, according to custom, thought fit to ask him some questions about conformity to the Church. Among other things they inquired whether he had ever received the Sacrament according to the Church of England? He returning a negative answer, they seemed surprised, and blamed the master for not obliging the upper lads that intended to stand at the election for the University to receive the Sacrament before they did so, desiring that this might be carefully minded for the future. They asked Mr. Kentish whether he was free to receive the Sacrament in the Established Church, telling him that without that—nay, without yielding to an entire conformity—he had better not think of the University, which would be a-giving himself and others much needless trouble. He modestly made answer that he had not, as yet, received the Sacrament anywhere, not being satisfied as to his being fit or qualified for so solemn an ordinance; and, he added, that as to conformity in all things to the Church of England, it was a thing of weight, and that he could not but think it would be a great weakness in him to pretend to determine or promise it without mature and close consideration." The examiners, whilst they applauded Mr. Kentish's learning, agreed to appoint someone else in his stead. Hartcliff, it is said,¹ received the appointment of Headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School through the interest of his uncle, Dr. John Owen. But Calamy speaks well of him: "Often would he carry me into his study and talk with me alone about the improvement of my leisure time. He lent me Greek authors, which I found great pleasure in reading,

¹ Wilson, *History of Merchant Taylors' School*.

often wondering at St. Augustine's acknowledgment that in the beginning of his studies he hated Greek learning. My master also furnished me with other books, putting me upon making references and remarks in a sort of commonplace book; inquired how I went on, and gave me particular directions and advice as he saw occasion. When I was leaving him he offered me any service he could do me at the University if I looked that way; and when he was afterwards made one of the Canons of Windsor, and heard I was come abroad into the world, he would often speak of me with respect, upon occasion, and when I came in his way ever treated me with the utmost civility." Again, Calamy was placed with an ejected minister, Mr. Walton, at Bethnal Green, but had to leave through his school breaking up. Whilst there, however, he says he and another pupil "had free access to the old gentleman's library, and were admitted to familiar conversation with him, who spent some time with us every morning and afternoon in reading Thucydides and Tacitus, on both which he would make pleasant remarks as we went along. This I found both agreeable and profitable."

Whilst Calamy was at Bethnal Green, Mr. Charles Morton heard of him. This Mr. Morton is described as one who had been "eminent for training up young gentlemen in an academical way at Newington Green." But, driven by persecution to seek refuge in America, he determined to invite others to accompany him, and asked Calamy to come and be as his own child to him. Calamy's mother objected, and instead of going to America with Mr. Morton, the youth next went to Mr. Samuel Cradock.

Cradock had been a Fellow of Emmanuel College at Cambridge, and, taking a living in Somersetshire, was ejected in 1662. Later on, however, he had succeeded to an estate in Suffolk, and from 1672 to 1706, in which year he died, he acted as a minister of religion without payment, and took in pupils to his "academy." He lived as a country gentleman. There Calamy met Mr. Timothy Goodwin, who was a good Grecian, and "we two often spent our winter evenings together in reading over some or other Greek author." Goodwin became Archbishop of Cashel. "Mr. Cradock treated us in a gentlemanlike manner. He lived upon his own estate, kept a good house, and was much respected by the gentlemen all round the country, preached in his own dwelling twice every Lord's Day, and such of his neighbours as were inclined to it were his auditors, and his ministry was of use, though he had nothing for his pains. He had a good correspondence with old Mr. Cowper, the minister of the parish."

When Calamy had gone through a course of philosophy with Mr. Cradock he returned to London, and for a short time he was again placed under Mr. Doolittle. In 1687-88 he was urged to go to Holland, to pursue his studies at Utrecht. On reaching Utrecht, Calamy went to the English coffee-house, and discovered a number of English students and residents. There was also an English church, though with a Dutchman as preacher. As to the Utrecht students Calamy says :—

“I cannot but reckon it a disadvantage to them that they were left to their own way, without anyone to instruct their manners. They might, indeed, be as good as they would, study hard in their several lodgings, and live soberly and virtuously, if they were that way inclined ; but if it were otherwise, and they misspent their time, and neither attended the professors nor studied in their own quarters, they had none calling them to an account ; and I cannot but say I reckon the collegiate way of living in our English Universities, where lads have their particular tutors, as well as each house has a separate master empowered to keep in order his own society, much to be preferred to the living so at large.”

As to studies, at Utrecht, Calamy went through a course of philosophy under De Vries ; civil law with Van der Muyden ; one upon “Sophocles” under Grevius, and another under Grevius on “Puffendorf’s Introduction to History.” He was also under Witsius for theology, and attended lectures of three other Professors of Divinity. Calamy gives many interesting details as to his life and studies in Holland, where he remained three years. In 1691 he returned to England, and proceeded to Oxford for the purpose of studying there.

We have followed the course of his education—up to this point—through his list of schools and teachers. They were prevailing Nonconformist in tendency. Nothing could be better indicative of the open-mindedness of Calamy, and indeed of his trainers, than the fact that when he gets to Oxford he writes : “I had it now particularly under consideration whether I should determine for conformity or non-conformity.”

The influences at Oxford were distinctly favourable to an inclination towards the Church of England. Calamy himself says : “I was entertained from day to day with what tended to give any man the best opinion of the Church by law established. I was a witness of her learning, wealth, grandeur, and splendour. I was treated by the gentlemen of the University with all imaginable civility. I heard their sermons, and frequently attended their public

lectures and academical exercises. I was free in conversation as opportunities offered; and was often argued with about consorting with such a despicable, such an unsociable sort of people as the Nonconformists were represented. *But I took all occasions to express my hearty respect and value for real worth wherever I could meet with it.*" Calamy now carefully studied the Bible, read Church History, some of the Early Fathers, and controversy centred about Ignatius's "Six Epistles"; Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants, a Safe Way to Salvation"; Hooker's "Eight Books of Ecclesiastical Polity." Later, too, he read Jeremy Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium."

Calamy, at any rate, was in earnest in his search for truth. Perhaps the tendency of his education and antecedents pre-disposed him; but his attitude in his search was truly admirable. He "determined" for Nonconformity. "I, at the same time, resolved that I would ever study the things that made for peace and mutual edification, and do all that in me lay to promote a catholic spirit and brotherly love, and avoid, as much as I was able, narrowness, bitterness, wrath, clamour, and evil speaking, and such-like fruits of the flesh, together with giving offence to any in the use of my liberty: 'Keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.' Thus doing, I thought I could never be justly charged with that uncharitableness and disaffection which passes in Scripture under the name of 'schism.'"

If we consider the educational influences under which Calamy was brought up, it seems safer to term them Puritanic in the old sense of the term rather than Nonconformist in the modern sense. Taught by his mother, "the good old Mr. Lye," by Mr. Nelson (the church curate), by Mr. Yewel, Mr. Tatnal, Mr. Doolittle, at Merchant Taylors' under Mr. Hartcliff, by Mr. Walton, and by Mr. Samuel Cradock, there is a charming division of influence between Church and Dissent, provided always that the pietistic element was retained. Even in his University life, at Utrecht and at Oxford, he passed his time in and out amongst both sides, and, when he finally decides for Nonconformity, more impressive than his actual choice is his spirit of tolerance and admiration for what he admits to be good in the religious organisation outside of which he elects to take his stand.

In taking the case of Edmund Calamy for illustration, we are inclined to believe that it is a typical case.

It is not easy always to trace with the same closeness of detail the course of the school-training of early Nonconformists, for the schools of the Nonconformists were mercilessly harried out of existence, or

changed from one place to another, so as to make their tracing difficult. There are sufficient indications of this persecution in the sketch given by Calamy. But the best features of a liberal education were keenly sought after by Puritanic families of the Calamy class. It was not merely a liberal education of the old grammar-school type—founded upon a severe course in the reading of classical authors, in theme-writing, and endless imitation of Cicero and Terence—but an education which, in the end, brought the man to an eager desire for theological truth, and a willingness to take untold pains in its investigation, together with a spirit of charity which could bless and wish god-speed to those who differed from him in opinion, as long as he believed that those differing from him were sincere and right-hearted.

It is not possible, in the limits of this article, to sketch in detail the history of Dissenters' academies. But it is desirable to point out the spirit of the liberal education which went on in them. The first was established by Richard Frankland, who is said to have been nominated by Cromwell as vice-president of the college which the Protector intended to establish at Durham. This, however, was not carried out, and on the accession of Charles II. and the passing of the Act of Uniformity, Frankland declined to conform, and was duly ejected. He started an academy, to which some of the gentry sent their sons, instead of sending them to the Universities, and along with these he educated others for the ministry. He illustrates well the determined spirit in which these Puritanic teachers persisted in their work. He began his academy at Rathmel, in Yorkshire. Driven by the implacable persecution of those in authority from Rathmel, he transferred his academy first to Natland, near Kendal; thence to Dawsonfield, in Westmorland; thence to Halburrow, in Lancashire; thence to Calton, in Craven, in Yorkshire; thence to Attercliff, near Sheffield; finally, back again to Rathmel. "The good man's life was a pilgrimage indeed, in external changes as well as in the inward temper of his mind; and the students, as well as the tutor, were disciples of the cross. . . . Scarcely a year elapsed, from 1688 till his death, in which he did not suffer trouble for keeping an academy and training up young men for the dissenting ministry."¹ "He was a man of great moderation," says Calamy, in the Nonconformists' Memorial.

In the "Continuation of the Account of the Ejected Ministers," by Calamy (vol. i. pp. 177-97), is given Charles Morton's "Vindi-

¹ Bogue and Bennett, *History of the Dissenters*, vol. i. p. 299.

cation of Himself and Brethren, being reflected upon for teaching University learning." This is the Charles Morton who wished to take Calamy with him to America. Speaking of the objection that some Nonconformists sent their sons to the Universities and some to the Academies, so evidently [all were not of the same mind, Morton disclaims all responsibility for those whose consciences would allow them to be so inconsistent as to partake of a University education at the cost of professing ecclesiastical views which they did not really believe. But he adds: "I shall conclude, heartily wishing and praying that there may be an happy end of these divisions, and that all men would unite in being conformists to the infallible and indispensable rule, the pure Word of God."

Mr. Samuel Cradock, who also wrote a "Vindication of Academy-Teaching," also appears in the "Continuation" as a representative of "moderation."¹ Mr. Bury, who preached the funeral sermon, says of him: "His temper was truly catholic. He valued every man for his goodness, and was valued by all that were truly good, and not abandoned to parties or schismatical principles on one side or other."

Samuel Palmer, in his "Defence of the Dissenters' Education in their Private Academies" (1703), gives his testimony as to his old tutor at one of these academies: "I never heard him make one unhandsome reflection on the Church of England, though I know he abhorred the profane faction that confidently assume that honourable name; but have heard him speak with that high character of the piety, virtue, and learning of my Lord of London as exceeds all that the Episcopal clergy themselves usually speak of that prelate."

These passages will be sufficient to show the attitude of the Nonconformists in the Nonconformists' academies of Calamy's times towards the Church. It represents, indeed, a detachment from the Church ecclesiastically; but in spite of persecution, undeniably bitter and unjustified, there is still the sympathy towards so "venerable a body" which at least provided an educational element in the academy of great consequence for the intellectual discipline of the students. The great German educational philosopher, Herbart, says that education consists in its material, not merely in the acquisition of knowledge through instruction; but he insists that equally necessary is the instruction which widens the sympathies and helps men better to understand one another. It appears clear that with these early Nonconformists—if Calamy's is a typical case, as we believe it is, of the representative early Nonconformist academies—even

¹ Vol. ii. p. 735.

the theological studies were conducted in a way which broadened the sympathies of the students, and helped their education away from that narrowness of dogmatic assertion which has regard to the intellectual position of opponents.

This position of attempting to understand points of view different from one's own seems to us to mark a new era in theological education, and in education generally. It is comparable, politically, to the New Englanders, who, though bound to oppose the mother-country, felt a great love and leaning even to those who were doing them so great a wrong in the attack on their political rights and freedom. And the constant good feeling between America and England, in spite of all the cruel hardships which have had to be borne, as shown in the best minds and hearts of both nations, is paralleled in the attitude of the cultured Nonconformists of the academies to the old Church from which, for conscience' sake only, they had to shut themselves off. This growth of sympathy, combined with knowledge, in the academies is undoubtedly connected historically with the finest spirit of the modern demand for freedom of thought in all matters of speculative inquiry.

So far as to the relation of Nonconformist education to the development of inquiry, at once critical and sympathetic, to standing institutions. It is the inculcation through instruction of what Herbart calls sympathy. Some account should be added as to the material of knowledge given in these academies.

Bogue and Bennett, in their "History of Dissenters," state the ordinary curriculum as being: Greek and Latin classics, logic, metaphysics, natural and moral philosophy, rhetoric, theology, and Biblical criticism. Palmer, in his "Defence of the Academies," states that the course of training in the academies was ordinarily for five years. The text-books used by Mr. James Owen¹ in his academy at Shrewsbury were:—

In logic, Burgersdicius, Hereboord, Ramus; in metaphysics, Fromenius, Eustachius, Baronius; in physics, Le Clerc, Du Hamel; in geometry, Pardie's Elements, Euclid; in astronomy, Gassendus; in chronology, Strauchius; in ecclesiastical history, Spanhemius; in theology, Wollebius. A very interesting and complete account of the work of an academy is given by Palmer²:—

"It was our custom to have lectures appointed to certain times, and we began the morning with logic. We read Hereboord, which is the same as is generally read at Cambridge. The next superior

¹ Bogue and Bennett, i. 345.

² Quoted by Bogue and Bennett, i. 345.

class read metaphysics, of which Fromenius's Synopsis was our manual, and, by directions of our tutor, we were assisted in our chambers by Baronius, Suarez, and Colbert. Ethics was our next study; and our system—Hereboord in reading, which our tutor recommended to our meditation, Dr. Henry More, Marcus Antonius Epictetus, with the Comments of Arrian and Simplicius and the morals of Solomon, and, under this head, the moral works of the great Puffendorf. The highest class was engaged in natural philosophy, of which Le Clerc was our system, whom we compared with the ancients and with other moderns, as Aristotle, Des Cartes, Colbert, Staire, &c. We disputed, every other day, in Latin, upon the several philosophical controversies, and as these lectures were read off, some time was set apart to introduce rhetoric, in which that short piece of John Gerard Vossius was used in the school, but in our chambers were assisted by his larger volume, Aristotle, and Tully, 'De Oratore.' These exercises were all performed every morning, except that on Mondays we added, as a divine lecture, some of Buchanan's Psalms, the finest of the kind, both for purity of language and exact sense of the original; and on Saturdays all the superior classes declaimed by turns, four and four, on some noble and useful subject, such as 'De pace,' 'Logicane magis inserviat cæteris disciplinis an rhetorica,' 'De connubio virtutis cum doctrina,' &c., and I can say that these orations were, for the most part, of uncommon eloquence, purity of style, and manly and judicious composure.

"After dinner, our work began by reading some one of the Greek or Latin historians, orators, or poets, of which, first, I remember Sallust, Quintus Curtius, Justin, and Paterculus; of the second, Demosthenes, Tully, and Isocrates' 'Select Orations'; and of the last, Homer, Virgil, Juvenal, Persius, and Horace. This reading was the finest and most delightful to young gentlemen of all others, because it was not in the pedantic method of common schools; but the delicacy of our tutor's criticisms, his exact description of persons, terms, and places, illustrated by referring to Rosin and other antiquarians, and his just application of the morals, made such a lasting impression as rendered all our other studies more facile. In geography we read 'Dionysii Periegesis' compared with Cluverius, which at this lecture always lay upon the table.

"Mondays and Fridays we read divinity, of which the first lecture was always in the Greek Testament, and it was our custom to go through it once a year; we seldom read less than six or seven chapters, and this was done with the greatest accuracy. We were

obliged to give the most curious etymions, and were assisted with the Synopsis Criticorum, Martinius, Favorinus, and Hesychius's lexicons, and it was expected that the sacred geography and chronology should be particularly observed and answered too, at demand, of which I never knew my tutor sparing. The other divinity lecture was on Synopsis Purioris Theologiæ, as very accurate and short; we were advised to read by ourselves the more large pieces of Turretine, Theses Salmurienses, Baxter's Methodus Theologiæ, and Archbishop Usher's, and, on particular controversies, many excellent authors, as, on original sin, Placeus, and Barlow, 'De Natura Mali'; on grace and free-will, Rutherford, Strangius, and Amyraldus; on the Popish controversy, Amesius Bellarminus Enervatus, and the modern disputes during the reign of King James; on Episcopacy, Altare Damacenum, Bishop Hall, and Mr. Baxter; Bishop Stillingfleet's Irenicum, Dr. Owen and Rutherford; and for practical divinity, Baxter, Tillotson, Charnock—and, *in a word, the best books of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Independent divines* were in their order recommended, and constantly used by those of us who were able to procure them; and all or most of them, I can affirm, were the study of all the pupils."

Bogue and Bennett also give the testimony of Mr. Secker (in a letter to Dr. Isaac Watts) as to subjects and methods pursued at the Gloucester academy of Mr. Jones. Secker's letter confirms the liberal nature of the academy's courses.

It will thus be seen that these old Nonconformist academies were very much in the position of the newer Universities of the present day. They ventured to introduce new studies and new methods; but they were largely bound by the old traditions whenever these seemed to be of valid significance for general culture. Episcopalian classical writings were welcomed even in these Nonconformist theological seminaries, if they brought forward material for theological culture. These institutions may have been schismatic in relation to the Church, but they were not sectarian in their spirit. And the scientific attitude of free inquiry thus found its way into institutions for theological studies. Men like Calamy, with broad outlook on life, could go through these academies and at the end of their course preserve an open mind—and it was only after further study they "determined" for or against Episcopalianism.

It is difficult to say how many of these academies there were in the early days of Nonconformity. Bogue and Bennett mention Taunton, Shrewsbury, Hoxton Square (London), Newington Green, Exeter, Bridgwater, Tiverton, Colyton, Gloucester, Tewkesbury,

Manchester, Coventry ; and temporary academies at Sulby (Northamptonshire), Nettlebed (Oxfordshire), Wickhambrook (Suffolk), Islington, Saffron Walden, Pinner, Highgate, Dartmouth, Lincoln, Nottingham, Stourbridge, and at Llangynwydd in Glamorganshire. There are suggestions of others, but this list is sufficient to show that scholarly Nonconformity had to supply from within the place of the Universities for those Nonconformists who were unwilling for their sons to subscribe the tests, with which they did not intellectually agree. And the evidence seems to suggest that Calamy is a typical early Nonconformist of the cultured type.

Let me repeat the words of Calamy describing the spirit of his father's method of training—which I suggest is an excellent statement of the early Nonconformist attitude towards religious education:—

“I was from my infancy carefully instructed in the common Christian principles of truth and duty, so in matters of difference among professing Christians I had moderation instilled into me from my very cradle. Never did I hear my father inveigh against those that officiated in the public churches, nor did he attempt to create in me any prejudices against them or their way ; but he took all occasions that offered to declare against heat and rancour on all sides, and for loving all such as were truly pious, and bore the image of God upon them, whatsoever their particular sentiments might be.”

When the history of English education comes to be written, it will be surely found that this spirit of the early Nonconformist academies was a great formative influence, and has had effects not sufficiently recognised upon the course of the history of our national culture.

FOSTER WATSON.

HYDERABAD: A CHAPTER OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

Not ancient in point of time, for the scene I am about to recall is little more than thirty years old ; but compare it with the Hyderabad of the present day, and you will see it has some claim to be so called.

UP to the year 1868 the British representative (called the Resident) at the Court of the Nizam and his suite, when paying a visit to His Highness, used to take off their shoes in an ante-room, struggle through a motley crowd of hangers-on into the Hall of Audience in stockinged feet, and seat themselves on the floor to the left of the Musnud, on which, sitting motionless like a sphinx, with eyes fixed on vacancy that refused to meet those of his visitors, the first of our Indian feudatory princes awaited their coming. To the right of the Musnud—a simple contrivance of cushions covered in white cotton on a raised platform—with their feet tucked under them, their hands with joined palms in prayerful attitude, knelt or sat on their heels the Dewan (or Prime Minister) and chief nobles of the Court ; while behind the Nizam knelt Shams-ul-umra, Amir-i-Kabir, holding a tuft of peacock feathers secured in a long socket, which every now and then he waved slowly over the royal turban, thereby denoting that it was the privilege of the Premier noble to guard his chief from the intrusive fly or mosquito.

From a British point of view the ceremony was anything but impressive. The Nizam, whose fair skin and grey eyes recalled his Mongol origin, had at one time been a tall, fine man, with a taste for hunting and active habits, which disappeared soon after his elevation to the Musnud, it being a tradition of office that no man was worthy to approach the Presence save with bowed head and downcast eyes, and that the Presence was of such exalted dignity it should not make itself cheap by leaving the precincts of its own palace too often, either on horse or elephant or in a carriage. When it did leave those precincts and passed through the city on very rare occasions an edict went forth commanding His Highness's subjects to descend

to the ground floor of their dwellings as he passed, so that the sacrilege of anyone being on a higher level than the Sun of the Universe, the Pole Star of the Firmament, &c., &c., might be avoided. No wonder that when, as one of the Resident's Assistants, I first set eyes on the Presence it was a mountain of flesh. Yet there was no mistaking its dignity. Afzul-ud-doulah looked a king, while he posed as a god. What he was like when he stood up I cannot say; in my day Englishmen never ever saw him on his feet: that was a privilege, if report spoke truly, reserved only for fiddlers and dancing girls, who saw more of the Presence than anyone else. It is the misfortune of princes to be nursed on adulation; this one, alas! had fattened on the diet to such extent that he honestly believed himself far above the level of humanity, bound to look down on all round him. He would call his Dewan a dog, not out of anger, but merely because no one else dare treat the second man in his kingdom with anything but respect. The gulf between an Eastern potentate and his Minister is always immense; nowhere within the bounds of civilisation could it have been wider than at Hyderabad in those days. Yet even Afzul-ud-doulah must have known that his Dewan, Sir Salar Jung, had rendered priceless service to the State, and was one of nature's noblemen to boot. The favour with which he was regarded by the British Government, the high esteem in which he was held by all classes, accentuated, no doubt, his master's disfavour; more especially as that master's feelings towards the Paramount Power were inwardly, it was sometimes thought, less imbued with loyalty than his outward policy. The latter had been framed on the counsels of Sir Salar Jung and the leading nobles, and had brought him rich reward in the dark days of the Mutiny, when Hyderabad refused to be led astray; yet the Nizam had never shown cordiality towards the British Residency or its supporters—possibly because he did not wish to acknowledge too openly the source of his dignity and power, and preferred the barbaric isolation which he conceived it to be his duty as head of the State to maintain unimpaired from the hands of his predecessors. His view of past history dwelt, as far as possible, on the relations of his Court towards the pioneers of England in the East a century ago; uneducated and not too intelligent, he remained imbedded in a cocoon of ignorance and tradition from which he had no desire to emerge. One can understand, and not without sympathy, the delight he must have experienced in receiving an envoy from the Queen in a manner more befitting the past than the present; a manner which even an enlightened and patriotic Minister like Sir Salar Jung was anxious to uphold, because it marked a privilege

enjoyed by no other feudatory prince in India. For a few moments it placed the Nizam on a level with the then independent King of Ava. It was amusing to note how His Highness would maintain this high level by restricting his interview with the Resident to a few slow sentences, delivered with an impassive countenance. After the Court Munshi, standing up, had read out in sonorous Persian the Viceroy's *Kharita* deputing the Resident by name to be his representative at the Nizam's Court, and commending him to his "honoured and valued friend," &c., the officer so accredited would express his pleasure at having at length obtained the desire of his heart in being deputed to Hyderabad, of whose renown he had often heard, and also his wish to avail himself of every opportunity to cement the relations of amity and concord which had so long subsisted between Her Majesty's Government and that of her faithful Ally. If the Nizam were in a good humour he might respond by giving the speaker a word of personal welcome, as brief as possible; but generally he put aside verbiage of that kind as unnecessary. He would inquire first after the health of Her Majesty, then as to the Viceroy's health, after a long pause: another pause would prelude a remark that he understood the Viceroy had gone to the Hills for change of air; a third would introduce an observation as to the air of the Hills being cold. Short sentences and long pauses are in accordance with Oriental etiquette at full-dress Durbars, and conduce to dignity; so, having referred to the Queen and Viceroy, and not caring to descend to lower topics, His Highness would give the sign for distribution of *attar* and *pan*, a ceremony that denoted the termination of the Durbar and brought the Resident and his suite to their feet again. Then we filed out again, each salaaming as we passed in front of His Highness at a distance of several feet, scrambled in the ante-room for our boots, and departed, as we came, on elephants.

Some of us, especially the General, his Staff, and other military officers from the Cantonment of Secunderabad, who were wont to accompany the Resident on such occasions, would wonder how a scene like this could be enacted in the year 1868. And no one wondered more than Mr. Charles Burslem Saunders, C.B., of the Bengal Civil Service, who went to Hyderabad that year as Resident. His retiring disposition, kindness of heart, and unbounded hospitality, had made him extremely popular wherever he had served; no one could have been more affable or considerate towards natives as well as his own countrymen, or less open to the faintest suspicion of *hauteur* or high-handed dealing. His courage had been tested in the Mutiny, and he had been created C.B. when quite a young man

after the siege of Delhi ; but no remembrance of these scenes was ever allowed to influence his gentle guileless nature, so full of goodwill to all men, white or brown, as those who knew him in the Punjab, Berar, Mysore, and Hyderabad can testify. The spirit of the imperial race within him kicked, however, at the idea of English officers being obliged to sit shoeless on the floor in the presence of any tributary prince ; he resented the ceremonial just described as a personal indignity as well as a slight to his Government, and seemed to derive little consolation from the view that old customs die hard, and that the survival of this one during and since the time of the all-compelling Dalhousie must indicate the existence of reasons at least entitled to respect. It had lived to be an anachronism, no doubt, through the tenderness of the Paramount Power towards old traditions ; but the difficulty of getting rid of it during the lifetime of a Nizam who had stood by that Power in the Mutiny, and had been rewarded in consequence, was often lost sight of by its critics. To understand the position further, it must be remembered that at that time Hyderabad, a hot-bed of intrigues of various kinds, an Alsatia for all who plotted against law and order, offered an asylum to ruffians wanted by the police all over British India, with which it was still unconnected by rail ; and our Government was trying to strengthen the hands of a Minister who had already done much to improve its administration. Any attempt to diminish what the Nizam conceived to be his dignity would certainly have weakened the authority of Sir Salar Jung, already regarded by his master with jealousy and suspicion on account of his supposed subserviency to British interests.

On the 26th February, 1869, I was sitting with Mr. Saunders, when a mounted orderly galloped up to the Residency with a letter from the Minister, announcing the startling intelligence of the death of the Nizam. His Highness, though not forty-five years of age, had long been in bad health, afflicted by a disease which, it was said, would have yielded to the knife of a skilful English surgeon, had he cared to consult one. It was his way, however, to be treated only by native *hakeems* or doctors, who dared not, and would not have been allowed had they dared, to resort to other remedies than medicines which they were obliged to swallow themselves when prescribing for the royal patient, in whose presence two or three doses would often be made up, one of which the prescriber had to take himself before the other reached the lips of the Nizam. Apart from the distrust implied by this Oriental method, the responsibility of advising and prescribing for a personage of such exalted rank and power was

enough to make the most competent *hakeem* hesitate to incur the least risk ; so temporary relief was all they aimed at, and no wonder. The cause of death, however, was, we learned afterwards, an attack of fever, which His Highness insisted on treating in a manner not ordered by his physicians, and which no one anticipated for a moment would be fatal. Hence its result took the Minister and Resident completely by surprise. The latter at once sent a reply to say he would call on the former, and ordered his carriage for that purpose ; but before he started a message from Sir Salar Jung begged him to delay his visit, as the city was in an uproar, and a party of Arabs (in those days a considerable faction, remarkable for their turbulence) had taken possession of the bridge which guarded the entrance to it, and would let no Englishman pass. In the course of an hour or so, Sir Salar Jung had cleared away this obstacle, and Mr. Saunders was soon able to confer with him in his palace, about a mile and a half from the Residency, as to the steps to be taken. All that day the uproar continued, fomented by rumours, spread abroad by disaffected persons, that the British Government would annex the State ; till, towards the evening, the Resident deemed it prudent to authorise the issue of a proclamation that the Government of India would recognise the succession of the late Afzul-ud-doulah's only son, a child three years old. Then things quieted down, and during the next two days the Dewan, the premier noble, and his eldest son, who was married to a daughter of Afzul-ud-doulah, met Mr. Saunders at the Residency in conference as to the scheme of administration to be submitted for the approval and orders of the Viceroy, who had, of course, been informed by telegram of all that had occurred.

It is the custom on the third day after the demise of a ruling chief for the British representative to pay a formal visit of condolence to his successor. Great importance was attached to this visit as an act of State sealing the recognition already proclaimed of the heir to the Musnud ; and great was the concern of Sir Salar Jung and his colleagues to hear at those Residency conferences that Mr. Saunders was bent on abolishing the old manner of his reception by the Nizam and introducing the custom of all other Indian Courts, which allotted chairs to the right in Durbar to all British officers, and did not oblige them to take off their shoes. In vain the Minister pleaded for the retention of the one privilege which distinguished the Nizam's Court, the first in order of precedence, from others, and urged that to take it away now at the commencement of a minority, when the young prince was unable to say a word on his own behalf,

would reflect unfavourably on the reputation of the Paramount Power, and still more on his own, he being joint guardian of the prince's interests. Mr. Saunders stood firm, and declared that unless the Viceroy, to whom the question had been referred, should order otherwise, he must seize the present opportunity of ending an anachronism which, if it had any meaning, was derogatory to the Paramount Power. He pointed out at the same time that it was a relic of barbarism, no Indian prince or subject being ever asked to take off his turban in the presence of Her Majesty; and further, that the custom in question operated to bar all intercourse between the Nizam and the Resident, whose advice should be freely offered at all times to the head of the State, who under the new *régime* to be inaugurated would be educated to fulfil his duties according to the requirements of modern civilisation. Then Sir Salar Jung played his last card, and said he did not know how he could undertake to answer for the safety of the Resident on his journey to and from the Nizam's palace if it were known that this ancient privilege was to be taken away. Mr. Saunders responded by referring to what Lord Canning had said some years before, when a shot had been fired in the presence of Nizam Afzul-ud-doulah by an unknown hand at Colonel Davidson, or else for the purpose of intimidating him. Rising to the occasion with dignity and good sense, His Highness commanded his Minister to escort the Resident back to the Residency—"His safety be on your head," he added. The Viceroy, in noticing this incident, congratulated His Highness on the spirit he had shown, laying stress on the fact that the Imperial Government regarded the person of its ambassadors as sacred, and stating that had the Resident been injured on this occasion it was impossible to say what consequences might have ensued, imperilling even the independence of the Hyderabad State. Mr. Saunders's reference to this letter, followed shortly after by a telegram from Lord Mayo (then Viceroy) approving his proposal, closed the discussion, and there was nothing left to the Minister and his colleague, the Nawab Shams-ul-umra, but to give effect to the change in question.

On the morning of the visit of condolence there was a large breakfast party at the Residency, which included the General and other officers from Secunderabad; a troop of Horse Artillery was encamped in the grounds to fire a salute in honour of the young prince; and for the first time telegraphic communication between the Residency and cantonment, four miles distant, was established. A special significance attached to this last arrangement, made hurriedly in view of the recent and still seething commotion in the city, and

the desirability of keeping the Government of India informed without delay of anything that might occur at such a time of excitement; while the difficulty referred to just now of guaranteeing the Resident a safe return from his visit to the Nizam suggested the issue of certain instructions for the guidance of the General and First Assistant Resident before Mr. Saunders started on his journey. As I was one of the two English officers who accompanied him, the other being the commandant of his escort, that journey is indelibly stamped on my memory. Our two elephants waded slowly through dense crowds up to the door of the Nizam's palace. Being on the leading one, in the same howdah with Mr. Saunders, I remember there was not too much room for me, and that not a hand was lifted to salaam the Resident as he passed. The silence and sullenness of the masses on either hand, from which looked up uncouth Arabs, bold Pathans (locally known as Rohillas) and Hindustanis, faces stamped with lawlessness by the side of others, fortunately more numerous, which wore an aspect of docile indifference, were not over pleasant, more especially as every man in the mob carried arms of some description. All along the line, particularly where side streets and lanes abutted the main thoroughfare, were posted State troops and loyal adherents, who could be relied on to repress any sudden *émeute*. The Ministers had taken every precaution to guard the Resident; the only risk was from the bullet of some fanatic or secret enemy—the common risk of all persons in high station everywhere, though commoner in some places than in others, and in times when hearts are burning than when they are cool. Nevertheless, it was a relief, not less to Salar Jung and Shams-ul-umra than to the Resident, when the day's ceremony was safely concluded. It was very brief. The young Nizam appeared in the arms of a nurse to hold his first Durbar, not without alarm, as was natural, at the sight of so unusual a concourse and his first view of white faces. But his tears were soon dried by the Resident's medal and my watch chain being dangled in front of him, and his being allowed to play with them—an omen regarded as of happy import by those around. With a few kind words and smiles Mr. Saunders, after taking his seat on the right of the child, soon closed the interview; the Ministers presented *attar* and *pan*, and we left the palace. On our return journey the tension in the air which had marked, or seemed to mark, our previous progress, was sensibly diminished. If it really existed in the imagination of more than a few persons it was probably more due to the rumours which had been circulated of a want of benevolence in the intentions of the Imperial Government with

regard to the Nizam's succession than to any idea of the general populace that his dignity was about to be lowered by a new method of reception in Durbar, of which I can hardly suppose them to have been made aware. However this may be, the new method was inaugurated without any hitch, and without evoking any visible sign of displeasure then or since. Nowadays it has become old, to the satisfaction, I dare say, of the most conservative Hyderabadee who desires the welfare of his country. No one can blame Salar Jung for resisting its introduction, or impute to him any wish to retard useful progress ; but times change, and I who knew him intimately for many years doubt if he passed from the scene of his triumphs in 1883 regretting the failure of his efforts to preserve for his master what he esteemed an ancient privilege. Alas, that the famous Minister should have been struck down by cholera before that master attained his majority, and that both his sons died in early manhood ! His philosophic temperament rebelled against no change that appeared inevitable ; and he may even now in another world regard with equanimity the fact that a son of his ancient rival and stoutest opponent occupies the post he held with such surpassing tact and skill. But my little story is finished, and I must not give way to the temptation of further reminiscences. I have thought this one worth recounting, partly out of respect to the memory of a former chief and friend, also passed away to the Land of the Leal, and partly to mark the contrast between Then and Now. Those who know the present Nizam, His Highness Mahboob Ali Khan, the splendid entertainments he gives to distinguished persons when they visit his capital, and his skill with rifle and spear, will be surprised as they read, though some eager spirits and well-wishers of the State generally may wish the gulf between Past and Present in Hyderabad ways and politics were even wider than it is. Mr. Kipling teaches that "to hustle the East" is a vain thing, and he is right. Still, in many ways and in many places the wheels of change and progress have been very busy these last thirty years, and if one wanted a single striking illustration of this truism, by way of contrast to the scene just depicted, it might be found in a spectacle witnessed not long ago, when the child I saw in his nurse's arms, the first of his dynasty who ever paid a visit to Calcutta to greet an English Viceroy, was entertained by His Excellency at a banquet at which, espousing the cause of his Suzerain in a foreign contest, he publicly and spontaneously proffered her his sword and the entire resources of his kingdom, thereby showing that he identified her interests with his own, and was both an intelligent and loyal supporter of her Empire.

OLD AGE.

TO say that all men desire old age and yet that most of them grumble when it comes sounds like the answer to a conundrum. It is rather a truth which the moralist carefully studies and relegates to the proper position in his system. Doubtless Methuselah philosophised on old age when himself 900 years old, made the ordinary good resolutions, which the old always do, and was surprised when sixty-nine years afterwards the end came. So slowly does age creep over us, that it is something of a shock to find ourselves even at the beginning of old age. Our faculties appear as sound as ever, our taste for life and its varied occupations and pleasures as keen, our schemes and hopes as eagerly cherished, but there is a scarcely perceptible languor in the frame, the limbs are stiffer than they used to be, slight shades of silver and gray show themselves in the hair. Even then no one suspects old age. At length a man hears someone say irreverently of him, "Old So-and-so" said, or did, such and such a thing. Then there can be no doubt. The shades are beginning to deepen. It is as well to look into matters, learn in what spirit old age must be welcomed, and what prospects a reasonable man has of finishing the work he has set himself to accomplish in this world.

No moralist, whether in ancient or recent times, has dwelt so beautifully and with so much common sense upon old age as Cicero. Every scholar remembers his famous aphorisms with regard to it: "*Naturam optimam ducem tanquam Deum sequimur,*" and again, "*Aptissima omnino sunt arma senectutis artes exercitationesque virtutum.*" Theology reserves her teachings naturally for the pulpit, and warns off men from expecting the future in this world, a time which may never be granted. Serious thoughts spring forth with a religious man in due order, like the full-blown rose from its bud. The ordinary man, however, is wise if he makes betimes a gradual preparation, even in worldly matters, for old age. Settled habits must be cautiously laid aside. A man, for instance, who has been wont all his life to read more or less late into the night should innovate slowly. Any change may affect the digestion or the power of sleep.

Outdoor sports, again, must be carefully indulged. It may be a question, save with a strong man, whether it were not safer to give up hunting and shooting, at least to prosecute them with much discretion. The proper sports for an old man are golf and fishing, and even the latter recreation must be used with fitting caution. It may seriously affect the heart, if it does not directly cause gout and rheumatism. A sensible person will relax his bodily efforts and be contented with less exercise than he required in earlier life; gradually dissociate yourself from, but do not wholly banish, the favourite amusements of manhood—such seems the best advice to give with regard to this aspect of old age.

The greatest and most becoming help in old age is undoubtedly literature. "Nihil est otiosa senectute jucundius." In this leisureable state of mind the old man betakes himself with renewed zest to the poets and prose writers which formed his youth and manhood. He finds new beauties and fresh graces in every favourite author. It may be that he takes up his own pen and delights his contemporaries with ripe wisdom and chastened language, the fruits of long observation and wide experience. What then matter

The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new?

On the sunny garden seat, or by the winter hearth, he can summon the wit and the sage from every country and period to take counsel with him, and by their wise sentiments add to his own store of knowledge. Plato's pictures of old age often dwell upon these characteristics. Thus, Cephalus, sitting with a garland round his head discoursing of the advantages of old age, is a charming idyll. "It is not old age," he says, "but men's dispositions which render old age bearable or the reverse. If their tempers are mild and easily contented, old age brings men no more troubles than will youth." A landscape which is a perfect gem at the beginning of the "Laws," "on the road from Gnosus to the cave and temple of Zeus," forms an exquisite background for the aged sages of that dialogue to converse on many moral and political subjects.¹ Just as the stag and eagle renew their youth, so old men find their pulses quicken and their intellects stimulated by such discourses as Reynolds, Boswell, and Johnson might have exchanged with each other in "The Club"; nay, as we know from Bozzy himself, they did indulge in. A very sensible answer was that of Gorgias, when asked how he had managed to grow old so pleasantly and so full of

¹ *De Republica*, i. 330; *Leger*, i. 624.

observation: "I have never," said he, "been wont to do anything for the sake of pleasure."

Cicero sums up the four disabilities of old age: that it calls us away from active life, makes the frame weaker, deprives us of almost all our pleasures, and is but a step distant at any time from death. A man of the world would still dread these accompaniments of advanced life, but Christian teaching possesses a sure defence against their power. Nowadays a man decries old age mainly because it leaves him alone in the world, relatives and friends having gradually fallen off from him. Loss of memory, too, oppresses a man, especially if he be a scholar. In other respects old age has brought him judgment, sympathy, and love. Home pleasures, and especially those derived from a flower garden, as opposed to the only garden Cicero or Virgil's Corycian old man knew much of—a kitchen garden—are always grateful to old age. Calm and illumined like a Lapland night is the model old man's ending. Envy, hatred, and other disturbing passions are conspicuously absent. He has schooled himself into peace and submission and at threescore years and ten death comes to him as a friend.

If they are wise, old men will consort as much as possible with the young, in order to keep their intelligence bright and flexible like a Damascus sword-blade, and to maintain an abundant crop of sympathies. Young men will similarly find it advantageous to associate largely with the old. Thus will they be preparing themselves for old age, and, if their aged friends be sensible and good-natured, their own experience of life cannot but increase. Old age, indeed, cannot away with the strong meats and drinks which are in a way natural at young men's feasts. Cicero again has some useful and pointed remarks on the dietary of old age, on the "*pocula minuta atque rorantia*" which best become it. Exercise both bodily and mental is beneficial to old age. The love of a garden, to insist upon it again, always cheers and pleases old age, as may be seen from Laertes to Canon Beadon. Old Parr and Jenkins seem indeed to have grown to their great age mechanically, as it were. As a general rule for a happy old age every faculty of body and soul ought to be exercised, but not so much as to fatigue them. This is the great difficulty to be guarded against in a healthy age. Every kind of irregularity is thus to be avoided. Small wonder that the good things of the Court killed old Parr.

One of the latest authorities to philosophise on old age was the late Master of Balliol. All who had the happiness of knowing him can imagine how dispassionately and with what an evenly balanced

judgment he would treat so familiar a subject. "I always mean to cherish the illusion," he says, "which is not an illusion, that the last years of life are the most valuable and important; and every year I shall try in some way or other to do more than the year before."¹ He goes on to explain that about fifty-five years of age the memory begins to fail. Efforts of thought or feeling ought then to be avoided. "Repose is the natural state of memory."

In wise words the Master writes to Lady Stanley: "I ask you not to think it an affectation if I say that the later years of life appear to me from a certain point of view to be the best. They are less disturbed by care and the world; we begin to understand that things never did really matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in their true proportion, instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor over-anxious to stay. We cannot see into another life, but we believe with an inextinguishable hope that there is something still reserved for us."²

It is worth while adding his apothegms on Old Age; they are full of hints for the old, and abound in practical wisdom:—

"1. Beware of the coming on of age, for it will not be defied.

"2. A man cannot become young by over-exerting himself.

"3. A man of sixty should lead a quiet, open-air life.

"4. He should collect the young about him, though he will find probably in them an inclination to disregard his opinion, for he belongs to another generation, and 'crabbed age and youth cannot dwell together.'

"5. He should set other men to work.

"6. He ought at sixty to have acquired authority, reticence, and freedom from personality.

"7. He may truly think of the last years of life as being the best, and every year as better than the last, if he knows how to use it.

"8. He should surround himself with the pictures, books, subjects in which he takes an interest and which he desires to remember."³

Old age, then, resembles any other fragment of human life; it is a process of natural growth, cannot be avoided, and is always defied at a man's own peril. He has it largely at his own command whether advancing years shall leave him as a Nestor or a Thersites. Hence the necessity for preparation during youth and manhood for an orderly, and therefore a happy, Old Age. Its philosophy appeals to all.

¹ Jowett, *Life and Letters*, ii. p. 44.

² *Ibid.* p. 382.

³ *Ibid.* p. 79.

Each person's idiosyncrasy will suggest one of the two great methods of spending old age, whether in the serene enjoyment of the country and the tastes it engenders, or amid the society of friends and acquaintances and the eager hurrying life of a great city. Perhaps a judicious participation in the pleasures of each in turn is the wiser prescription for sensible old age. A man rusts out in the country, charming though the process be to certain minds ; he loses in the other much of the leisure which is so necessary to a well-spent old age. Whatever a man does, however, let him realise that there is yet a call for his energies to be utilised. He may leave a fragrant memory behind him and be sure that the good is not always interred with his bones. The best monument is the world's respect. And the inevitable end should never be forestalled either bodily or intellectually. So long as the faculties are mercifully spared,

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
Death closes all, but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done.

A good conscience and the approbation of the world are the best secular comforts for what, after all, needs no comforting, but possesses its own pleasures and its own consolations. Let the wise man go forth into the dark valley upheld by Thankfulness and Love. At a certain point religion and morality touch. Then it behoves the latter, where old age is concerned, to lay her hand upon her mouth and be still.

M. G. WATKINS.

GUIZOT.

WHEN M. Guizot came as Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's in 1840 it was the first time he had set foot in England, although he was then fifty-three years of age, and he suffered under the still greater drawback of never having been engaged in diplomacy before. He made his *début* in the diplomatic service here, and he made it at a time when the political relations between England and France were tending to complexity; when France had been undergoing a series of convulsions, and the average term for a Ministry to remain in office was between seven and eight months. Guizot, moreover, was in temperament as well as in politics totally opposed to the brilliant chief at the English Foreign Office, and he was the minister of a King whom Lord Palmerston distrusted and disliked for his faults of character as much as for his policy. If Louis Philippe had been "a very straightforward, scrupulous, and high-minded man," wrote Lord Palmerston to Earl Granville, "he would not now be sitting on the French throne."

As a set-off against this Guizot had made a reputation for statesmanship in his own country. He was respected and welcomed by Liberals and Conservatives in England as pacific in his dealings; he was a man of letters who had won an honourable place; and, lastly, he was a Protestant, and so recommended himself to the more thoroughly English portion of society. Guizot was the first Protestant Ambassador whom France had sent us since the days of the Stuarts. He was sometimes called the French Puritan.

Guizot lived through the most eventful periods of modern France. He was born in 1787 amid the mutterings of the Revolution. Guizot's parents were married by a proscribed Protestant pastor, and his birth was never legally registered. His father, who was an advocate, used his talent for public speaking in the interests of the persecuted Protestants, and became a marked man. After living for several weeks in danger of his life he was at last arrested, unwillingly enough, by a gendarme who knew and respected him. "Shall I let you escape?" said the man. "Are you married?" replied

M. Guizot. "Yes, I have two children." "And so have I," replied the prisoner, "but you would have to pay for me; let us go on." They went on, and M. Guizot died on the scaffold a few days later.

At this time François, the future statesman, who was the elder of the two children, was six and a half years old, and always preserved the recollection of going to see his father in prison, or what was euphemistically called the House of Justice. His youth was spent at Geneva, whither Madame Guizot retired in 1799 for the sake of her children's education. After her husband's tragic death she devoted herself entirely to her two sons. They were obliged to live very frugally, and Madame Guizot did most of the household work with her own hands. But she managed to secure the best masters for the boys, and always found time to be present at their lessons. She was so entirely one with her children that in the severe winters, when the little boys' hands became sore and stiff with chilblains, she would write their exercises for them from their dictation. Besides the regular course of study she had them taught to ride and to swim, and not content with giving them a good scholastic education, she insisted on their learning a trade. François worked at carpentering, and became a skilful joiner. So the early years were spent in simple, studious fashion under the eye of the strong, helpful mother who, for her children's sake, battled against the overwhelming horror and grief of the Reign of Terror.

Guizot is described as a contemplative boy, fond of study and retirement. It was difficult to arouse him when absorbed in his own thoughts, and his companions used ineffectually to try the effect of practical jokes. The seriousness of his mind and the trend of his character are evidenced in the following extracts from a letter to his mother when he was nineteen:—

"Moral law is the law to which I would refer every question. I look upon every temptation to step aside as a danger, and I disregard every path which does not lead me back to the right road. I have one quality which is, perhaps, favourable to my principles, although it is often reviled by the world—obstinacy. I may be wrong, but whenever I think that I am right the whole universe has no influence upon my opinions."

In 1805, when he was eighteen, the little household at Geneva was broken up. Madame Guizot and the younger boy went to Nîmes to Madame Guizot's parents, and François was sent to Paris to read law. Being a conscientious, dutiful son, he worked diligently at his legal studies, but his heart was in literature. Confident of his own ability, he writes to his mother in 1806:—

"I do not know how I chanced to open the drawer to which I had banished the first attempts of my pen. I was not able to resist the temptation of reading some of them, and it made me sad to do so. I possess talents, but I cannot yield to their impulse. I cannot devote my youth to studying the art of writing, and all that appertains to it, so as to enable me in my riper years to give free expression to my ideas. I shall never be able to recover the time which I might have spent with so much satisfaction; it will never come back. Must I then be in every way thwarted by circumstances? I was intended by nature for a distinguished man of letters; I am sometimes devoured with the longing to write, if it were only for myself. . . . I feel drawn towards literature and poetry by a charm which makes me miserable."

For about three years he struggled manfully with his inclinations, for Madame Guizot had no opinion of literature as a profession; but at length, by the intervention of a mutual friend, she was persuaded to let her son go his own way, and in 1808 he renounced the law and gave his whole time to letters. He seems to have been fortunate in obtaining remunerative work, for at twenty-two we find him with a variety of "orders." He is writing articles for the *Mercure* which meet with general satisfaction, translating a book of travel, writing notes on Gibbon, and compiling a dictionary of synonyms. While he was busied in this way he came into contact with Mdle. Pauline de Meulan, who was writing for the *Publiciste*, a newspaper established by M. Suard, Permanent Secretary of the French Academy, whose acquaintance Guizot had already made. Mdle. de Meulan belonged to an exiled aristocratic family. Her literary gift remained hidden for some time, but blossomed forth under the impulse of necessity. While she was writing for the *Publiciste* a fresh domestic misfortune overtook her, and anxiety and illness prevented her from accomplishing her usual task. Guizot hearing of this undertook to write the required articles, and worked for her without her knowledge. Gradually the acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and in 1812 they were married. It was just after the marriage that Guizot was made Professor of Literature. Henceforth it was a joint literary life. While the husband was writing political pamphlets, the wife was writing novelettes, and they were planning work in common. She writes:—

"As you know, I wanted to find something which would give us a settled employment and prove the foundation of a different sort of life than ours is now. . . . Do not be afraid of setting me to work, dearest. . . . What I should much prefer would be some book in

which I should undertake the drudgery, and to which you would give colour and breadth."

The difficulties which beset wives and mothers in their literary work are shadowed forth in the following lines from Madame Guizot to her husband :—

"I am well, only rather sleepy in consequence of a detestable night. If there were no writing to be done I should have nothing to complain of, but it is a great misfortune for me that I cannot make literary work agree with the rest of my life. If it were possible for me to give myself entirely up to it by devoting all my time and thought to it, as you when you want to write well, I should write well too. I still have the power of so doing, but I have not that of passing continually from one life to another, from the multitude of feelings, cares, and thoughts connected with other lives to those conceptions which I alone can originate. When I am not writing, I am *you*, or I belong to my child ; I think of what you are doing, of what I have to do for my boy. In order to write I must be myself only, and I have no time for such transitions. I exhaust myself, and I have no power left for anything."

Guizot was not long to remain in the calm seclusion of his study. Politics interested him more and more, and in 1814 he gave up his studies and his teaching for the post of Secretary to the Minister of the Interior. Talleyrand was then serving Louis XVIII., and though their paths lay apart Guizot must have had opportunities of learning something of the leading statesman and diplomatist of the times, whose character he summed up in after years with a good deal of discernment. At the Home Office, as we should call it, Guizot remained until forced back into retirement with the Hundred Days. He served again under the Bourbons, becoming a *Conseiller d'État*, until they were driven from the throne, and he then took office under Louis Philippe.

When in company with the other advisers of Charles X. he was dismissed, and retired to the house called Maisonnette, near Meulan, lent him by Madame de Condorcet, he wrote :—

"At that time I was strongly attached, and have ever since remained so, to public life. Nevertheless I have never quitted it without experiencing a feeling of satisfaction mixed with my regret, as that of a man who throws off a burden which he willingly sustained, or who passes from a warm and exciting atmosphere into a light and refreshing temperature."

The life at Meulan suited him. He writes :—

"I sometimes went to Paris on affairs of business. I find in a

letter which I wrote to Madame Guizot during one of these journeys the impressions I experience. At the first moment I feel pleasure at mixing again and conversing with the world, but soon grow weary of unprofitable words. There is no repetition more tiresome than that which bears upon popular matters. We are eternally listening to what we know already ; we are perpetually telling others what they are as well acquainted with as we are : this is at the same time insipid and agitating. In my inaction I prefer talking to the trees, the flowers, the sun, and the wind."

He gives us a picture of his life at Meulan :—

"The house, not too small, was commodious and neatly arranged : on either side, as you left the dining hall, were large trees and groves of shrubs ; behind and above the mansion was a garden of moderate extent, but intersected by walks winding up the side of the hill and bordered by flowers. At the top of the garden was a small pavilion, well suited for reading alone or for conversation with a single companion. Beyond the enclosure, and still ascending, were woods, fields, other country houses, and gardens scattered on different elevations. I lived there with my wife and my son Francis, who had just reached his fifth year. My friends often came to visit me. In all that surrounded me there was nothing either rare or beautiful. It was Nature with her simplest ornaments, and family life in the most unpretending tranquillity." . . .

"In the bosom of this calm and satisfying life, public affairs, the part I had begun to take in them, the ties of mutual opinion and friendship I had formed, the hopes I had entertained for my country and myself, continued nevertheless to occupy much of my attention. I became anxious to declare aloud my thoughts on the new system under which France was governed ; on what that system had become since 1814, and what it ought to be to keep its word and accomplish its object."

Considering the active part which Guizot took in politics, the ease with which he resumed his literary labours after each interruption, as if he had only the moment before laid down his pen, speaks much for the placidity of his disposition and his powers of concentration.

As a politician he worked very hard, and gave himself up entirely to affairs of state ; but when the moment came for retirement he could re-enter his library, gather his works about him, and take up the life of a philosopher and student. Society he could always command, even when the social fabric was shaken to its centre.

"The world in which I had long lived—the amiable, polished, and educated society which had rallied under the Empire, and

brilliantly developed itself with the Restoration—disappeared from day to day. . . . Discrepancies existed in the drawing-rooms between the cultivated and influential classes who might there bitter rivalries and dividing animosities begin to manifest. . . . Madame de Staël, Madame de Kéroul, and the Duchess de Duras were no longer in existence; others had quitted Paris in the suite of their husbands or relations, called by diplomatic functions to foreign courts. . . . Repelled by material disorders or political uncertainties the great European world no longer came to seek relaxation in Paris. . . . Nevertheless my friends and I possessed at that time an exclusive privilege. We enjoyed in our own intimate circle the social charm of which the Parisian world was deprived. Our meetings were chiefly held at the residence of the Duc de Broglie. Even if the Duchess had wanted the attraction of all the reminiscences attached to her name, she sufficed in herself to command the most select and punctilious society.”

When Guizot came to England as the Ambassador of Louis Philippe in 1840 he was at the meridian of his career. Among his countrymen he was the foremost man of his side, one of the pillars of the Monarchy. Among politicians abroad his name carried weight: as a man of ability and temperate judgment, and both at home and abroad he was respected for his literary work. Whether Guizot's talents were so well displayed as a diplomatist is open to question. That he was acceptable in England at the time of his mission there is no reason to doubt, for although England had no particular liking for the Orleanist prince whom Guizot had helped to the throne, the majority of the English people preferred stability to disorder, and after the frequent and violent shocks which monarchy in France had undergone during the last half-century, there was a good deal to be said for a consistent advocate of social order. When entering public life Guizot thus explains his position:—

“Born a citizen and a Protestant I have ever been unswervingly devoted to liberty of conscience, equality in the eye of the law, and all the acquired privileges of social order. . . . I have ever prized above all considerations just policy and liberty restrained by law. I despaired of both under the Empire; I hoped for them from the Restoration.”

It has been said of Guizot by an American writer that “as a diplomatist he was not sufficiently shrewd for the sharp practice of those revolutionary times.” That may well have been so; but considering with whom Guizot had to deal, it was perhaps fortunate in the interests of peace that France did not send us a man of “sharp

practice," who would have polished his wits against those of Lord Palmerston, and brought about a complete rupture between the two countries. Guizot, pitted against leading contemporary statesmen and diplomatists, is rather like a steady hack in a racing stud. He is not a striking figure in company with the unconquerable Talleyrand, or with the astute Metternich and the far-seeing Pozzo di Borgo, both in their several ways checks upon Napoleon, or with our own brilliant Foreign Secretary, who was feared abroad as much as he was admired at home. Guizot, though he had his detractors, was not the man to excite in other countries the feeling which inspired the couplet:—

Hat der Teufel einen Sohn,
So ist er sicher Palmerston.

Guizot was thought in his early political life to favour English laws and customs, but he prided himself on being a Frenchman of the French. In after years he made a profound study of the history and national life of England, and took an active part in the French Chamber in affairs which touched England. It was his knowledge of, and his interest in this country, acquired from books and study, that formed one of his recommendations for the post of Ambassador. But as a young man he had no eyes except for his own country. He writes:—

"I have been accused of desiring to model France upon the example of England. In 1815 my thoughts were not turned towards England—at that time I had not seriously studied her institutions or her history. I was entirely occupied with France, her destinies, her civilisation, her laws, her literature, and her great men. I lived in the heart of a society exclusively French—more deeply impregnated with French tastes and sentiments than any other."

But if Guizot grew up with traditions exclusively French he had one feature in his character that gave him a kinship with Englishmen, and that was the domestic temperament. Guizot was quite a family man. He had as deep a respect for the sanctity of domestic life as the most insular of our countrymen. His affection for his mother, his wife, his children, and his delight in their society were unfeigned. His chivalry to women was one of his most delightful characteristics. After he had retired from public life he gathered as many relations about him as the house at Val Richer would accommodate. Not content with children and grandchildren, he sheltered under his hospitable roof an aunt of his two sons-in-law, and treated the old lady with the utmost respect and consideration. He never failed to

take her in to dinner before anyone else. It is after her return when she entered or quitted the room.

In the midst of his diplomatic labours in London and his political work in Paris he was constantly writing to his children about their studies and amusements, commenting on their handwriting, directing their reading, and showing the warm interest in their pursuits. He objects to his young daughter Genevieve reading Michelet's "History of France," none of Michelet's works being fit, in his estimation, for children, and advises instead Julius's "History of Rome." He criticises minutely the punctuation in the letters the children wrote to him, explaining the reason of the stops and quoting sentences wrongly punctuated. The little boy, whose education is only just beginning, is told to count the trees and shrubs newly planted round the house. The two girls write to their father in English, and receive from him appreciative comments on their progress.

It was Gairot's sister-in-law who took the practical superintendence of his household while he was away in England, as by 1840 his second wife was dead. He writes in great detail about the improvements to be carried out at Val Richer, the Normandy home, which had been taken as the permanent family residence. Even when far away, in totally different surroundings, everything seemed present to his eye. He discusses the lowering of the lawn, the disposal of the surplus earth, the planting of the hedges, the construction of a door, even the carpets and chairs, with zest. In one of his letters he describes a visit he paid to the Duke of Northumberland at Sion House:—

"All round the house are those matchless green fields of England, covered with beautiful sheep and cows, all as clean and well cared for as the grass. Yet I like my Val Richer a thousand times better."

For the children's amusement he describes incidents of his life in England, and tells them an anecdote of his first visit to Windsor Castle, which he says they must not repeat lest it should bring him into trouble. One can easily imagine how the penny-a-liner would have enjoyed embroidering on the following story:—

"On Wednesday evening at Windsor the Queen retired at eleven o'clock. We stayed behind talking for half an hour. At midnight I set out to find my own apartment, and I lose myself in the galleries, saloons, and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended

¹ *Many Memories of Many People.* M. C. M. Simpson.

by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can and begin again to search for my own room. I at last find someone who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day at dinner the Queen said to me, laughingly, 'Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?' 'How, Ma'am, was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?' 'Certainly.' And she began laughing again, and so did I. I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed, and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my memoirs she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door in Windsor Castle at midnight while she was going to bed. She gave me permission and laughed heartily."

Court life in London, though it interested him from some points of view, he must have found dull. He thus describes his first dinner-party and levée :—

"On Thursday, the 5th March, I dined for the first time with the Queen. Neither during the dinner nor in the drawing-room afterwards was the conversation animated or interesting. Political subjects were entirely avoided; we sat round a circular table before the Queen, who was on a sofa; two or three of her ladies were endeavouring to work; Prince Albert played at chess; Lady Palmerston and I with some effort carried on a flagging dialogue. . . . On the day after, the 6th March, the Queen held a levée at St. James's Palace—a long and monotonous ceremony which nevertheless inspired me with real interest. I regarded with excited esteem the profound respect of that vast assembly—courtiers, citizens, lawyers, Churchmen, officers, military and naval—passing before the Queen, the greater portion bending the knee to kiss her hand, all perfectly solemn, sincere, and awkward."

In England M. Guizot became acquainted with the leading aristocrats on both sides; but he saw more of the Whigs than of the Tories, for the reason, as he explains, that the Tories had fewer centres in London. He became a constant visitor at Holland House. Lord Holland's sympathies always went out towards France, and Guizot was evidently liked by Lady Holland, who on one occasion gave him a glimpse of her real nature which awoke his sympathy and respect. He happened to call one evening and found Lady Holland alone in the library. On his asking her if she were often thus by herself she replied: "No, very seldom; but when it occurs I am not without resources. . . . I entreat the friends you see there to descend from above [pointing to the pictures]. I know the place that each preferred, the armchair in which he was accustomed to sit. They come: I find myself again with Fox, Romiley,

Mackintosh, Sheridan, and Horner; they speak to me, and I am no longer by myself." The genuine feeling with which she spoke was a revelation to Guizot.

At Holland House he used to meet Sydney Smith, Lord Jeffrey, and hosts of others, and had ample opportunity of gauging the quality of English Society. With Hallam, the historian, Guizot fraternised as a man of letters, and the two writers speedily became intimate. Hallam introduced him to Dean Milman and to Macaulay, who undertook to pilot Guizot through Westminster Abbey. On that occasion Macaulay poured forth all his stores of learning and eloquence, descanting, explaining, and answering questions before each monument to the immense delight and astonishment of Guizot, who expresses the most sincere admiration for his brilliant companion. The Duchess of Sutherland invited him to Sutherland House to meet Dr. Arnold. The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, then Mrs. Stanley, introduced him to Daniel O'Connell. The two Miss Berrys received him in the evening at their delightful little *réunions*. Poor old Lord Grey, living in the cold shade of retirement, was warmed and cheered by friendly, unceremonious calls from the French Ambassador, to whom he sadly commented on the number of people who then passed his door without entering.

Guizot also dined, among others, with Elizabeth Fry, whom he had met in Paris, and with Grote, the historian, at whose house he met some representatives of the Radical party, who were not very active just then. The clergy received Guizot with open arms, delighted to make much of so distinguished a Protestant. The Bishop of London yearned to take the Ambassador in state to St. Paul's for all the world to see; but Guizot declined the honour, and insisted on going quietly like one of the ordinary congregation. No wonder that he writes: "At home and abroad, between business and society, my time was much occupied." When he adds: "I cannot say that it was entirely filled," one feels that it was only his insatiable thirst for occupation making itself apparent. While he was Minister of the Interior he worked so indefatigably that M. Casimir-Périer said one day to Louis Philippe, "Sire, you will want M. Guizot for a long time: tell him not to kill himself all at once in your service." He was by nature a hard worker. He says of himself:—

"I have given myself up to public affairs as water rolls, as flame ascends. When I saw the occasion, when the event called upon me, I neither deliberated nor selected, I betook myself to my post."

The time which in London was not "entirely filled" Guizot

employed in regrets for the companionship of his children. He was never happy for long away from his domestic circle, and not all the distractions of politics and society could make up to him for that daily intimate intercourse with his own kith and kin.

The man whom Guizot knew best among the Tories was John Wilson Croker, who was living in Kensington Palace in rooms given him by George IV. Guizot and Croker had met before in Paris, and when Guizot came to England Croker acted as a kind of guide to the section of society in which he moved. The friendship was kept up by correspondence in after years.

It was at this time that Guizot saw Stratford Canning, of whom he says: "Sir Stratford Canning had not then displayed in the embassy to Constantinople his prevailing and indomitable energy; but the manly frankness of his character and the tempered elevation of his manners possessed for me from the first a charm which his diplomatic disagreements had never effaced."

Guizot was undoubtedly a popular Ambassador in society. He appreciated the special virtues of the English, was an agreeable guest, and understood his duties as a host. Lady Holland wrote to a friend in Paris: "M. Guizot pleases all the world here, including the Queen. The public augurs well from his having placed the celebrated Louis at the head of his kitchen: few things contribute more to popularity in London than good cheer." The aforesaid Louis was a *chef* who had formerly been in the employ of Talleyrand, and was brought from Paris by Guizot in his train.

It was greatly in Guizot's favour that he understood English history and institutions better than most Frenchmen of that time. He had a pretty fair command of the language, though in a *tête-à-tête* with Lord Melbourne each statesman spoke in his mother tongue. But at the Lord Mayor's banquet, given about a month after his arrival, Guizot made a speech in English, which was loudly applauded. He was advised by Earl Granville, who was then in Paris, to make a similar effort at the Royal Academy banquet a little later, but reasoned rightly that French, which would have been unintelligible in the City, would be appreciated by the guests at the Royal Academy.

It may be interesting at this point to quote Guizot's impressions of the English character:—

"When I say that the air is cold, in society as in the climate, I do not mean to say that the English people are cold—observation and my own experience have taught me the contrary. We not only meet amongst them lofty sentiments and ardent passions; they are

also very capable of profound affections, which once entering into their hearts become as tender as they are deeply seated. What they want is instinctive, prompt, universal sympathy . . . Through awkwardness or shyness as much as through pride, they seldom exhibit what they really feel . . . Even amongst themselves they are little frank and cordial ; they have almost always an air of disdainful and caustic reserve which breathes and inspires a secret and trivial discontent . . . The English are right in attaching the highest value to their internal life, to their *home*, and above all to the closeness of the conjugal tie . . . It is certain that to enjoy English society we must cling to domestic and serious gratifications rather than give ourselves up to the lighter employments of the world and current events."

Guizot was sent to England as Ambassador because a man of more weight and influence than Marshal Sebastiani was needed to represent France. Lord Palmerston was anxious for a change of Ambassadors, and looked forward to Guizot's arrival to make things run more easily. He writes to Lord Granville, March 11, 1840 :—

"Sebastiani was off, I believe, to-day. I hope and trust that Guizot will come over without delay. It is of great importance that he should do so. He is a sensible and enlightened man, and I cannot but think that we may be able to say things to him and to point out to him considerations which must have weight in his mind, and that through him we may act upon the French Government ; but then he must come soon."

Troubles were pending in Egypt and Syria which threatened to reopen the Eastern question. The quarrel between the Sultan and his imperious vassal, Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, was becoming a European affair. Lord Palmerston, unwilling to believe in the rottenness of Turkey and foreseeing a danger of French predominance in Egypt and Russian aggression in Turkey if Mehemet Ali were allowed to defy the Sultan, was all for upholding the authority of the Porte. The year before France had agreed to treat this question in concert with England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and Lord Palmerston now called upon France to keep to the terms of that agreement. In Guizot he hoped to find a statesman who would consider the question broadly from an international point of view, and who would see the necessity for adhering to that doctrine which has been the fetish of European statesmen for so many years—the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. But Guizot personally had no faith in the vitality of Turkey or in her capacity for decent government, and represented that to reduce Mehemet Ali

to submission and to give the Sultan absolute power in Egypt and Syria would be to introduce a reign of anarchy. The French had their own reasons for supporting the pretensions of Mehemet Ali, and obstinately refused to come into agreement with the other Powers.

The conversations which Guizot had with Lord Palmerston were long and serious, but did not do much towards a *rapprochement*. According to his own account, Guizot used to get the better of Lord Palmerston in argument, and harangued him with a great show of reason and justice. But as a man of action the Ambassador was no match for the English Foreign Secretary, as events proved. Lord Palmerston held to his own opinions while listening to all Guizot had to say, and told him very plainly that he exaggerated the helplessness of Turkey and did not grasp the far-reaching aims of Russia.

In the meantime Guizot and Thiers were corresponding at great length, quibbling over the significance of a comma in one of Thiers's communications, which Thiers at last confessed meant nothing. Thiers was advising Guizot to be cold and reserved, which being translated into Lord Palmerston's terse phraseology was "looking as cross as the Devil," and the "English and French politicians, having failed to understand each other, were each at the foot of the wall ready to jostle." Lord Palmerston understood the position thoroughly, and knew that if he held firmly to the terms of the agreement he could make the other three Powers go with him. Metternich, who was the most important factor in the Concert, he knew he could count upon, and the only result of France's obstinacy would be that she would be left out in the cold. France tried to compromise matters by extracting concessions from Mehemet Ali with regard to the limitation of his power, and sent Count Walewski with counsels of peace to the fiery Pasha, but these concessions did not satisfy Lord Palmerston. He prepared for action, and presently France saw with dismay an English fleet in possession of Beyrout and Mehemet Ali deposed.

Guizot failed in the principal object of his mission. He negotiated some other unimportant matters successfully. It was through him that application was made to the English Government for permission to remove the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, but this being a request which England was perfectly ready to grant, and not affecting the relations between the two countries, did not require much negotiation. About this time also a dispute arose with Naples over the exportation of sulphur products, and the

King of Naples was supposed to be acting in violation of English commercial interests. This matter was taken up by the Thiers Government and settled through Guizot's intervention.

The Egyptian-Sudan question, in which Guizot was named by Lord Palmerston, was the task in which the Thiers Ministry shined. This Ministry, which had lasted seven months and twenty-three days, could please itself upon having held out five days longer than any of the preceding cabinet Ministries. Guizot's tenure in England proved the stepping-stone to power in France. When Thiers went out Guizot came in. Naturally there were recriminations. Thiers accused Guizot of being stupid, and Guizot declared that Thiers was deaf to his warnings. Louis Philippe remarked:—

“ M. Thiers est fort et c'est pour cela qu'il a pu vouloir faire la guerre. Il me dit que j'ai pué de faire la guerre; mais parler de faire la guerre et faire la guerre sont deux choses bien différentes.”

It was not wonderful that Guizot did not succeed better as a diplomatist. He was more reflective than acute, and his gifts which served him well in his own country were not of great use to him abroad. Learning and oratory are not the first requisites for an Ambassador. As an individual he was admirably fitted for the post, for he could be agreeable to those to whom he was politically opposed, and during his embassy made many friends who welcomed him again when he returned as an exile in 1843. Lord Palmerston, among others, was kind and cordial, showing him hospitality in his misfortunes.

When the revolution of 1848 broke out the Guizot family all came to England in detachments, Guizot's mother, who was then eighty-six years of age, arriving first with her grandchildren. At one moment it seemed as if the tragedy of her husband's death was to be re-enacted in the person of her son. But Guizot escaped safely, and the refugees settled down in Pelham Crescent, Brompton. But the strain of witnessing a second revolution was too much for Madame Guizot, and she died a fortnight after her arrival.

After the Act of Amnesty Guizot was able to return to France, and in July 1849 re-established himself at Val Richer. In the following year his two daughters married the brothers De Witt, this double alliance giving him great satisfaction. In the same year Louis Philippe died, and thenceforth Guizot took no active part in politics, although he followed the course of events with the keenest interest. In 1855 he paid a visit to England on the anniversary of Louis Philippe's death, and again in 1858, when he stayed with Lord Aberdeen, with whom he had always been on particularly good terms. But his life was spent chiefly at Val Richer with his family, the

routine being varied by visits to Paris. His English friends who had the privilege of being entertained by him at his Normandy home speak of him with admiration as a host. Mrs. Simpson in her interesting volume of reminiscences¹ describes a visit she paid to Val Richer in 1860 with her father, Mr. Nassau Senior. Guizot, she said, lived "in patriarchal fashion, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and waited upon by his old servants and their descendants."

Among other literary work he began to write his memoirs in 1857, and had them published in his lifetime, for the excellent reason which he gives in his opening chapter: "I publish my memoirs while I am still here to answer for what I write."

He always retained the liveliest interest in English affairs. Mr. Nassau Senior, who saw a good deal of him in Paris, describes how he would talk of nothing but English politics when he went to call on him one day in the spring of 1853. On one occasion he gave Mr. Senior his opinion of the English as he found them in society. He said: "I am going to give the English some praise and a little blame. No people have more of the elements of good company, more knowledge, or imagination, or taste, or humour, or wit. But they are too reserved or too indolent to make the best use of them: they want free trade in ideas, and often substitute words for them. From time to time I have lived in an English country neighbourhood; in every house I ate the same dinner and heard the same conversation."²

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out Guizot was shocked and distressed beyond measure, and asks in a letter: "Which of the two Governments and nations is the most entirely deficient in good sense and morality? In truth I should find it hard to say." The disasters that followed struck him to the heart, and he fell ill, but recovered sufficiently to resume his writing. He was much saddened by family bereavements and the death of many friends, but these losses only made him cling the closer to those who were left. He never grew moody or solitary in his habits. When very busy with work he would every now and then leave his study and seek out one of his daughters saying, "I have come for a little talk," and after chatting pleasantly for awhile would return [refreshed to his labours. He completed the fourth volume of his "History of France" in the summer of 1874. This was his last effort; after that he succumbed to his increasing infirmities, and died peacefully in the same year at the age of eighty-seven.

GEORGINA HILL.

¹ *Many Memories of Many People.*

² *Conversations.* Nassau Senior.

*CASTAWAYS, AND THEIR
INFLUENCE ON POPULATION.*

NAVIGATION naturally had its origin on the classic waters of the Mediterranean, where the conditions are especially favourable for coastal excursions; and probably the earliest efforts of mankind to rule the waves were due as much to accident as to design. Horace, in that delightful ode addressed to the tiny craft about to convey Virgil to the sunny shores of the Grecian Isles, declaimed against the man who first ventured to woo fickle fortune in a fragile barque upon the stormy sea. The mariner's compass was then unknown, the ships were sorry specimens of the naval architect's art, the methods of navigation had little to commend them, and the hardy toilers of those narrow waters never willingly lost sight of the land. Homer, in the "Odyssey," reveals the ancient mariners tentatively and toilfully following the coast, or stolidly steering by the scintillating stars on a clear night. Invariably they hailed with unfeigned thankfulness the rosy-fingered dawn. Occasionally, however, the fates were unkind, and compelled them seaward, in spite of themselves, to learn that the sea but joins the nations it divides.

The Trojan war was the greatest achievement of the Heroic age; and the varied experience of the Heroes will serve to demonstrate the truth of the contention that accident was quite an important factor in determining the earliest of voyages. Returning exultant from the reduction of Troy, the Grecian fleets were widely scattered by a savage storm that threatened dire destruction to all under its influence, inasmuch as the Homeric ship was but an open boat fitted with one mast, decked over only at either end, and utterly unsuitable for striving successfully against the combined forces of Aeolus and Neptune. Remote from the land, the friendly pole-star hidden from view by the angry clouds, the condition of the small craft careering before the gale was eminently critical. Such as survived the rude buffeting by wind and by sea were wrecked on unknown shores. Ulysses, the bravest of the brave, wandered wearily through many an unexplored region for more than a decade, quite unable to regain his

native land even if he had known its geographical position. Aeneas, son of Anchises and Venus, reached the coast of Libya where Dido reigned, if we may believe Virgil's pleasant passages. The unhappy queen received the wanderer with affection, only to find that her charms proved less potent than his nostalgia. In historic times we have St. Paul driven out of his course by a storm in a complaining craft, crowded with two hundred and seventy-six despairing persons, and eventually arriving at Malta, or, as some assert, an island on the coast of Dalmatia in the Adriatic. In every instance the tempest-tossed travellers doubtless shuddered at the stormy sea, but were thrust thither as explorers by circumstances over which they had not the least control.

The hardy Norsemen, whose home of yore was ever on the foaming sea, quite accidentally discovered North America long before Christopher Columbus was born. Sailing slowly from headland to headland of Norway's rocky and indented shores, in clumsy craft that were quite unmanageable unless the wind was fair and moderate, the virile Vikings had precedence forced upon them. Gales drove them westward over an unknown sea until their straining eyes were gladdened by the sight of what is now known as Iceland. There, like Aeneas and his followers, in a far fairer land, they sought the green sward to rest their wearied limbs. There they founded a colony! Once discovered, communication was maintained despite the very vague ideas of these intrepid sea-rovers with respect to navigation, even though the heavenly bodies in the celestial concave invited every confidence. On one occasion they sailed past Iceland, probably during foggy weather, and arrived, after many searchings of heart, at Greenland. Westward the star of empire was wending its way by accident rather than by design. Eric the Red founded a colony there in 986; and, a few years later, his son Leif sailed southwards, as far as the forty-first parallel of north latitude, in order to test the reports of his countrymen who had been driven thither by storms and painfully worked their way back to Greenland. After the manner of his race Leif founded a colony somewhere between the positions now occupied by Boston and New York, and allotted to it a name which may be freely translated as Vineland. Communication between Norway and North America was maintained for about three centuries; yet the very existence of the American Continent appears to have become legendary when Columbus set out to win a way to Far Cathay. The Shetlands, Iceland, and Greenland, were but stepping-stones for the Norse rovers, driven westward from their native land in blissful ignorance of what the fates had in store for them. A

cherished tradition exists that a small vessel was driven out to sea from Ireland, and, after a devious drift across the Atlantic, eventually reached either Virginia or Florida. There is also a story afloat that Sir Walter Raleigh found the natives of Virginia speaking Celtic quite fluently; but this must be accepted with every reserve.

Recent experiences go far to support the inference that castaways have often been the pioneers of geographical discovery. In 1886, the *Columbine*, a small craft of twenty-one tons, actually drifted from Shetland to Norway with only a woman on board. The vessel traded among the scattered group of islands, manned by a crew of three, who, on this occasion, sought the solid shore precipitately immediately she stranded near Lerwick. Whether the trio forgot the woman passenger, or ignored the fact in a reckless rush for the boat, is not quite clear. Soon the *Columbine* floated off the bank, and the old lady found herself monarch of all she surveyed, with every prospect of a watery grave. An easterly gale drove the gallant little vessel well to the westward until Iceland was apparently in sight. Then the wind shifted to the westward, and the *Columbine* drifted towards Norway. She cleared the dangerous reefs of Vigerø Fjord in a marvellous manner, threading channels which evoke the utmost skill of a local pilot to avoid the merchant-marring rocks, and eventually reached the shore. The fisher-folk happened to sight the stranded vessel; and, at great risk, got the famished and half-frozen castaway safely to land. In February, 1893, six hundred and fifty miles north-west of Mayo, Cape Verde Islands, the Finland barque *Impi*, Captain Bystrom, effected a timely rescue from a felucca, the *Dois Amigos*, which had sailed from Santiago, C.V., for Mayo, had been driven from the land by a gale, and was quite unable to get back again, being destitute of a mariner's compass and a navigator. These castaways consisted of a crew of four, and six passengers (including two girls), not one of whom had tasted water or food for a week. Captain Bystrom kindly received them on board his barque; left the felucca to her fate; ministered to every want of the castaways, and landed them at Martinique, a fortnight later, none the worse for so perilous a passage. In July, 1895, four hundred miles north of Bermuda, the British steamer *Bellarden* fell in with a small sloop of four tons, the *Rosie*, which had been blown to sea while attempting to sail from one island to another of the "vexed Bermoothes." On board this tiny craft were Joseph Dioniso, his wife, and two children, who had been a week without either food or water. The master of the steamer supplied them with the necessaries of life, gave them the course to steer for New

York, and they arrived there without further mishap in a few days. This castaway family went to pay a visit to a next door neighbour, as it were, remained on the stormy sea suffering severely for more than a month, travelled over many a weary league in their curious craft, and eventually reached a huge city of which they knew nothing except by repute. Hence it is to be inferred that the Viking castaways did not accomplish anything more marvellous than the weak woman and the frightened family above referred to, compelled by boisterous breezes to become ocean explorers against their will. Similar instances of castaways' experiences in the Atlantic are not far to seek.

The enormous number of insignificant islets, strewn lavishly all over the Pacific Ocean, from tropic to tropic, afford very favourable conditions for persons carried out to sea in open boats. Doubtless many of the pretty Pacific pinnacles were peopled, in the first instance, by castaways from neighbouring islets, or from the continent of Asia. The aborigines of New Zealand, the Maoris, as they are termed, hold fast to a tradition that, in the dim and distant past, their ancestors came in capacious canoes from a place known to them as Hawaiki, which is supposed to be identical with the modern Hawaii of the Sandwich Islands. Even the names of the cumbersome canoes have been piously preserved and handed down from father to son through the ages. Among them are the *Aotea*; the *Arawa*, which reached the land first, having on board the principal idols; the *Tainui*, and others of less renown. Some palatial passenger steamships belonging to the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company, trading between London and New Zealand, are actually named after the legendary canoes of the old-time Maoris. If only those untutored savages could revisit the scenes of their former exploits from the shades, perhaps the most marvellous creations of modern men would appear to their eyes to be those stately steamships moving swiftly through the water without oars and without sails—*nec remis nec velis*, as the Institute of Marine Engineers expresses it. The natives of the Pacific islets are dauntless seamen, and make voyages of very many miles in quaint conceits of outrigger boats, fastened together solely with small cord made from the husks of cocoa-nuts. Kotzebue, the famous Russian navigator, in the opening years of the nineteenth century, picked up some natives of the Caroline Islands who were two hundred miles from their homes, having been impelled seaward in a canoe and unable to return. Captain Beechy, R.N., fell in with tired Tahitians some six hundred miles away from their native land, driven seaward by a careering cyclone. A solitary

Fijian, similarly imperilled, succeeded in reaching the Friendly Islands after a risky run of four hundred miles. The American ship *Joseph Spinney*, while crossing the Pacific Ocean, with the nearest dry land distant at least two hundred miles, picked up an old chief and five other despairing natives of the Pellew Islands adrift on a lonely sea in an open boat. They had set sail intent on paying a call on some friends of a neighbouring islet, had to run before a gale, and were then enduring the eighteenth day of compulsory starvation. Temporarily insane, consequent on thirst and hunger, they had just arrived at an agreement to slay the son of the chief, a youth of sixteen summers, in order that his body should provide sustenance for his famished fellows. Fortunately they were spared this last resource of suffering humanity, inasmuch as their every want was satisfied on board the *Joseph Spinney*. Notwithstanding kind nursing and good food, the chief and one man died. The survivors were taken to Japan, whither the rescuing vessel was bound.

Pitcairn Island was uninhabited when discovered in 1767. Twenty-two years after, however, nine of the mutineers from the *Bounty*, together with four men and eleven women of Otaheite, founded a settlement there far from civilisation. Meanwhile Captain Bligh and his faithful few managed to reach Timor after covering a distance of twelve hundred leagues, in open boats, with black care behind the helmsman all the way. The castaways on Pitcairn Island, or rather their descendants, remained undiscovered by the outside world for nearly a quarter of a century. Then the news leaked out that an American whaleship, under Captain Folger, had visited the island in 1808. He had expected to find that the inhabitants of this solitary spot were savages, perhaps cannibals, and was most agreeably surprised by a visit from civilised residents who spoke English fluently. In 1814, the year after Captain Folger's disclosure, the island was visited by two British frigates, the *Briton* and the *Tagus*, quite by accident. Sir Thomas Staires, commanding the *Briton*, reported his curious find to the Admiralty, and awarded great praise to the "venerable old man, John Adams," the only surviving Englishman of the *Bounty* mutineers, who landed on Pitcairn Island flushed with their successful revolt against the authority of Captain Bligh. The varied experience of that stolid Scotch sailor, Alexander Selkirk, which served Daniel Defoe as the foundation on which to build his inimitable and imperishable "Robinson Crusoe," was all obtained on Juan Fernandez, an island of the South Pacific, where he was for some time a castaway. "Was

there anything written by mere man," said Dr. Johnson, "that was wished longer by its readers, excepting 'Don Quixote,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress'?"

In 1832 a Chinese junk drifted right across the Pacific Ocean to Vancouver Island, and another to the Sandwich Islands. A third, bound from the Loo Choo Islands to Shanghai, was wandering for ten tiresome moons, as the pigtailed mariners poetically expressed the devious drift, and eventually reached Baker's Island, a small guano deposit. Seven of her nine men had succumbed to slow starvation and dire despair. All three of these junks were of the type common to the China coast for many a century. Each had a staring eye painted in a prominent position on the bow, so that she might find a pleasant path across the trackless main; for, in the broken English of the almond-eyed Celestial, 'No eye, no see, no sabbee.' Such instances of vessels driven seaward by unfavourable gales, despite the efforts of their crews, who could not return owing to ignorance of navigation, must be well weighed when endeavouring to determine the probable origin of the dwellers on the infinite number of islets dotted all over the Pacific Ocean.

Quite recently several ships' crews have suffered severely as castaways on uninhabited islands. The barque *Wandering Minstrel* stranded on Midway Island, and all hands had to eke out a precarious existence there for six months. Then the mate, a sailor, and a young Chinaman, left in an open boat to seek succour at the Sandwich Islands. These three were never heard of again. Eight more months of leaden-footed hours passed away down the avenue of time; the ship had been given up as totally lost with every soul on board, and the underwriters had long since paid her insurance, when the schooner *Norna* happened to observe the castaways' signals, and took them to Honolulu. Five men had died on the island during the weary wait of fourteen months; but the captain's wife and four young children were among the survivors. An American barque, the *Tewkesbury L. Sweat*, on her way from Australia to China, was wrecked on one of the Caroline Group during a hurricane. Her cosmopolitan crew lived there among the savages for over seven months, receiving the moral support and active assistance of an English castaway, one Charles Irons, who had been four years a resident, had taken to himself seven wives, and attained to high rank in the chief's court. Tired of involuntary exile, these sad seafarers at length bade farewell to their primitive hosts, and sailed away in boats and canoes until picked up by the barque *Morning Star*, after a perilous passage of over one thousand miles,

and carried to Honolulu. An iron British barque, the *Henry James*, proceeding from Australia to California, struck on a coral reef near Palmyra Island, and became a wreck. Her crew and passengers sought safety on this lonely place. Fearing that the two ladies and the four little children would perish if help were long delayed, the chief officer, Donald Macdonald, volunteered, with four sailors, to set out for Samoa in an open boat in order to obtain assistance. On Palmyra Island there were found the ruins of six huts, evidently due to the labours of previous castaways; cocoa-nuts, eels, birds, eggs, land-crabs, and pepper-grass were plentiful, and sufficient water was found to satisfy the demand. Illegible inscriptions were noticed, cut deep into some of the trees, but defaced by the relentless hand of time. With the exception of leeches, which proved painfully ravenous after rain, and dysentery, all went well on the island until the American steamship *Mariposa* came and rescued the castaways, in compliance with the request of the dauntless volunteers who had reached their objective point after a terrible trip of thirteen hundred miles, which occupied nineteen days. One volunteer had sucked his own blood to quench a maddening thirst, others had eaten their boots and the telescope cover, and all five had to be carried ashore on arrival at Samoa owing to extreme weakness.

In July, 1875, the sailing ship, *Strathmore*, of Dundee, struck on an outlying reef of the Crozet Islands, while on the passage from London to New Zealand, with eager hearts and willing hands for the "new and happy land." Loss of life occurred, and the sorrowful survivors passed a Robinson Crusoe existence on a desolate island, under an inclement sky, for nearly seven months. Nine years ago, the iron barque *Compadre* caught fire in mid-ocean, and was afterwards purposely put on shore at Auckland Island in order to save the lives of all hands. There the castaways remained for over one hundred days. Among them was an apprentice, E. Roberts, apparently born to be drowned, although not without a serious struggle. After reaching England again he was appointed to a vessel, which was run down in the Channel a few days from home, and he happened to be among the seven saved. The next voyage he accomplished without mishap; but, on the fourth voyage, the vessel was lost on Tristan d'Acunha, and the unfortunate Roberts was drowned with two of the crew. In 1898, H.M.S. *Thrush* took off some castaways from Tristan d'Acunha, escaped from the wrecked ship *Glenhuntly*, who had been guests of the poor islanders for five months.

Consequent on several shipwrecks on the islands of the lone

Southern Ocean, between the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, there have been established depôts of food and clothing for castaways on several of the most important of those isolated dangers to navigation. On Hog Island, Crozet Group, the depôt is a hut near the landing-place. There the French war-vessel *La Meurthe* left a ton of preserved beef, half a ton of biscuit, three-quarters of a hundredweight of sardines in oil, twenty blankets, fifteen pairs of shoes and trousers, all carefully packed; together with two spears, two hatchets, and some cooking utensils. At Possession Island the depôts are also huts, in which were deposited, by the British warship *Comus*, a sufficiency of provisions to last fifty people for fifty days; together with stockings, shoes, and jerseys. On the islands of Amsterdam, St. Paul, and Kerguelen, the French war-vessel *Eure* established depôts containing necessaries of all kinds for castaways, no matter what their nationality might be. At Amsterdam Island, in a large cavern on a hill-side, there are available, for castaways, supplies of beef, biscuit, shirts, underclothes, blankets, and some matches enclosed in a metal box hermetically sealed. There are also, in the same cave, several cots, a cooking pot, and dry wood, left by fishermen who occasionally visit the island. Cabbage and celery, fish and lobsters abound. At St. Paul's Island the depôt is in a rough stone hut surmounted by a thatched roof. Food and clothing in thirteen barrels are in evidence there. At Kerguelen Island the depôt is in a cave, indicated by a twelve-foot high cairn, and consists of a like quantity of food and clothing. Each of these three depôts is clearly marked out by a board bearing the following legend:—"France. Vivres, Vêtements pour naufrages. *Eure*, Janvier, 1893."

Nearer New Zealand there are also depôts for castaways on several of the islands. At Kermadec Islands there are two, each in a small iron shed fitted with spouting and a tank to catch fresh water. Food, medicine, tools, and clothing, are plentifully present. At the Snares Islands and the Antipodes Islands the depôts are in huts. On the principal islands of the Auckland Group are three depôts, one in a square wooden house; and a lifeboat has been placed on each of the three islands, Enderby, Adams, and Rose. There is also a depôt at Campbell Island. All are indicated by prominent finger-posts. A Government steamer visits Kermadec Islands once a year, and the Snares, Bounty, Antipodes, Auckland, and Campbell Islands twice a year, for the purpose of rescuing any castaways, and replacing such stores as may have become unfit for issue.

Similarly satisfactory depôts are established on Vancouver Island,

at Cape Beale Lighthouse, and Carmanal Lighthouse. Notice-boards are erected around the coast, setting forth information for castaways respecting the direction and the distance of the nearest depôt, and also of the nearest Indian village where assistance can be obtained. In the accredited Government publications issued to mariners by the several maritime nations there are given detailed descriptions of every such refuge for castaways, and its exact geographical position.

Sailing ships often come to grief when venturing through Torres Strait, that narrow waterway dividing Australia from New Guinea, where coral reefs abound ; and steps were taken by the authorities to ensure both the necessaries of life and shelter to the castaway crews. At Booby Island, not far from Cape York, so long ago as 1857, H.M.S. *Torch* left a small supply of perishable articles, such as tea, sugar, and tobacco ; casks of beef, pork, and bread were carefully stowed away in a cave clearly indicated by a flagstaff ; and a receptacle arranged with shelves and drawers containing library books, pens, ink, writing-paper, and a letter-bag for the Postmaster-General, Sydney, the whole being covered with a tarpaulin marked "Post Office." Passing ships would heave-to, and send a boat on shore to replenish the small stores ; make a record in a book left for the particular purpose, and take away any letters, to deliver them at the next port.

Sufficient has been written to indicate the influence that castaways have exercised on the peopling of islands, and therefore on the language spoken ; as also the earnest endeavours made of recent years, both by England and by France, to ensure that timely succour shall be available always for castaways on isolated islands of the lone Southern Ocean and elsewhere.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS IN JAPAN.

IT is only thirty-three years since, in 1868, Japan passed through a very thorough, though peaceful, revolution, known as the "Meiji," or "the era of illustrious rule." That was in a measure the result of the opening of the country to foreign nations; but it was really the crisis and consummation of a long period of silent preparation. One of the most important of the changes which followed in its train was the organisation of a complete system of education, reaching from the University downwards to the remotest village schools.

We propose to offer our readers a description of some of the chief features of the primary as well as of the higher schools, as far as we have been able to ascertain them from the Reports of the Japanese Department and from information supplied in this country by natives or English Missionaries.

Education, we are told, attained a very high level in ancient times, declined during what are to us the Middle Ages, and has since revived and reached its present efficiency under the existing Government. Before the Revolution the higher learning was confined to the Chinese and Japanese classics, and elementary education did not extend beyond the three R's. In 1867 a Provisional Board was established at Kyoto, and some higher schools, already formed at Nagasaki, Osaka, and other towns, were reopened on a better system, and under more competent men, invited from various districts to act as professors. In the following year the "Shokoko," or University, became the central authority; but in 1871 an Education Department was constituted in its place to control all scholastic matters. A code was soon afterwards enacted. Inspectors and other school officers were appointed. Normal training colleges were opened, and gradually the present system was evolved, which has since been extending itself more and more widely through the Empire. At first some of these measures proved abortive through lack of funds. Seven normal colleges, for instance, founded in the provinces, besides one at Tokio, and seven "foreign language schools," had to be closed for that reason. But of late years the

country has awakened more fully to its obligations in the matter and great advances have been made. Fifty-three thousand primary schools were at first proposed, and we have reason to believe that more than half that number have been built and are now actively at work. A few years since it was stated that they had upwards of four millions of scholars, of whom quite one-fourth were girls. Training colleges for teachers have been also established in most parts of the country, besides middle and higher grade schools. The Japanese, like ourselves, have had many revised and re-revised codes, for they have been steadily feeling their way towards the standards maintained in European countries and in the United States. Such in general seems to be the position. Pursuing our inquiry into particulars, we will first notice what has been done in the more elementary schools. Although in 1880 education was made compulsory for all children between the ages of six and fourteen, school fees are usually charged. These are 50 sen, or about 2s. per month per child, but only half that sum is required from poor parents who cannot afford the whole. Moreover, when there are more than two or three of school age in a family a further reduction is made. The elementary course, according to the strict letter of the law, should extend over eight years. Still, a simpler three years' course is allowed in districts where, on account of the poverty of the inhabitants, the complete one cannot be supplied. This is restricted to reading, writing, composition and arithmetic, the last subject occupying at least half the time. The full elementary course is divided into two grades, the lower for children from six to nine years of age, the higher for those from ten to thirteen inclusive. The lower grade comprises spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, according to European methods, morals, conversation, hygiene, geography, grammar and elementary science. The higher grade embraces also writing in Chinese characters, correspondence, drawing, natural history, geometry, chemistry, and physiology. Such, at any rate, are the syllabuses prescribed by the Code. How far all these subjects are thoroughly worked out we are not in a position to say. "Multa," not "Multum," would seem to be the motto of these educationists, and one cannot but fear lest quality be often sacrificed to quantity, unless the children of the poorer classes in Japan are more receptive and intelligent than our own. The attempt, however, to do so much is highly creditable to this highly gifted and energetic race, and will tend to raise it more and more in the scale of civilised nations. Still, it should be added that a certain margin of discretion is left to the local authorities in omitting some of these subjects, when circumstances render it desirable. There are also schools for infants from

three to six years of age, where the Kindergarten system has been partially adopted. In these, as in our own, amusing occupations, which tend to train the eye and hand, are provided, such as stick-laying, building with bricks, rings, pins, &c. Simple practical instruction is given the children, "in order," it is said, "to develop bodily strength, to facilitate home education, and to prepare them for the elementary schools."

But the Japanese are not content with establishing primary schools. They have for many years also paid much attention to higher education. Their middle schools, whose course extends over five years, are designed to prepare the pupils for business life and ordinary avocations. These are maintained in each Province at the public cost. Their syllabuses include Japanese and Chinese classics, history, geography, English Readers, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, elementary trigonometry, chemistry, and other physical sciences, and military drill. The high schools are of two grades. The curriculum of the first lasts for three years and is intended for youths preparing for the University, who study literature, history, philosophy, modern languages, law, and politics. They may take up any particular branch of study which they wish to afterwards pursue with a view to their degree. The second grade is of a still more advanced kind, and the course extends over four years. In all these schools fees are charged, except to scholars who are exceptionally clever, industrious, and persevering, and as such have been selected by the *kocho* or magistrate.

One most important branch of the educational system remains to be noticed. The Japanese are now thoroughly alive to the necessity of carefully training teachers for their schools. At first, in consequence of the lack of duly qualified native professors, they had to employ foreigners, often English or American Missionaries, for this purpose; and since many of these having at the time an imperfect grasp of the language of the country had to give instruction through interpreters, this was of course a most unsatisfactory arrangement. So the authorities have since spared no pains or expense in providing training colleges, with practising schools attached to them, in every Province. In 1888 there were 46 of these with 4,416 male and 662 female students; but the numbers have no doubt largely increased since then, though we have no positive information on the subject. The general course of study there is much the same as in the high schools, and is spread over four years. In the last year special attention is also given to *scholastic* methods and practical school work. No fees are charged—board, lodging, clothes, and everything necessary, as well as

tuition, being supplied gratis. Male students must reside in the college; but the young women live at home or with relatives, or in suitable licensed families. Certificates are given after a final examination, and are required from all who would become head-mistress or mistresses. Still, they may be given after examination, and with the sanction of the Department, by the *hachō*, provided that the candidates have served as assistants for one year, and that if men they are not under twenty years of age, if women at least eighteen, and are morally as well as physically qualified. The *hachō* appear to have almost absolute power over the teachers in withholding their salaries for a month at a time, or in depriving them of their certificates provisionally, and even finally, for misconduct or neglect of duty, although an appeal is open to the Department. On the other hand, their influence is checked by that of inspectors, appointed for elementary schools by the local authorities, and for the middle and high schools by the Department. These visit the elementary schools monthly and the others twice or thrice a year, in order to give advice to the teachers and to report on the schools to the local or the central authorities. There is also a local committee for each school on which the male teachers sit, and this committee advises the *kochō* about the affairs of the school. Besides the head certificated teachers there are in the larger schools assistants who need not be certificated. For any number up to seventy one certificated teacher is required; for more than seventy up to one hundred and forty one certificated master or mistress with an assistant must be provided. These very inadequate requirements seem to indicate a paucity of fully-qualified instructors. Perhaps this may be partly due, as respects the elementary schools, to the very meagre salaries, if judged by European standards.

The scale of payments to certificated teachers is divided into eight grades; and their ordinary stipends range from 7 yen per month (that is, a yen being equivalent to 2s. 0½*d.*, 14s. 3½*d.*) to 15 yen (or £2 5s. 7½*d.*) per month in the lower elementary schools, whilst in the higher of these schools they rise from 7 yen to 30 monthly. But in the middle and high schools the payments are on a much more liberal scale, ranging from 20 to 150 yen monthly in the former, and from 50 to 200 or more in the latter. Probably the style of living is much simpler and less expensive in Japan than here. Moreover, houses or house-rents are provided for the teachers; and honoraria are added at the end of the year for good general work or special services. Travelling expenses according to time and distance are paid for in the case of removal to another school. During illness, if it lasts no more than a month, the full salary is continued; if for

not more than two months, the half is allowed ; but after that it ceases altogether. After twelve years' service teachers are entitled to a pension, and at their death their relatives receive three months' salary. The school hours are much the same as in England, twenty-eight per week. Besides Sunday (which it is interesting to notice is recognised in all Government institutions as a weekly rest) and certain special heathen festivals, there are forty-nine holidays in the year, which may be fixed for the summer or winter according to the convenience of the locality. Altogether there would seem to be considerable attention paid by the Japanese to the comfort and well-being of their public teachers. They do not enjoy as much liberty and independence as do our English teachers ; but are kept under very strict and often summary discipline. Still in other respects they are well treated. "Autres pays, autres mœurs ;" and when we consider for how short a time the present system has been established, and how imperfect must yet be the civilisation of Japan, we can only wonder at the progress achieved in education as well as in other matters, and may anticipate a still brighter future for that Empire. There is only one dark blot in this otherwise promising system. This is of course the entire absence of religious teaching. The old ancestral faiths are gradually dying out amongst the more cultured and intelligent Japanese ; whilst Christianity is by slow degrees, though with decided marks of progress, winning its way into their confidence. Morality is, indeed, taught, but of no very high order, and without, it is to be feared, much practical effect. We are told on the authority of a late Prime Minister that "Education is non-religious and utilitarian, and educated youths are mostly Agnostics with a morality that is loose and low." In some places, however, as we have seen, the Missionaries have been allowed to teach English in the State schools, and so have gained a good influence over the scholars. Schools for this purpose have been opened at Yokohama and Nagasaki under their charge, besides others of their own, independent of State control. By these and other more direct means, a purer light is slowly, but surely, spreading amongst this wonderful and highly gifted race ; and ere long we trust that theirs will become in reality, as well as in name, "The land of the rising sun."

A few facts connected with this part of our subject may interest our readers. In 1897 the Japanese Education Department took a new departure by sending a Japanese lady to England to study the educational system and methods of our country, as well as to improve *her* knowledge of our language. Special arrangements were made by the authorities for her to travel with a lady Missionary. This lady was asked by one of the teachers of the higher school of the

town to place their friend for some months in a family to learn English better. The Missionary thus applied to thought it right to tell the teacher frankly that any family to which she recommended the visitor would be Christian. The other replied that she understood that every desirable family in England was Christian. This led to a further explanation that those with whom she had to do were earnest Christians, and that drew forth this rejoinder, "So much the better, for they are sure to be kind to her." Miss Yasui was not then herself a thorough believer in Christianity. She told her Missionary friend that her reading had convinced her that there is one Supreme Being, that she had read a good deal of the New Testament, but did not yet understand its teaching. Still she seemed so anxious to know the truth that there seemed to be every hope that during her visit to England through her intercourse with enlightened, earnest people, she would gain clearer convictions about these subjects; and that after her return home she would have a happy influence over her pupils. It is well to add that the institution to which she belonged was a training school for teachers, and that on account of her high character and abilities she was selected for this special work. Such instances are not infrequent, but occur from time to time to cheer the hearts of the Missionaries. In the city of Tokushivna it was reported by the C.M.S. that two public school-boys were baptized after careful instruction, and that several others were studying the Bible under the Missionaries. They would probably carry the knowledge thus received to their parents and homes. Another, a boy of about fourteen years of age, being educated in a middle school of his town, came at first to a Missionary to learn English, became gradually interested in the Gospel, and eventually a believer in Christ, and then endeavoured to lead his school-fellows to Him. Older students, intended for the University at Tokio, at times apply to the Missionaries for lessons in English or German, which are given on condition of half the time being devoted to reading the Bible in the language that they are learning. At the same time we are told that of the 100,000 students at Tokio the great majority have abandoned the national faiths and as yet believe in nothing. The present is evidently a transition period. The minds of these intelligent Japanese are very unsettled. They have been brought into close contact with European religion as well as civilisation, but are not yet as a nation prepared to accept our faith, though they have so largely adopted our arts, sciences, and general culture. Still the light is steadily spreading and will in the end prevail.

THE STAGING OF PLAYS
300 YEARS AGO.

THE conditions under which a play was produced in the age of Shakespeare differed very widely from those which prevail to-day, and a right understanding of what these conditions were may often serve to make plainer obscure points in the dramas of that period. Among the chief differences to be noticed are the absence of scenery, the admission of the spectators to seats on the stage, the impersonating of the women's parts by boys, the manner in which the performers were dressed, and the fact that in some of the theatres, at any rate, the performance took place by daylight.

First, the absence of scenery. This is vouched for up to 1581 by the well-known passage in Sidney's "A Defence of Poesie," "You shall have Asia of the one side and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin by telling where he is, else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, then are we to blame if we accept it not for a rock."

To obviate the difficulty alluded to by Sidney various devices were resorted to, one common one apparently being to hang up a notice indicating the scene the spectators were desired to imagine. Of this we have an interesting instance in the "Spanish Tragedy," where one of the characters in the "play within the play" says, "Hang up the title, our scene is Rhodes." Another device was the use of the prologue, as, for instance, in "Henry V.," where the concluding portions of the prologues to acts iii. and iv. prepare us to travel in imagination to Harfleur and Agincourt respectively. The concluding line of the prologue to act ii. in the same play, "Unto Southampton do we shift our scene," might at first sight appear to furnish evidence of a directly opposite nature; but on closer examination this appearance will be found to be delusive, as there is no evidence to show that the word *scene* was used in its present signification

until a much later date. In this passage it indistinctly means "the scene of action," and the line might be paraphrased thus, "Unto Southampton do we transfer our scene of action." - As the point is of some importance it may be worth while briefly to sum up the chief points of the evidence affecting it.

First, when in a performance given before James I. in the Hall of Christ Church, Oxford, something of the nature of scenery was used, a contemporary spectator (quoted by Malone) says: "With the help . . . of painted clothes their stage did vary three times in the acting of one tragedy." Secondly, when in 1651 Davenant produced his "Siege of Rhodes," he described it as a "representation by the art of perspective in scenes," clearly indicating that the employment of scenery was something new, while in his prologue to "The Wits" he contrasts the "plain old stage" with the "scenes" then in use. Thirdly, that while many instances can be adduced of the use of the word "scene" in the sense of "scene of action," "stage," &c., from plays and masques of the first half of the seventeenth century, it is not possible to produce one instance in which it can be clearly shown to signify a painted back cloth, though from the use of the word scene in some masques (e.g. Jonson's *Masque at Viscount Haddington's Marriage*) for what we should now perhaps describe as a tableau, it is easy to see how the more modern sense of the word arose. Of course, it is not denied that painted back cloths, or some such things, were used in the representation of masques; but these would seem to have been called "devices," as appears from an account of the burning of Whitehall Palace, in which we learn that "the device of the masque, all of oiled paper and dry fir," caught fire; but it is fairly certain that at the period we are considering these "devices" were not called scenes, and were not employed on the stages of ordinary theatres. One other passage relating to this question deserves consideration in the present context, Marlowe's "Dido," act ii. scene i., which seems to imply the use of something of the nature of scenery; the manner in which Æneas and Achates are affected by the sight of the story of Troy depicted on the Temple walls seems to require the use of pictures or tapestries of some kind to make it intelligible to the audience. We know, however, that "painted cloths,"² a sort of cheap substitute for tapestry, were often

¹ Cf. lines 34 and 35 of the same prologue: "The scene is now transported to Southampton," whence we see that the word "shift" must not be taken in its modern sense, any more than the word "scene."

² These "painted cloths" had pictures on them. Cf. Wilkins, *Mistress of Enforced Marriage*, act iv.: "More miserable than one of the wicked elders in the painted cloth."

employed at this period for decorating the walls of rooms in private houses, and something of this kind would no doubt have been used in the present case, and one or two painted cloths would have had a place in the list of properties required for representing this play, for there is abundance of evidence to prove the use of properties in the plays of the period themselves.

In the Induction to Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" we find the "Stage-keeper" says, "Would not a fine pump upon the stage have done well for a property now?" while in the old play of "The Taming of a Shrew" one of the players who is to act before Slie says,

I'll speak for the properties. My Lord, we must
Have a shoulder of mutton for a property.

Now both these quotations show that "properties" three centuries ago consisted of much the same things as they do to-day. The mention of properties in the stage directions of old plays are frequent; a few instances must suffice. In Greene's "James IV." we are directed to have "a tomb conveniently placed upon the stage"; while in the same author's "Alphonsus of Arragon" we read, "Exit Venus, or if you conveniently can, let a chair come down from the top of the stage and draw her up." This is interesting both for the fine consideration for the convenience of others which it implies and also because it shows that the use of mechanical appliances for introducing a *deus ex machinâ* were not unknown. In Henslowe's Diary we find an entry for a disbursement for a somewhat similar contrivance—"a pair of pulleys to hang Absalom." On this point, as on so many others, Henslowe provides us with a great deal of valuable information. In his Diary for September and October 1598 we find that he expended £29 2s. on properties for "Piers of Winchester," a larger amount than was usual with him for one play; the properties for "Patient Grissel" cost him the much more moderate sum of £4 5s.; while among an inventory of properties belonging to the Admiral's men we find such entries as "Tasso's picture," "a tree of golden apple," "three imperial crowns."

Now when we remember the manner in which the stage arose in England, the absence of scenery will seem natural enough. Prior to the building of the first theatre in London in Elizabeth's time, performances had been given in the halls of country houses or in the courtyards of inns; and even after the building of the early play-houses performances in inns do not seem to have ceased altogether. Such a state of affairs would readily allow of the use of properties, especially such things as chairs, tables, beds, &c., which might easily

be borrowed, but would have made the use of scenery, as we understand it, out of the question.

Again, from the evidence at our disposal it is possible to form a fairly accurate idea of what the stage was like, and how it was arranged at the period we are considering. The orchestra, consisting of trumpets, hautboys, lutes, viols, &c., sat in a gallery at one side of the stage, which was separated from the auditorium, not as now by footlights, but by a row of palings. Before the performance began the stage was hidden from the audience by a curtain which was drawn back after the overture or the third "sounding," as it is called in the stage directions. At the back of the stage, which was hung with curtains, was a balcony or raised platform called the upper stage, which appears to have had curtains of its own,¹ so that it could be used or not as the action required. When a lover had to appear on a balcony, a serving maid at an upper window, or the governor of a besieged town on the battlements, it was on this platform they would be seen. If this be borne in mind it will sometimes make clear a passage in an old play which might otherwise be obscure: for instance, in Marlowe's "Massacre of Paris," scene vi., the scene continues below whilst the Admiral is discovered in bed (on the upper stage); as is shown by the stage direction, "the body of the Admiral is thrown down." Here, however, as in many other cases, the use of the upper stage is not clearly indicated in the stage directions and has to be assumed by the reader.

It seems likely that when a play within a play had to be represented, the lower stage would be used for it, and the characters of the main play would occupy the upper stage. This view at any rate is borne out by the old play of "The Taming of a Shrew!"² If this was the case the arrangement of the stage would be just the reverse of that depicted in the famous picture of "Hamlet at the Play" in the National Gallery; but whether the player king and queen would have turned their backs to the audience in the body of the house so as to face Hamlet, Ophelia, and the rest on the upper stage; or have turned their backs to the upper stage so as to face the audience we have no means of deciding: anyway either the actors in the play within a play, or the spectators of it, must have assumed a somewhat unnatural position. When a tragedy was to be enacted the stage was hung with black, as is clearly shown by the following quotation

¹ Cf. Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, "the curtains drawn above."

² Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, act. iv. where Jeronimo speaks of the King and his train, who are to witness the play within a play, passing into the gallery.

from the Induction of the Tragedy, "A Warning for Fair Women"—

The stage is hung with black, and I perceive
The auditors prepared for tragedy.

Or again by the line in "The Rape of Lucrece," where night is described as "Black Stage for Tragedies and Murders fell." In passing we may note that this custom is a further proof that scenery in the modern sense could not have been employed.

Sometimes additional curtains called "traverses" were hung across the middle of the stage when for any reason it was desired to make it shallower, these, like the others, being drawn to and fro from the side, and not let down from the roof. For instance, in Peele's "Edward I." there is a stage direction, "The Queen's tent opens, and she is discovered in bed," which would no doubt be managed by screening off part of the stage with traverses and drawing them back at the required moment.

The absence of scenery sometimes induced playwrights to take liberties which would not be possible on a stage arranged according to modern methods. There is a curious instance in Dekker and Webster's "Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt." Lady Jane Grey and her husband determine to remove to the Tower of London; a stage direction says they are to "pass round the stage."¹ After this Guilford speaks in words which imply that the procession has reached the gateway of the Tower. It would seem likely that a procession round the stage was understood to imply a change of scene, which would of course be inconceivable if painted scenery were used.

If the frontispiece of Kirkman's "Drolls" (1672) represents the appearance of a stage as it was in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, we should conclude that the entrances and exits were usually made from the back, which, as the tiring-room was behind the stage, is extremely likely. The stage directions enable us to be certain that more than one entrance was used; e.g. in Rowley's "All's Lost by Lust" we read (Sig. H 2) "Enter Roderique again at another door."

How many entrances there were is a harder matter to decide, for in some cases the stage directions (as in the one just quoted) seem to imply several doors, in other cases only two; for instance, in "The Hog has Lost his Pearl" we read that one of the characters "passing over the stage knocks at the other door," and again in "Jack Drum's Entertainment" there is a direction "enter Pasquil

¹ See Dekker's *Dramatic Works* (Pearson's reprint), vol. iii. p. 306.

at one door, his page at the other." Perhaps the true explanation may be that there were usually three entrances, one through the middle of the curtains hung at the back of the stage, and one at each end of the same curtains; possibly in some playhouses the tiring-room may have been so close behind the curtain that it would have been inconvenient to have the curtains opened for the entrance and exit of the performers,¹ in which case the side entrances only would be employed. In the absence of direct evidence we must rest content with conjecture. It is quite clear, however, that in no case can entrances have been made from the side of the stage, as nowadays, since it was wholly open to the view of the audience.

The usual covering for the floor of the stage appears to have been rushes; although on the occasion on which the Globe Theatre was burnt down, in 1613, the stage was covered with matting, as we learn from a letter of Sir Henry Wotton in which the event is described. "The play," he writes, "was set forth with extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage."

One of the most interesting features of the arrangement of the stage at this period was the admission of the spectators to sit on the stage itself; a practice which brought money into the exchequer of the theatre, but caused endless annoyance to the dramatists and actors. There are numerous allusions to this custom in the plays of the day, but the fullest and most interesting account of it is to be found in Dekker's "Gul's Hornbook," wherein he sarcastically gives advice to a young gallant how to demean himself whilst occupying a seat upon the stage. From this advice it is not hard to deduce how many young fops actually did behave on the stage. They would enter just before the play commenced and call loudly for a stool, the price of which would vary from sixpence to a shilling; they would light their pipe and begin talking to any of their acquaintance who happened to be on the stage, generally behaving in such a manner as to attract the attention of the whole audience. During the performance they would make audible comments on the play or the acting, even addressing remarks to the performers, or if they had nothing better to do would take up one of the rushes from the floor to pick their teeth with. Sometimes they would carry this careless

¹ In the frontispiece to Kirkman's *Drolls*, alluded to above, a character is peeping through the middle of the curtains, but in such a way as not to let the audience see through the aperture. This plate is reproduced as the frontispiece to Heywood's *Plays* in the Mermaid Series.

behaviour to such an extent as seriously to interrupt the performance and cause the "groundlings" (*i.e.* the occupiers of the pit) to hoot and hiss at them. Perhaps Dekker may have heightened the colouring somewhat for purposes of satire, but his picture is no doubt substantially accurate.

To pass from the stage to the performers on it, the most striking difference to be noted is surely the playing of women's parts by boys; a tradition unbroken in England, as far as we know, until 1629, when a company of French actresses ventured to appear in London, but met with a reception the reverse of favourable; for an age by no means prudish in more respects held it indelicate for women to appear on the stage. Prynne, in his "*Histriomastix*," speaks of these actresses as "Frenchwomen or rather monsters," and proceeds to characterise their attempt to act on a public stage as "impudent, shameful, un-womanish, graceless, if not more than whorish." But then the same doughty old Puritan regarded the impersonation of women's parts by men in female attire as "sinful, yea abominable unto Christians." More reliable testimony to the feeling against the appearance of women as actresses is afforded by the fact that the Frenchwomen referred to above were hooted off the stage by the audience.

Not impossibly accident as much as design originally caused the employment of boys to play women's parts in England. The direct precursors of the theatrical companies of Elizabeth's day were undoubtedly the little bands of strolling players who wandered up and down the country giving performances in the halls of noble-men's houses or the inn yards of market towns; such, for instance, as the players in "*Hamlet*." Nor are we surprised to find that these strolling companies consisted wholly of males, as the life they led must have been a rather rough one: for them the acting of women's parts by boys or young men was a necessity; the thing having become a custom, it was quite naturally continued when companies settled in London. There it was turned to account in another way, for we learn that boys were apprenticed to well-known players, and they would learn the art of acting by performing as women until they were old enough to take the men's parts. Two important consequences of this custom were the comparative paucity of female characters in the plays of the period, and the fondness evinced by Shakespeare and his contemporaries for making their heroines don the doublet and hose, as Imogen, Rosalind, Viola, and many others do.

It may be worth noting one or two other facts with regard to the

companies of strolling players mentioned above, as the traditions established among them seem to have affected the stage in various ways until the closing of the theatres at the time of the Great Rebellion. In the first place, each little company consisting of but few players (in "Hamlet" we have "four or five players," in the old comedy of "The Taming of a Shrew" we have two players and a boy), the practice of doubling or trebling parts must have arisen; and of the continuance of this practice we have abundant evidence. To "The Fair Maid of the Exchange" we find a table prefixed showing "how eleven may easily act this comedy," though it contains twenty characters, "officers" counting as one. Still later, in the quarto editions of the Duchess of Malfi we find "The Doctor," "Cariola," and "Officers" all assigned to one actor, R. Pallant. In the second place the members of these travelling companies must have grown accustomed to acting with very slight assistance from mechanical appliance, since they either carried their dresses and properties in packs on their backs, or in a waggon behind which they tramped on foot, as Dekker taunts Ben Jonson with having done. Cf. "Satiromastix": "Thou hast forgot how thou amblest (in a leather pilch) by a play-wagon in the high way, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part."

The waggon of course could be used as a stage, and if like the "pageants" (*i.e.* play-waggon) used in the old miracle plays it had two storeys, the lower to serve as a green room, the upper as stage, it is easy to see how it came about that the use of trap-doors was common in the Elizabethan theatres, which we know to have been the case from stage directions in various plays implying their use, *e.g.* "a golden head rises" in Dekker's "If it be not Good."

The exact manner in which the actors dressed for their parts cannot perhaps be determined, but it is certain that considerable sums of money were expended on costumes. Gosson (in 1577) in his "School of Abuse" inveighs against the "costly apparell" worn on the stage; while Prynne, in his "Histriomastix," some half a century later, makes a similar complaint. In one case we learn from Henslowe's Diary that as much as £19 was paid for a single cloak, which, if the entry be correct, is a very high figure, considering the value of money 300 years ago. No doubt the same costumes would be used over and over again in different plays, and would become old and stale, but when new they certainly appear to have been costly. In the inventory of the apparel belonging to the Admiral's men in 1598 there are some interesting items, a few of which may be quoted: "Item, a cloak trimmed with copper lace and red

velvet breeches," for Tamburlane ; "item, five satin doublets laid with gold lace," for Henry V. ; "item, a cloak with gold buttons." From these items it would seem that magnificence rather than historical propriety was aimed at. True that in the city pageant entitled "Britannia's Honour" we read of one of the characters being arrayed in "a rich Roman antique habit," but then we do not know what ideas the men of James I.'s day had about "a rich Roman antique habit." We know for certain that in the eighteenth century historical accuracy was not thought of in stage dresses, and may fairly assume the same to have been the case a hundred years earlier.

No doubt an endeavour would be made to make the dresses distinctive, kings and nobles being more richly clothed than others, while it seems likely that certain more or less conventional properties served to indicate the nature of the character represented ; e.g. in the "Spanish Tragedy" we find "a Turkish cap, a black moustachio, and a falchion" set down as part of the costume required by the person who was to represent a Turkish prince in the play within the play. Generally speaking, we may conclude that whatever the period represented in a play may have been, the actors were dressed in the costume of their own day.

On the other hand periwigs, which were not commonly used at the period, were worn by actors, and in some cases vizards or masks, as the following passage from "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" testifies :—

Flute : Let not me play a woman ; I have a beard coming.

Bottom : That's all one ; you shall play it in a mask.

The prologue was usually spoken by one wearing a large black velvet cloak, though the origin of the custom seems unknown.

The stage crowds of the period were very different from those of the present day ; in some old plays we find such stage directions as the following : "Enter soldiers, as many as you can," with which we may compare Shakespeare's apology in "Henry V." for attempting to represent the battle of Agincourt "with four or five most vile and ragged foils." This was due partly to the exigencies of the case, for the short runs made elaborate rehearsals impossible, and small stages could not be overcrowded (especially as spectators sat on them) ; partly also to the general method of the day, which strove on the stage rather to suggest to the imagination than to represent to the eye.

In many ways the performance must have been more spontaneous than at present, for the clown was permitted to extemporise, as we

learn from Hamlet's injunction to the players: "Let your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." This licence was sometimes carried so far that the clowns would actually crack jokes with members of the audience. Nor was this liberty of extemporising confined to the clowns. Sometimes we find in an old text an inviting, "&c.," or a stage direction such as the following from Heywood's "Edward IV.": "Jockie is led to whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance."

The prompter, or "book-holder," as he was then called, is referred to as if he were a regular official of the theatre, together with the "tire-man," who presumably had charge of the theatrical wardrobe.

The stage appears to have been lighted by a pair of larger chandeliers hanging from the roof, though, as in some of the theatres only the stage itself was roofed in, daylight may to some extent have been relied upon, since the performances were always given in the afternoon.

One more characteristic of the theatre of three hundred years ago remains to be noticed, the jig. From a passage in "The Hog has Lost his Pearl" it appears that a jig was in rhyme, for two lines from a jig supposed to be written by one of the characters in that play are quoted in it. It was sung¹ by the clown at the end of the performance and was accompanied, perhaps, with music and dancing—certainly with antics of various kinds. The general tenor of jigs may be gathered from the fact that Shakespeare couples together "a jig" and "a tale of bawdry," while Dekker speaks of "a nasty bawdy jig." Probably the jig was to all intents and purposes the topical song of the day. That the audiences of the period enjoyed jigs immediately after a soul-stirring tragedy is but one more instance of the difference between their point of view and ours, of which numerous other examples have been given already. If their taste was simpler and cruder, the conditions under which plays were produced must at any rate have served to make the actors ready and resourceful, the spectators imaginative and alert.

ERIC REDE BUCKLEY.

¹ Cf. *The Hog has Lost his Pearl*: "A jig whose tune with the natural whistle of a carman shall be more ravishing to your ears than a whole concert of barbers."

ODDS AND ENDS IN POMPEII.

I PURPOSE, in this short sketch, to pick out the little nuggets of common everyday life from the glittering mine of learning confined between the covers of Professor Mau's splendid book, "Pompeii : its Life and Art."

I spread these little nuggets before the reader for half an hour's pastime, and feel convinced that he will then beg, borrow, or buy the book itself, and study its 501 pages, every one of which is interesting.

Never, I think, has the situation and landscape of Pompeii been placed so clearly and concisely before a reader as by Professor Mau in the book before us. The beautiful walled city on its gentle elevation, taking the shape of the ridge of ancient lava on which it was built at the foot of Vesuvius, and overlooking the plain of the river Sarno, which river, then much wider and deeper than it is now, flowed not far from the city gate, so that a small port was formed on its banks, and became the depôt of all the small towns of the district, and even of some on the more distant parts of *Campania Felix*.

Professor Mau notices the curious fact that Acerra, at the other side of Vesuvius, to which the port of Naples lay much nearer, yet used by preference that of Pompeii. Perhaps the reason may have been a stretch of brackish marshes lying between Acerra and Naples at that period, which may have rendered traffic difficult.

Professor Mau's book is the result of twenty-five years' study carried on with real devotion and enthusiasm, and all who have already seen Pompeii, or intend going thither, should study it diligently.

Pompeii was surrounded by the country houses of wealthy Romans, and a curious incident leads one to infer that the Imperial family possessed a villa there, for we read that Drusus, the young son of the Emperor Claudius, was choked to death at Pompeii by a fig which he had thrown up in the air and caught in his mouth, a feat which one often can see performed by a Neapolitan street-boy nowadays.

The everyday public life of Pompeii was concentrated in the Forum, the business centre of the city. Here idlers and gossips loitered and chatted, here tradesmen met and settled points of difference, and young people pursued their romantic adventures.

Imagine the public square of a modern Italian city provided with inviting colonnades affording protection from rain or sun, and the life of the place concentrated therein, and you can form an idea of the ceaseless bustle and variety of scenes that took place daily in the Pompeian Forum. In front of the equestrian statues, dealers of every kind and description took up their posts; warm food was ladled out from caldrons; women sold fruit and vegetables, men the bread fresh from the bakers; and tinkers mended old pots and pans. At another side sat the public scribes—like those still to be seen under the arcade of the opera-house at Naples—writing letters for peasant women; a group of citizens tested the wine in the bottles they held in their hands. Persons of leisure strolled about; beggars held out imploring hands; children played at hide-and-peek amongst the columns. A naughty boy, mounted on the back of a school-fellow, received a flogging for some misdeed, the master standing by to see that the slave employed applied the lash properly. On certain days processions passed in great solemnity, and, at the time before the amphitheatre was built, games and gladiatorial combats also took place in the Forum. Then the upper storey of the colonnade was reserved for the giver of the games, his friends, and the paying public, while the lower portion was free to the populace. But no vehicle might enter the Forum, and by this regulation her pre-eminence over the provincial cities in this matter was preserved to Rome.

All around this busy market-place of Pompeii were public offices, law courts, and special markets. In the *Macellum*, at the north-west corner of the Forum, there was a colonnade, under the roof of which fish that had been sold were scaled, and the scales thrown into a basin. A street to the north of the *Macellum* had rows of shops, where were exposed for sale figs, chestnuts, plums, grapes, fruit preserved in glass vessels, lentils, corn and cakes of all kinds. The counters for fish and meat were sloped, so that the fish might be sprinkled, and the counters washed, while the water ran off. Sheep, lambs, and kids were sold alive in the market, purchasers preferring a victim that might be offered a sacrifice to the household gods before being used as food. The wall-paintings in the *Macellum* plainly show the purpose of the building. There are pictures of all kinds of trade and industry. In the room reserved for the sale of

meat and fish there is the personification of the river Sarno, the coast, and surrounding country, suggesting that in this room might be obtained the products of the sea, the river, and the land.

Pompeii indeed enjoyed a large source of income from its fertile soil. Pliny, Professor Mau reminds us, makes frequent mention of the Pompeian wine, but adds that indulgence in it caused a headache which lasted till noon the following day. That the Pompeians were extensive market-gardeners is proved by the fact that even many private estates had vegetable gardens attached to the house.

The business streets in Pompeii can even now be distinguished at a glance from those in the less frequented quarters, the latter being bordered by the blank walls of houses, broken only by the house doors, while the former are lined with shops open to the street in all their width, at night being closed by wooden shutters. The door-keepers in private houses were frequently cobblers, as is very often the case now in Naples. This is proved by the tools found and some inscriptions on the walls.

At the time of the destruction of Pompeii, soap, a Gallic invention, was only just beginning to come into use. As most of the garments worn were of wool, they were sent out of the house to be cleansed, and the trade of fuller was relatively important. Then, too, as now, woollen clothes were bleached with sulphur fumes.

Wine shops were numerous, and were often at the same time eating-houses, with some accommodation for the night. They had names such as "The Elephant Inn," and the guests scratched remarks on the walls; one runs, apparently written by an affectionate husband: "Here slept Vibius Restitutus all by himself, his heart filled with longings for his Urbana." The charges were low, for owing to the universal custom of private hospitality, these places of entertainment were only resorted to by the lowest classes, and tended to become the haunt of the vicious.

It seems probable that driving was forbidden in the streets of Pompeii, people using litters; in the widest streets, where are the stepping stones for wet weather, the waggons could pass, the wheels rolling in the spaces between, and the horses being loosely attached to the wings by means of a yoke, which gave the animals freedom of movement.

All sorts of games had the keenest interest for Pompeians. Their amphitheatre is the oldest known to us from either literary or monumental sources. Numberless notices painted or scratched on the walls relate to such sport. Terms of endearment were lavished upon gladiators in such inscriptions. In one, Celadus is called "the

maidens' sigh," and "the glory of girls," while one Crescens is styled "lord o' lasses," and "the darlings' doctor." Everyone knows that with the Romans the public baths were an indispensable part of daily life, and the baths of Pompeii stood in no way behind those of greater cities in motley and tumultuous variety of scene.

Professor Mau gives us a quotation from "Seneca" in illustration of what went on in such places :—

"I am living near a bath," writes the philosopher; "sounds are heard on all sides. Just imagine for yourself every conceivable kind of noise that can offend the ear. The men of more sturdy muscle go through their exercises and swing their hands, heavily weighed with lead. I hear their groans when they strain themselves, or the whistling of laboured breath when they breathe out after having held in. If one is rather lazy, he has himself rubbed with ointment, and I hear the blows of the hands slapping his shoulders, the sound varying as the massagist strikes with flat or hollow palm. If a ball-player begins to play and count his throws, it's all up for the time being. Meanwhile there is a sudden brawl as a thief is caught, or there is someone in the bath who loves to hear the sound of his own voice, and the bathers plunge into the swimming-bath with loud splashing. These noises, however, are not without some resemblance of excuse, but the hair-plucker from time to time raises his shrill voice in order to attract attention, and is very still himself when he is forcing cries of pain from someone else from whose armpits he plucks the hairs. And over all the din you hear the cries of those who are selling cakes, sausages, and sweetmeats."

It is a curious fact that the aqueduct, furnishing water not only to Pompeii but also to the Naples of that time, brought it from the mountains near Avellino, following substantially the same route which, since the year 1885, has led to Naples the excellently pure water now enjoyed by that city and suburbs.

Turning now to private dwellings, we are informed that the Pompeian house can be traced for about four hundred years. The earlier form consisted of a single series of apartments; a central room, the atrium, with smaller chambers opening into it, and a garden at the back. The arrangements contemplated much spending of time in the open air, and protection against heat, not cold, was most regarded. The Pompeians seemed excessively sensitive to heat, but bore cold with great patience. In the houses of later date and greater development there were usually two dining-rooms, one for summer, the other for winter or bad weather. In many houses the

front door opened directly on the street causeway ; and where there were vestibules they were generally more modest than those in Rome. Doors were fastened with bolts, and crossbars across the wings. In the earliest times the hearth stood in the atrium, a hole in the roof serving as chimney. There the household gathered at meal-times ; there they worked and rested from their labours. In such an atrium, Professor Mau reminds us, Lucretia sat with her maids spinning late at night, when her husband entered unexpectedly with his friends ; and in such a room in his Sabine villa, Horace loved to dine and converse with his rustic neighbours.

A table in the atrium, with vessels of brass, remained much longer in use at Pompeii than in Rome, and symbolised the more ancient hearth with its cooking utensils. Probably this table was that on which the dishes were washed up, for frequently a statuette, throwing a jet of water into a marble basin, stood in front of it. Wide counters or sideboards, which could be folded back, stood between the pilasters. The children, even of the Imperial family, sat on low stools at a table of their own, placed on the open side of the large table, for the couches of the diners at this stood only on three of its sides.

In the kitchen, fuel was kept in a hollow place under the masonry hearth, just as it is now in most South Italian houses. A baking-oven near the hearth, too small for bread, was evidently intended for pastry. A small hole above the hearth carried off the smoke of the fire, which was made on the top.

Store-rooms were a common convenience in the Pompeian houses, as is seen by the traces of shelves fastened to the walls ; and a few of the houses were provided with cellars. Wall-paintings show that the young girls of families were well educated, for one fresco represents girls writing, while another shows a young woman painting, two maidens watching her with great interest, and a Cupid holding the unfinished picture at which she is working.

Most of the good houses had double doors at the entrance, one of which was probably set open during the day, as in houses of the present period. In many dwellings, the rooms not required for household purposes were utilised as shops or small separate residences, and no doubt afforded an important source of income to the owner, just as now, in the old-fashioned great houses of Naples, the ground-floor is let out in shops or separate small apartments in the interior of the courtyard.

Generally the rich inhabitants of Pompeii possessed farmhouses in the neighbourhood, a suite of rooms over the domestic apartments of the tenants being reserved for the use of the owner.

Not one bed has been found in the sleeping-rooms of Pompeii, for, as they were usually made of wood, they have crumbled away; and in only one of all the dining-rooms were sufficient remains of the couches found to reconstruct them in the models now in the Naples Museum. A curious proof that many children in Pompeii were brought up by hand, is the fact that feeding-bottles (often mistaken for lamps) made of terra-cotta, were found, on which the figure of a thriving child is seen, or that of a mother suckling an infant.

Professor Mau gives his readers a splendid idea of the beauty of a Pompeian house on entering it: "As one stepped across the mosaic border at the end of the *fauces* (or corridor) a beautiful vista opened out before the eyes. From the aperture of the impluvium a diffused light was spread through the atrium, brilliant with its rich colouring. At the rear, the lofty entrance of the tablinum attracted the visitor by its stately dignity. Now the portières are drawn aside, and beyond the large window of the tablinum the columns of the first peristyle are seen. The shrubs and flowers of the garden are bright with sunshine, and fragrant odours are wafted through the house; in the midst, a slender fountain-jet rises in the air and falls with a pleasant murmur to the ear. If the vegetation was not too luxuriant one might look into the exedra, on the farther side of the colonnade, and even catch glimpses of the trees and bushes in the garden of the second peristyle."

It would occupy too large a space here to give an idea of the interesting matter in Professor Mau's book relating to the tombs of Pompeii, but we may mention that, besides the famous "Street of Tombs," there were at least two cemeteries for the poor at different sides of the city. Notwithstanding the religious feeling of the ancients with regard to their dead, notices of a semi-public character were often painted in bright red upon the walls of tombs, and one ridiculous incongruity is met with in an advertisement about a stolen horse painted on a tomb in the outskirts of Pompeii. It runs as follows: "If anybody lost a mare with a small pack-saddle on November 25, let him come and see Quintus Decius Hilarus (a freed man) on the estate of the Mamii, this side of the bridge over the Sarno."

A most notable feature of Pompeii is the innumerable inscriptions, ranging from commemorative tablets put up at public expense, to the scribblings on the plastered walls.

There are more than six thousand, and they give an insight into the life of the city and its people unequalled in the world. The

most important are the election notices, of which there are about sixteen hundred. In these the names of more than a hundred candidates appear. The recommendations are often very simple; merely the name of the candidate, with the brief addition, "a good man," or, "worthy of public office." One candidate is affirmed to be "a youth of singular modesty"; and another is recommended on the plea that "he will be the watch-dog of the treasury."

Sometimes a recommendation is used against an office-seeker with telling effect: "The meek thieves request the election of Vatia as ædile."

Another notice runs: "His little sweetheart is working for the election of Claudius as duumvir;" which goes to prove that the Pompeian women were then as active perhaps as the ladies of the Primrose League now.

Inscriptions relating to gladiatorial combats were of course plenteous, and also advertisements of lost articles, such as: "A copper-pot has been taken from this shop. Whoever brings it back will receive 65 sesterces."

At least one-half of the entire inscriptions are the graffits or scratchings, a habit accounted for by the temptation to use the sharp-pointed stylus on the polished stucco of the walls or pillars.

Such scratchings are of all kinds: names, catchwords from poems, amatory couplets, rough sketches, such as the profile of a face, or a ship. Skits are frequent. An ardent Pompeian writes: "Down with the Nocerians!" and an adversary, "Good luck to the Nocerians!"

Many scratchings are greetings to friends, and one is just the reverse: "Sanius to Cornelius: Go, hang yourself!" A very naïve greeting is to a friend who has died: "Pyrrhus to his chum Chias: I'm sorry to hear that you are dead, and so, good-bye."

The theme of love is most prominent in prose and verse, the latter commonly the *elegiac distich*. One scribbler gives his opinion of love as follows: "He who has never been in love is no gentleman."

A lover writes: "Health to you, Victoria, and wherever you are may you sneeze sweetly!" Another says: "Cestilia, Queen of the Pompeians, sweet soul, greeting to you!" A rejected suitor, in four lines of irregular verse, purposes to vent his anger on the goddess of Love herself: "All lovers come! I purpose to break the ribs of Venus, and to smash the small of her back with clubs; if she can bore a hole in my tender heart, why can I not break her head with a cudgel?"

Of a man-flirt is written : " Restitutus has many times deceived many girls." A sweet instance of marital and family affection is seen in the graffiti of a lonely wife addressed to an absent husband and other relations : " Hirti Psacas at all times and in all places sends heartiest greetings to Gaius Hortilius Conops, her husband and guide and gentle adviser, and to her sister Diodata, her brother Fortunatus and her Celer ; and she sends a greeting to her Primigenia too."

One Pompeian counts the steps as he walked up and down the colonnade at the side of his garden for exercise. He records 640 paces for ten times back and forth. An advent of young pigs or puppies is noticed : " On October 17, Puteolana had a litter consisting of 3 males and 2 females."

Children scratched on the walls the alphabet they were learning, and quotations from Virgil and also an echo of lessons at school. Sometimes a maxim is found recorded, as " The smallest evil, if neglected, will reach the greatest proportions."

Many inscriptions on amphoræ are found at Pompeii, generally with a pen in black ink, but sometimes painted in red or white. Wines were often designated by characteristic names. One brand is called " frenzy wine," another " white drink," a third " breakfast-drink " ; probably this amphoræ contained a kind of mead made by mixing honey with wine, which was drunk at the first meal of the day. The words for olives, beans, meal, honey and lentils are found on the amphoræ in which they were kept.

A large number of vessels contained the fish-sauces of which the ancients were so fond, and were labelled with their names, "*gerum* blossom," a kind of fish jelly, or "tunny-jelly, blossom brand." "*Muria*," a favourite kind, was apparently a sort of pickle.

I cannot close this sketch in a better manner than by quoting part of chapter fifty-eight, the " conclusion " of Professor Mau's beautiful book, which points out the significance of the Pompeian culture :—

" The situation of Pompeii was unfavourable to the growth of an indigenous culture. Founded by Samnites, a primitive folk, it lay in the overlapping edges of two great zones of influence, Greek and Roman. It was a small town, which never rose to the dignity even of a provincial capital. It was a seaport, which, through marine traffic, kept in touch with other cities, especially those of the east, from which fashions of art, religion, and life travelled easily westwards. . . . The literature which they (the Pompeians) read, as we learn from quotations scratched upon the walls, consisted of the Greek and Roman writers of their own or previous periods ; not a

single line of an Oscan drama or poem has been found. Their art was a reproduction of designs and masterpieces produced elsewhere—at first under Hellenistic, later under Roman influence—on a scale commensurate with the limited resources of the place. Finally the countless appliances of everyday life, from the fixed furniture of the atrium to articles of toilet, were not rare and costly objects such as were seen in the wealthy houses of Rome or Alexandria, but those of the commoner sort everywhere in use. Any one of fifty cities might have been overwhelmed in the place of Pompeii, and the results, as far as our knowledge of the ancient culture in its larger aspects is concerned, would not have been essentially different.

“The representative rather than exceptional character of the remains at Pompeii make them of less or greater value, according as we look at them from different points of view. If we are seeking for the most perfect examples of ancient art, for masterpieces of the famous artists, we do not find them. Many of the Pompeian paintings appeal to modern taste; yet it would be as unfair to judge of the merits of ancient painting from the specimens which are worked into the decorative designs of Pompeian walls, as it would be to base an estimate of the value of modern art upon chromos and wall-papers. . . . No large city, fortunately for its inhabitants, was visited by such a disaster as that which befell the Campanian town; and the wealth of artistic types at Pompeii bears witness to the universality of art in the Greco-Roman world.

“Since these remains are so broadly typical, they are invaluable for the interpretation of the civilisation of which they formed a part. They shed light on countless passages of Greek and Roman writers. Literature, however, ordinarily records only that which is exceptional or striking, while here we find the surroundings of life as a whole, the humblest details being presented to the eye.

“Pompeii, as no other source outside the pages of classical authors, helps us to understand the ancient man.”

LILY WOLFFSOHN.

AT LYME REGIS.

PERSUASION'S heroine haunts alway
 Thine old world precincts, Lyme, for me;
 I tread thy quaint streets erst to-day,
 Yet known of yore they seem to be.

I mount the High Street's steep incline,
 Yon ancient Inn's astir to-day,
 Sir Walter Eliot's horses fine
 And curricl obstruct the way.

The Inn's awake with lacqueys grand,
 The landlord waits with welcoming smile;
 Sir Walter scorns th' obsequious band,
 And will not deign to stay awhile.

Fair faces watch, from latticed pane,
 The curricl remount the hill,
 But Anne looks seaward, and doth chain
 To her sweet self my wandering will.

Now in the street her pensive shade
 With Captain Wentworth flitteth by;
 Though fair Louisa, wilful maid,
 Contrives to charm his sailor's eye.

A youth in mourning follows slow,
 With downcast look and absent mind;
 I smile at Benwick's crushing woe,
 Swift consolation he shall find.

Of ancient make their gay attire,
 The men's high stocks, the ladies' curls;
 But youth with wonted life and fire
 His flag o'er lip and cheek unfurls.

They heed me not, for what am I ?
A shadow vague of years to come ;
To the new Cobb they laughing fly,
While I must follow, wistful, dumb.

They jesting climb the Cobb's steep side,
Louisa ripe for girlish freak,
I dread the ill that must betide,
Would warn them back, but cannot speak.

Again I haunt the quaint old street ;
A figure slight, with hazel eyes,
Steps lightly,—no man turns to greet
Our witty Jane, or " Welcome " cries.

Romantic maids, or wits of Lyme
Who find *belles-lettres* a constant lure,
Would never deign to turn a rhyme,
To this fair guest, with eyes demure.

Yet hath she made Lyme Regis town
For many a modern pilgrim famed,
Through fair " Persuasion's " just renown,
Her English classic, aptly named.

On Cobb, in street, Jane's living face
Seems still to smile, nor men forget
Her sweet Anne Eliot's pensive smile,
Whose fancied haunts allure us yet.

MAUDE PROWER.

TABLE TALK.

MODERN CORRUPTION OF LANGUAGE.

I DARE not attempt fully to illustrate my quarrel with modern corruptions of language. There are a few men I know who would bring everything to the standard of convenience, and would seriously commend the use of a language such as Volapük. For them I do not write. The climax of ignorance is surely reached when we find a society describing itself on its formation as Ornithological, and announcing its purpose as being to improve the breed of dogs!—that of bad taste is approached when men write that “it goes without saying,” as is daily done. A mistake which dates from early days is to be found in some old writers of established reputation, and is constantly employed by men who should know better, in using the phrase “from whence.” “Whence,” of course, involves the “from.” If a man does not see the absurdity of such a phrase, I can only counsel him to extend his heresy, and try the effect of “to thither”—one utterance being as defensible as the other. These are, I admit, cases of grave mistake. To deal with lighter matters: Why should men now talk of “bye-paths”? What signification do they attach to these? “Bye” has in England no justifiable existence except in the salutation, “Good-bye.” A “bye” at cricket even is not defensible. It is a meritorious act on the part of our London County Council to shame our Parliament and our railway companies by substituting by-law for bye-law. On some of these points I have previously dwelt. But nothing can be done with the public until a thing is hammered into its head. In this case we need the “damnable iteration” with which Falstaff rebuked Prince Hal. In the volume of Daniel, from which I have recently quoted, by-path is, of course, correctly spelt. By-paths, by-gone, and by-words are all rightly spelt in Shakespeare.

CURRENT ERRORS.

IT will perhaps be regarded as pedantic to ask people to substitute “tiro” for “tyro,” yet they ought so to do. “Tiro” is in the Latin a recruit, or young soldier. Still more hopeless is it to ask

them to write "rime" instead of "rhyme," the latter mistake being, as it seems, definitely established in the language. Yet all philologists know "rhyme" to be founded on a mistaken association with "rhythm." I turn to "rime," in the first popular dictionary which is accessible, the "Student's English Dictionary," by Ogilvie and Annandale, and find under "rime" the explanation, "The more correct spelling of rhyme." Daniel, whom I have before quoted, writes "ryme." The first use of the word by Shakespeare is in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Here, in the supposedly authoritative edition of Wright and Clark, "The Cambridge Shakespeare," I find

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme,

accompanied by no comments. In the First Folio the word is spelt "rime," a fact the editors complacently ignore. In every other case in which I have consulted the first folio it reads "rime," and the modern editor substitutes "rhyme." Milton, in the first edition of "Paradise Lost," has

Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime,

which I may incidentally mention is a translation or paraphrase of Ariosto's

Cosa non detta in prosa mai nè in rima.

Where the best scholars fail in reforming a heresy I, of course, despair of success, and the matter is not, after all, of supreme importance. "Rhodomontade" is a similar mistake which is of frequent occurrence. The real form is, of course, "Rodomontade," being descriptive of the vapourings of Rodomonte, a brave but boastful leader of the Saracens in the "Orlando Furioso." Who, in this case, first brought in the superfluous "h" I know not. It can scarcely be due to some confused association with Rhodes or Rhododendron. I may mention again, as a curious instance of the misquotation now almost universal, that Hazlitt, in Bohn's edition of his works, is made to speak of "Primroses that come before the swallow dares," instead of "daffodils" in one of the best-known passages in Shakespeare.

STALE QUOTATIONS.

ONE of the results of the general dissemination of half-knowledge is that the scholar should be provided with, or should himself provide, an almost entire stock of new quotations. Many of

our most familiar quotations, in spite of their beauty and appropriateness, are worn threadbare, and there is an inexhaustible supply in the mines that have already been quarried. One might surely be supposed to have heard by now the last of the statement that the English "take their pleasures sadly," fathered on Froissart, but not to be found in that writer. People should for very shame cease to misapply *cui bono*, the meaning of which is quite different from that ordinarily assigned it, and "of that ilk," which is wrong nine times out of ten when used. I would fain, however, stop quotations of great beauty when they have become vulgarised. Surely

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever

has been employed often enough. "Conspicuous by his absence," which few know to be practically translated from Tacitus, is scarcely to be regarded as a quotation. It is used *ad nauseam*, but may be accepted as a current locution convenient in its way. Still fewer know that we are indebted to Tacitus for "They make a solitude and call it peace," and the reproach of "forsaking the setting sun and turning to the rising." These quotations cannot be said to have been vulgarised. Sheridan supplies a batch of quotations that are almost, but not quite, too familiar. The same may be said of Tennyson, though, perhaps, as regards conversation rather than writing. Few can say "Come into the garden" without adding "Maud." A man would scarcely dare, in these later days, to draw again the picture of an institution

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

Or repeat, except in joke, concerning a too long-winded orator—

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

A well-graced actor.

Beauty when unadorned adorned the most.

and

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety—

must be taken as representative of scores of things that can never be forgotten, but have served their purpose. I know one writer into whose compositions the lines concerning the tea-cup times of hood and hoop, or while the patch was worn, intrude as regularly as King Charles the First intruded into Mr. Dick's Memorial—which last is itself an illustration that has done good service, and might be put on the retired list.

NEW QUOTATIONS.

IF I do not attempt to give many new quotations, it is because such are inexhaustible. I could supply thousands as good as any in use and not perceptibly impoverish the stock. The "Festus" of my old friend Philip James Bailey, of whose death two score years ago—though he is still happily alive—I recently read with amazement, would alone furnish scores of sentences pithy or poetical, and quite worthy to take rank as gnomes. Shakespeare has not yet been half used. All can people Windsor with sights and sounds of "sweet Anne Page"; yet who ever thinks of Launce's nameless sister, who is "as white as a lily and as small as a wand," surely the very picture of sweet English maidenhood? Beaumont and Fletcher are never quoted, yet I could draw thence passages of tenderness and beauty unrivalled except in Shakespeare. Think, for instance, of the girl who, dressed as a page, has followed her lover to the wars, and finds his sword directed against her throat. A second Viola, she is willing to accept death at the hands of her lover, and says, encouraging him to kill her—

Strike, 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

I think, but am not sure, that it is Suckling who makes a lover declare, concerning his mistress—

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name—

surely an exquisite comparison. But the subject, as I said, is inexhaustible.

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SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH JANE.

By M. A. CURTOIS.

I CAME across Jane some years ago. It was at the time when experiments were being tried with her.

A young friend of mine, who knows the ins and outs of London, had discovered Jane in a London lodging-house, left there as a legacy from many former landladies, though how she had originally got there no one knew. The present landlady, who had only recently come into possession, was anxious to get rid of this child of the premises, being ambitious, and having set up a more showy servant, of a smart though distinctly dubious appearance. My friend, who might be an eminent philanthropist if she would take her philanthropy less by fits and starts, became interested in this forlorn Jane of uncertain age, with a white compressed face, dark eyes, and a mop of hair—hair which left the beholder with the perplexed impression not only that it never had been but that it never could be brushed. The landlady, who had her own ideas, was only too anxious to make the best of Jane. She gave us to understand that though outwardly unpresentable the girl had a treasure of moral worth within. "*She* would never have anything to say to the lads, ma'am," she asserted. "You needn't be afraid, there's no lightness about Jane!" Our after-impressions did not quite bear out this evidence, but on the whole I still agree to it. It was not lightness that was Jane's chief characteristic, what impressed me most was an appalling sincerity.

This became evident to me in the explosion that marked the end of the first experiment, an experiment that had begun delusively

with the smoothest prospect of success. My friend had an acquaintance who was a seamstress in a London street, composed of small houses exactly like each other, all apparently murmuring, "Poor, but Respectable." The seamstress in question certainly *was* respectable (by the way, she did not give the same character to the street), a widow of about fifty, with a grown-up son, and a house kept as neat as the traditional new pin. The understanding was that she was to train Jane in the ways of virtue; while Jane, boarded by my friend's money, was to assist her in the housework. As for the son, he was a young builder, away all day, and it was to be hoped that he would not fall in love with Jane. The bargain was struck—Jane did not seem otherwise than acquiescent—she was removed to the widow's, and at first all went well.

That hardly expresses it. The widow was enthusiastic. We heard nothing at first but the most lavish praises of Jane, so lavish indeed that if Mrs. Smith had not been transparently sincere we might have a little suspected her exactness. The girl had seemed to us silent, frightened, dull, a compressed creature from whom nothing could be extracted—perhaps, as the landlady had told us, "she was daft wi' gentilefolk," a race with whom possibly she had no previous acquaintance. When we saw her during her first days at Mrs. Smith's she was still silent as she had been before; but her silence struck us as of a different character—it seemed now like a mute reception of impressions. Mrs. Smith assured us that she was "hinterested in heverythink"; and that her son, who was "a good-living young man, thought well on her"—a statement which she hastened to qualify by the news that he was keeping company with the daughter of a grocer. We departed after congratulating Jane on her good behaviour, felicitations to which she gave no response whatever. Mrs. Smith accompanied us to the door herself, that she might again express her gratitude for our having provided her with Jane.

And then!

Only three days later, on a Sunday afternoon, when we were taking afternoon tea in delicious leisure, there arrived the young builder in such tremendous agitation that it was a long time before we could understand his tale. That same evening we went again to Mrs. Smith to condole with her on a catastrophe.

What had happened? There had been no thunder in the air. Jane had been good and docile at "Meeting" on Saturday; and, Sunday morning being wet, had spent it with Mrs. Smith in tidying every nook and corner of the house. Everything was peaceful

after the Sunday dinner ; the young builder sat with his pipe in the clean kitchen, while his mother took her nap with a book of sermons on her knee, from which she intended to read to her son and Jane. They had scarcely observed the absence of the latter from the room when they were roused by a terrible commotion ("like catses and wild beasts," was Mrs. Smith's expression), and with one accord they rushed upstairs to the attic. The sight which they encountered was not short of horror.

How shall I describe it? The furniture was all "mashed about" (I keep on falling back on Mrs. Smith's expressions). It was all over the floor ; it was pulled, broken, knocked about ; the bed-clothes and mattresses were torn off the bed. And there in the midst stood Jane in a white fury, "a grapplin' with her hands," and tears rolling down her cheeks. The outburst which followed was the first intimate acquaintance with the inmost Jane with which her hosts had been favoured.

"I won't stay 'ere," cried Jane. "I 'ate yer 'ouse. I won't be put upon wi' yer nasty nigglin' ways. I want to be untidy and dirty!"

"An' wi' that," said Mrs. Smith, "she ups wi' the mattress an' bedclothes, an' she 'eaps 'em on the bed, an' there she gits into 'em, just as she was. An' if you'll believe me, ma'am, she lies there now. If you'll go up an' look at 'er you'll see 'er there!"

My friend discreetly refused to encounter Jane, evidently suffering from acute hysteria. She consoled Mrs. Smith, who had a weak heart and was agitated, and left her, promising to come back on the morrow. The next day came, but the situation had not improved. Jane had remained in her disordered bed, perfectly passive, but refusing to be disturbed, and presenting nothing to view but her mop of hair. Mrs. Smith was excited and wailing for a policeman, that she might turn "the monster" from the house. In fact, as her heart was really subject to attacks, the position of affairs was full of danger. But my friend is a lady of infinite resource, and packed Jane off to a new home that very day.

"You see, dear," she told me, during a few minutes' conference which we held together in Mrs. Smith's front parlour, "it was perhaps *too* neat a place for the poor child, who has been kept at an unnatural pitch of virtue. I have an idea!"

And though I was sceptical, the idea when revealed did not sound entirely hopeless. My friend's establishment has generally a few odd members who hold indefinite positions among the rest. Among these was a girl who had been brought up from the country

to be trained, and was returning to her home before proceeding to a "place." The said home was a lonely cottage in the midst of fields, tenanted by a large family, at once disorderly and respectable. The mother would be glad of a "help," and it seemed likely that Jane would be permitted (with limits) to be both dirty and untidy. Besides, the country allows many opportunities—it is always possible there to retire into a lane and make mud-pies. So Jane was informed by Mrs. Smith of her new prospects, and preparations for her departure were set on foot at once.

Of course my friend interviewed her before she went, and told her that she was a wicked girl, to whom a last chance was being given. Jane received this news with her usual silent manner, as if she had entirely withdrawn into herself. But to Mrs. Smith, who followed up the exhortation with many remarks of a much more graphic nature, she wore a different countenance—one of white-faced silent injury, as of one who has been *put upon* till she can endure no more. I have no doubt this was really her view of the position. She went off with her bundle, and we saw no more of her. But we felt with misgivings that we had not heard the last of Jane.

Nor had we, indeed, although some months elapsed before we were favoured with any further news. We had separated, had each been in various places, and were at length in the autumn again together and in London. One evening, when our husbands were away and we were alone, we were told that "a poor woman" wished to see my friend. This visitor proved to be the Mrs. Ronald who had undertaken the second experiment with Jane.

I remember that in the interval which elapsed before she appeared we looked at each other with foreboding in our faces, wondering without words what the news would be. When Mrs. Ronald entered with care written on her brow we realised that the news would not be good. She came in, so rural in her country shawl and bonnet that she seemed to bring with her the autumn stubble-fields. Standing before us, she at once entered on complaint. "She did not know if she could do with Jane—Jane was so *high*."

So high! We remembered that Mrs. Smith had said, "Jane was the lowest creature as she ever see"; and although accustomed to experiences we found our breath taken by this difference of position. But when Mrs. Ronald was seated, and had been revived with coffee, the details she gave went far to confirm her statement. It appeared that we had only imperfectly realised the amazing versatility of Jane.

"When she first come," said Mrs. Ronald, "she was quiet-like,

and seemed to be considerin'." (We remembered that condition.) "But now she've begun to talk she tells everyone what a difference there be betwix' Lunnon an' t' country. She talks o' nothin' but Mrs. Smith, an' of her ways, an' of parties, an' music-'alls, an' that sort o' thing. But I don't say she's not a good girl, for she tells us straight that Mrs. Smith allays went to Meetin' an' had prayers. She makes such a fuss on it that we've begun to have prayers o' nights. An' she says she wouldn't stay if it wasn't for the dances in the winter, an' that she'll go to 'em in white musheling an' blue ribbons."

Here was confusion! My friend immediately evolved that innate depravity was beginning to appear in Jane. I thought differently (we had long ago decided that she was to be practical, and I psychological). It was evident, indeed, to me that this child of London followed her impulses as simply as a savage or an animal; but I saw no proof of any worse depravity than the unaccountable perverseness of a child. A wish rose in me to see her at the village dances, in the company of the young baker who admired her; and it so happened that this careless thought was able to bring about its own fulfilment. For I mentioned it to my friend, it excited her curiosity, and she arranged that at Christmas we should go down into the country.

We were in sore trouble that winter, both of us, and I think that made my impressions all the sharper; though it left my friend, whose perplexities were deeper, in a despondency that allowed little observation. Anyway, I have no vision clearer cut than that of the village schoolroom on the night of the Christmas dance—seen again by me after many years of absence, during which I had known little of English villages. I can see it now—the bare rooms with their flare of gas, the garlands of tissue roses, the big fires, the village fiddlers, the jovial assembly—and Jane in the midst of it, obviously on the brink of a third experiment. She was not in "white musheling" (probably for want of funds); she was in the Sunday dress that Mrs. Smith had made, bare, black, unornamented, and already a good deal worn, but she had tied her hair with a blue ribbon. With surprise I saw that she was not unattractive; she was older, and her slight figure had gained a certain elegance, though her white compressed face, dark eyes, and mop of hair were as much Jane as they had ever been. The young village baker fluttered round her with attentions; so did others of the swains, but she was distinctly *high* with them, though her manner was that of impatience rather than of principle, as if she had no fancy for promiscuous courtship.

She greeted my friend and myself with a shy grace, which seemed to speak confidence and gratitude. We were interested . . . but we had no time to pursue impressions, for the next day, on sudden summons, we left the village. We parted; the waves of a great trouble closed upon me, and for a long time I thought no more of Jane.

Then I heard the rest. Not long after the Christmas dance Jane had become the wife of the village baker; and for a time was a most submissive helpmate, "as if she were taking things in," said my informant. The hapless baker could have had no previous knowledge of the way of Jane in each experiment of life—that is, of receptivity followed by revolt. Consequently, when the latter came it found him unprepared—a quiet man, mildly jocular with customers, unprovided with weapons for impromptu warfare. His Jane developed wilful to a quite extraordinary extent, neglected duties, was in and out of the house all day; and though she was never, said my informant, "either extravagant or *bad*," was as impish, and contrary, and capricious as a child. The quiet baker had his own means of resentment; if he could not control Jane he could treat her with severity. There came a night when she fled out weeping into the village, and found compassionate people to pity her and take her in. She seemed quiet and sad, and they respected her as a martyr—while the baker returned without regret to single life.

Here, then, the story might have ended for a time, but an unexpected development occurred. Before the protectors of Jane had found reason to change their tune, an event happened which upset all calculations. News arrived that the baker was dangerously ill, and Jane at once flew back to her husband's home, where she nursed him during his brief sickness with agonised devotion. He seems to have been sensible of this affection, but was too ill to alter the will that he had made in his first anger—a will which left all he owned absolutely to his mother. The old lady, who only knew this after his death, was not disposed to be ungenerous; but Jane, never mercenary, refused to touch a penny. As a reward for this unselfishness, and for her devoted nursing, her mother-in-law took her back to her own home in the nearest town.

I should like to have known more of this mother of Jane's husband, for she seems to have been a remarkable old woman—not least proved so by the capacity she showed for understanding and dealing with her daughter-in-law. She appears to have realised that during a period of grief Jane would be everything that was tractable and submissive, but that with reviving energy she would again become

impossible ; that the simplest course, therefore, was to get her married as soon as might be. The young foundrymen had begun to flutter about Jane even in these days of early widowhood ; but I fancy that the astute old mother-in-law had no sort of wish to have her daughter established near her—near enough to be sought whenever Jane required a refuge. Circumstances were favourable. A travelling circus came to the town to spend the spring, and Jane was introduced by a friend to the manager. He admired her exceedingly ; before the spring was over they were married, and in the early summer they left the place. The old lady assisted the whole business generously, and parted from Jane—probably with great relief.

So closed the tale. It must be owned that I shook my head. I fancied that Jane had in her only too much of the caravan. I told myself—not without some relief on my own part—that I was not likely to hear of her again. But in that head-shake there was ignorance and prejudice. The course of time was to make this clear to me. Once more—this time in an unexpected interview—I had an opportunity of observing the development of Jane.

That was two years later, on an autumn evening, when I sat alone in lodgings in a provincial town, musing on many things, to which the unfamiliar room, my temporary resting-place, gave a setting of its own. Among other pieces of information provided by the servant, I had been told that there was a circus in the town, but nothing in me responded to the news. Even the subsequent announcement that a young woman wished to see me was not enough to recall an old acquaintance. The young woman, however, after entering modestly, stood still in the midst of the room, and announced herself.

“ Please, ma’am, I’m Jane.”

I sprang forward immediately. Here then once more was the result of experiments.

In what had they resulted ? When I was sufficiently composed to be able to take stock of my visitor I became aware of alteration, though there was not enough to dispel the sense of a familiar presence. Jane was slight, white-faced, dark-eyed as of old ; and on the whole quietly dressed, though she had now a professional appearance—and moreover the look of a professional on tour, the indefinable aspect of the unstationary. The skirt of her dress was of some simple dark stuff and untrimmed, but her jacket, though also dark, had some gold twist on it, and her mop had developed into a formidable *bang* beneath a black straw bonnet with red roses under its brim. I mention these details because they produced the

The Gentleman's Magazine.

pression—a desire for soberness softened by adornment. Her was charming, simple, modest, confident, with a more flourish than of old. As if I had been her teacher, she was to assure me that she had in no wise forgotten old customs.

"My 'usban' is a good man, ma'am, he really is ; and I goes to church when we stay over Sunday. And I speak to the others, and they'll not to be pigs an' 'eathen, or they'll get caught up sharp the next day. I allays say my prayers, you may bet I do ! An' I don't want to leave my 'usban' now the little baby's come."

I own that the last sentence was somewhat staggering to me. I had been rejoicing in Jane's simple piety. But on reflection I considered that its honesty lent weight to the other statements she had made. Whatever may be thought of her phraseology, the simplicity of the lodging-house at least was candid.

I may add that my inquiries (for I did make inquiries) resulted in nothing but good impressions. I was told that Jane's husband was a very good man, though with a temper somewhat worn by professional duties ; that he was satisfied with the dignity of his wife and her "fine boys," and altogether fond of Jane and proud of her. I had once been between them a time of "awkwardness" ;


MOUND-MAKING BIRDS.

I.

AMONG the curious and remarkable facts of bird life none probably are more striking and suggestive than those connected with the mound-builders of Australia, and of the Moluccas, Nicobar, and some other places. Mr. Gould in his great work on the "Birds of Australia" has given a full and most interesting account of the *Leipoa ocellata*, the scientific name of one species of these mound-building birds there. The mound-building is, of course, a substitute for nest-building—so great and radical a change that only great and radical changes in condition and circumstances could in any way account for it. *Leipoa ocellata*, at immense labour and pains, manages to scratch together a vast mound composed of mould, dust, and vegetable matter, till it is yards square. Into the very middle of this, at an exact and uniform depth, the bird deposits her eggs, sometimes four, sometimes more, and lays them at set distances from each other, as though they were the outside ends of the spokes of a wheel. Having deposited the eggs, the parent takes no further trouble about them; and, when hatched, the young ones, unaided, push their way through the mass till they find themselves free. Some say that the parents seek for them then and tend and feed them, but others say not.

Mr. Gould has given full descriptions of these birds and their habits, both in his text (v. 78) and in the introduction to his "Birds of Australia" (page lxxiii), where drawings of the mound-nest are also presented—one of them, a nest in section, showing the exact position of the eggs. He tells us that the shells of the eggs of the *Leipoa ocellata* are so very fine and brittle that they can scarcely be touched without their breaking—that certainly they cannot be handled freely—and that very probably, if they had continued to be brooded, the species would have so suffered that ultimate extinction would have resulted through this breaking of eggs. But it is very easy in such cases to mistake an effect for a cause—it may just as well be that the eggs have become so very fine and brittle because of the long-

continued habit of hatching them by heat of decaying vegetable matter as anything else. Anyway, they could not well be brooded now, for it is essential that in this process the eggs must by the sitting bird be frequently turned over, so that they may get at all parts as near as may be equal heat from her body, and this these eggs could not stand. The bird, again, takes care not to put the eggs close together as in a nest, for a good reason, because if they were so they would not receive full heat at the surfaces where they touched each other; therefore they are put invariably at certain equal distances apart. They are, in fact, as said already, placed as at the ends

of spokes of a wheel—thus, if there are four, ; if there are eight,



. If instinct alone taught this at first to a bird that had hitherto

been nest-building, then that is what Mr. Darwin would have called a "strange," a "surprising," even a "wonderful" instinct. In the mound the heat is equalised all over the needful area, or reaches a very near approach to this, through the adult bird in building distributing equally in it the vegetable matter; so that, in short, you have this two-sided problem: either (1) of eggs too brittle for brooding and exposure in an open nest, or (2) eggs having become so because for ages the birds have exposed them to the mound heat instead of brooding them—which is it? It is quite clear, on the face of it, that these birds could not originally have been mound-builders—that their mound-building is itself a proof of a process of differentiation, which has not even yet exhausted the marks that must be made upon them. If we see in the coot that, because of more lengthened habit in water than has been the case of the water-hen, it has got perceptibly more webbed feet than its congener, then we may be certain that the same powers which have, because of due reasons or causes, produced the marginal webbing of the coot's feet, growing broader of course with time, will come in play if we wait long enough, and the same process will make itself evident in the water-hen also.

II.

The point is yet more decisively forced upon us if we extend our survey, and include a comparison of these *Leipoa ocellata* with other mound-building birds in Australia and elsewhere classed as *Megapodii*, which, if they do not exhibit some of the nice discernments and exquisite arts of the *ocellata* in certain respects, yet build

bigger mounds and show more noticeably still the marked and necessary effects of persistent habit on structure; for their mode of throwing dust, earth, and leaves into a heap by the action of the feet from behind—that is, by the head of the bird turned from the point at which it aims at throwing the materials—has so developed the nerves and muscles of the feet that these members in all the group are relatively large. The task in some cases is an immense one, and must occupy a long time. Mr. Saville Kent speaks of Australian mound-nests as much as fifteen feet high and sixty feet in circumference, and he gives a very striking drawing of one.¹

The *Megapodius tumulus*—or, in the ordinary language of the colonists, jungle fowl—was first carefully observed by Gilbert, who could not for a time believe that birds could be hatched in a vast heap of earth and fermenting vegetable matter twenty feet in circumference at the base, and at least five feet in height in the centre; this the more that, in his idea, the heap very often could receive little or no heat from the sun, it “being so enveloped in thick foliage and trees as to preclude the possibility of the sun’s rays reaching it.” The eggs, he was told, were deposited at night and *at intervals of several days*.

Mr. Gilbert tells that even after he had tried to make observations at one place he was still sceptical about what he had been told till he went to Knockers’ Bay, and near it found ample opportunities of verifying the reports. When he went there, he says:

“I was still sceptical as to the probability of these young birds ascending from so great a depth, as the natives represented, and my suspicions seemed to be confirmed by my being unable to induce the native in this instance to search for the eggs, his excuse being that it would be of no use as he saw no traces of the old birds having been recently there.” But he himself mounted the heap; and after some search and scratching off of the earth, “I found a young bird in a hole about two feet deep,” and this encouraged him to search and observe further, with the result that all he had been told by the natives was fully confirmed. Two eggs were at another tumulus taken from a depth of six feet, and this, in connection with the fact of finding a young bird within two feet of the top, suggested the idea of the steps or stages in the ascent upwards out of the heap as mentioned above. “The composition of the mound,” he says, “appears to influence the colouring of a thin epidermis with which the shells are covered and which readily chips off, the shells really being a pure white; those deposited in black soil are always of a

¹ *Naturalist in Australia*, p. 97.

dark reddish brown ; those from the sandy hillocks near the beach are of a dirty yellowish white ; they differ a good deal in size, but in form all assimilate, both ends being equal. They are three inches and five lines long by two inches and three lines broad."

The form of the eggs thus entirely differs from those of *Leipoa ocellata*, which are thin at one end, and this end uniformly placed downwards in the heap.

Several of the megapods of Australia favour the sea-coast and the ranges lying near to it (as we shall see do *Megapodius Wallacei* in Gilolo, Ternate, and Bouru), whereas the *Leipoa ocellata* are inland in West Australia, South Australia, and the western parts of New South Wales, the *Leipoa* being notably dispersed over all parts of the Murray Scrub, in South Australia. Broinowski writes, evidently giving results of later closer observations :

"When the eggs are about to be laid the vegetable matter is thrown in, the eggs are placed in a vertical position with the small end downwards, and, again differing from the megapods, invariably in a circle, with about three inches between each. . . . Eight eggs have been found in one nest, but the natives state that sometimes more than that number are deposited." Sir G. Grey was of opinion that sometimes two circles of eggs were laid on different levels, and as to temperature of the heaps he wrote : "The temperature of the nests I have examined has always been warm ; not so much so, however, as I should have thought necessary for hatching eggs."

We are told by one good authority that the mound of *Leipoa ocellata* resembles a big ant-heap ; and that there indeed ants are generally very numerous, as in an ant-hill—a guess being hazarded that they are a very attractive morsel for the young birds when they hatch—the small creatures, though completely fledged, making their way out of the heap—some feet in depth—not at one big effort, but by steps and stages, with rests between where they need nourishment and find it largely in the ants and ants' eggs.

Sir George Grey thus wrote to Mr. Gould about the mound birds he had observed in Australia :

"There is only one male and one female to each mound ; they repair an old mound, and do not build a new one ; both assist in scratching the sand to the nest. The female commences laying about the beginning of September, or when the spear grass begins to shoot. Both sexes approach the nest together when the female is about to lay, and they take an equal share in the labour of covering and uncovering the mound. . . . From the commencement of

building until the last eggs are hatched four moons elapse [this would give a very long period of time before the eggs were hatched]. The young one scratches its way out alone, the mother does not assist it. . . . The mother, who is feeding in the scrub in the vicinity, hears it call and runs to it. She then takes care of the young one as a European hen does of its chicks. When the young are all hatched the mother is accompanied by eight or ten young ones, who remain with her till they are more than half grown. The male bird does not accompany them."¹

Sir George Grey thus further described the *Leipoa ocellata* :

"The eyes of the living bird are of bright, light hazel; its legs and feet dark brown; while the bare parts of the head and face are of a very delicate and clear blue. The gizzard is very large and muscular, the inner coats peculiarly horny and hard. Its food consists chiefly of insects such as *Phasmidæ* and a species of *Cimex*; it also feeds on the seeds of various shrubs. . . . It possesses the power of running with extraordinary rapidity; it roosts at night on trees, and never flies if it can avoid so doing."²

The brush turkey (*Tallegallus Lathamii*) is classed among the true megapods—a large gregarious, rasorial bird about the size of a turkey, black and brown above and silvery below. One mark of all the megapods, as said already, is their relatively large feet, with the toes on a level as in the American curassows, which latter indeed the megapods represent in Australia. The birds inhabit brush and scrub, and some of them favour the beaches near to the sea-coast. Some are only about the size of common fowl and are of sombre colour.

As we write, we read that large supplies of brush turkeys of Australia are now in London and other large English towns, and are to be seen hanging at poulterers' windows. The *Sunday Telegraph* of April 30, 1899, on this cried out: "What a fantasy of strange, novel commerce it is that this antipodean poultry of the scrub should be captured by Queensland blacks, iced by Brisbane Germans, and shipped over by Sydney and Melbourne merchants, to make a stew or ragoût in Piccadilly or Pimlico!" But the natural history of the *Sunday Telegraph* writer was less exact than his facts, for he spoke as though the brush turkey made its mound completely of vegetation, whereas, as we shall see, the important fact is the proportion of vegetation that is year by year let in among the sand and rubbish at the exact point and depth for giving the due amount of heat for incubation!

¹ Gould's *Handbook*, ii. 165.

² *Ibid.* ii. 160.

The "New Century Dictionary" has this: "Scrub-turkey, a *Megapod* or mound bird (see *Megapod*), and quotes this from a well-known author as instance: "Look at this immense mound, a scrub-turkey's nest, thirty or forty lay their eggs in it."

We are told that *Megapodius* comprises all the *Megapodinae* except *Leipoa ocellata*. This is given as commonly named the Mallee-hen—native pheasant of Australia. *Leipoa ocellata*, the same as mallee-bird. Professor Alfred Newton is given as authority for this entry: "Mallee-hen (or bird): *Leipoa ocellata*, a bird of the family *Megapodidae* (see *Leipoa*). Also called native pheasant by English in Australia."

III.

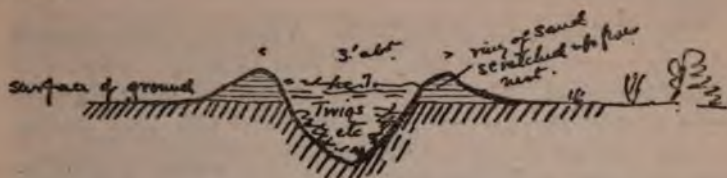
What is somewhat surprising is that while one authority tells us that the *Leipoa ocellata* belongs to the *Megapodidae*, another says in effect that, though it really is a megapod, it is excepted. Clear it is that some confusion must exist somewhere, for while the *Leipoa ocellata*, described both by Gould (quoting from Sir George Grey) and Broinowski, is classified as a pure mound-builder—in some respects a truer and more systematic mound-builder than any other—yet it does differ materially from the other megapods, so far as we can learn, in the form of its eggs, its systematic way of placing them in the heap, thin end downwards, and in other points. Still more important and still more confusing, we find that the Mallee-hens, very carefully described by the Hon. D. W. Carnegie in "Spinifex and Sand," are classed as *Leipoa ocellata*, with no proper record anywhere else that we know of their most distinguishing peculiarities. The Mallee-hens' nests are thus described by Mr. Carnegie:

"These nests are hollowed out in the sand to a depth of perhaps two and a half feet, conical shaped, with a mouth some three feet in diameter; the sand from the centre is scraped up into a ring round the mouth. Several birds help in this operation, and when finished lay their eggs on a layer of leaves at the bottom; they then fill in the hole to the surface with small twigs and more leaves. Presumably the eggs are hatched by spontaneous heat, the green twigs and leaves producing a slightly moist warmth, similar to that of the bird's feathers. I have seen numbers of these nests, never with eggs in, but often with the shells from recently-hatched birds lying about. How the little ones force their way through the sticks I do not

understand, but Warri (a native) and many others who have found the eggs assure me that they do so."¹

In reply to a letter of mine asking more particularly about the habits of these birds, Mr. Carnegie was so kind as to write :

"I never saw but one mallee-hen, they are extremely shy. Their nests are frequently met with (usually old ones) in the interior, either in mallee or mulga (*Acacia aneura*) scrub, and always take this form ;



I have never seen the inside material reach a higher level than the top of the ring of sand which, scraped from inside, surrounds the mouth of the hollow (the nest), yet in describing the habits of the mound birds (as distinct from the *brush turkey* of Queensland, &c.) Lydekker says they make a pyramid-shaped heap of vegetation, sticks, &c., sometimes equal to several cartloads. Can there be another species of mound bird in Western Australia which has been wrongly called *Leipoa ocellata* ?"

And assuredly, so far as I can see, Mr. Carnegie's query is not without warrant. The birds described by Gould, Broinowski, and others under the scientific name of *Leipoa ocellata* are in habit, particularly of nesting, wholly different from these Mallee-fowls or "native pheasants" of the central desert of Western Australia. Some distinguishing or differentiating term for clearness is most distinctly wanted to tell us at once whether the birds described as pure mound-builders by Gould and Broinowski are meant, or the hole-digging, collective-laying or nesting birds of the desert, so well described by Mr. Carnegie. In the case of most of the Australian mound-builders, only one pair of birds use the mound, but with regard to one variety there is doubt; in some cases, it is clear that they are thus far collective also. The Mallee-hens, it would appear, are uniformly collective.

And in another letter, in reply to one of mine, Mr. Carnegie says : "There seems certainly some confusion about the mound birds and the *Leipoa*—possibly the *Leipoa* of the interior, being unable to get together sufficient vegetation for its 'incubator,' has perforce to

¹ *Spinifex and Sand*, p. 182.

make use of the sand. You see, having only once seen the bird (I could not now describe it), and never having found a nest *with eggs* I am unable to say much with authority."

Good friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Peggs, have kindly sent me a copy of the "Guide to the Museum of Western Australia" at Perth, and there I find the Mallee-fowl (native pheasant or gnou) put down as the only "*Leipoa ocellata* (Gld.)," and only representative of the sub-order, *Peristeropodes* of the order *Gallinæ*, with these remarks :

"One of the mound-building birds. A number of them associate and scratch out a hollow in the ground from six to eight inches deep and two feet across. They then collect leaves and other vegetable matter, in which they lay eggs ; they next cover with sand, making a mound from two to four feet high and about twelve feet in diameter. The heat arising from the decomposition of the decaying vegetable matter is sufficient to hatch the eggs. The young are born fledged and able to take care of themselves."

From this account it is clear that these Mallee-hens of Western Australia both dig a hole in the sand and raise a mound and are collective. In some cases, however, as described by Mr. Carnegie, the birds in the desert, having but little vegetation to fill up the hole, do not have material to raise a mound, or scarcely a perceptible one.

"The Guide to Western Australian Museum" (p. 27) says : "There is a vast field for observers who take a delight in natural history to note the life-history of its remarkable fauna. With regard to the birds, for instance, accurate information is required as to their breeding time, their nests, the number of broods reared during the season, their food, if and when they migrate, &c."

And to this list should now be added observation and classification of the mound-builders (*Leipoa ocellata*) and their peculiar habits—whether hole-digging, or truly mound-building, or something really between the two ; and whether they are solitary in pairs in the mounds or collective. It is clear that there are birds classed under the common designation of *Leipoa ocellata* which come properly under each of these habits or tendencies—observation, distinction, and classification are therefore greatly needed.

These Mallee-hens are thus on the same footing as the variety in the Malay Archipelago, which dig holes and nest in them, and probably from the same cause, though we are not so systematically told about the collective habit in that case.

I am convinced that birds can judge the exact amount of heat necessary to ensure incubation ; that our own dabchick owes a good

deal of its freedom from sitting during the day—more especially in certain circumstances—to heat of sun and heat arising from the decomposing vegetable matter of which its nest is composed, and with which also the eggs are often covered; and that birds whose nests through accident or otherwise are much exposed to the sun will sit but little in the excessive sun heat. These same birds will show not a little invention and suffer much to screen with their bodies the young birds, when they come, from the fierce sun's rays. One proof of what we have said is to be found in the ever-interesting Gilbert White, and another certainly in the following:

“Andrew Knight tells of a bird which, having built her nest upon a forcing-house, ceased to visit it during the day, when the heat of the house was sufficient to incubate the eggs, but always returned to sit upon the eggs at night when the temperature of the house fell.”

And all this will help us the better to understand what is to follow.

IV.

So, in the very structure and habits of these mound-building birds we have evidence that they were once mound-building birds, though now they have ceased to be so, and in their feet have developed certain powers that enable them to scrape and throw earth in a truly wonderful manner for birds of their size. Their immense-sized feet, which are as muscular and strong as they are big, are of course commemorated in the very name of these mound-builders; it is *Megapodii*—that is, of the great feet.

Dr. A. Russel Wallace gives the following description of the *Megapodii* or mound-makers of the Moluccas:

“The *Megapodius* forms immense mounds, often six or eight feet high and twenty or thirty feet in diameter, which they are enabled to do with comparative ease by means of their large feet, with which they can grasp and throw backwards a quantity of material. In the centre of this mound, at a depth of two or three feet, the eggs are deposited, and are hatched by the gentle heat produced by the fermentation of the vegetable matter of the mound. When I first saw these mounds in the Island of Lombock I could hardly believe that they were made by such small birds, but I afterwards met with them frequently, and have once or twice come upon the birds engaged in making them. They run a few steps backwards, grasping a quantity of loose material in one foot, and throw it a long way behind them. When once properly buried the eggs seem to be no more

cared for, the young birds working their way up through the rubbish, and running off at once to the forest. They come out of the egg covered with thick downy feathers, and have no tail, although the wings are fully developed."¹

In the Malay Archipelago there are allied species which place their eggs in holes in the ground, leaving them to be hatched by the sun alone. Mr. Darwin's idea is that it is in no way strange birds should have lost the instinct of incubation where the sun heat is so strong; and he speculates that if such birds were to stray into colder regions, natural selection would favour those who hit on choosing a larger proportion of vegetable matter, of which, of course, he holds they could know nothing of its giving rise to fermenting heat.²

Cuming's mound bird (*Megapodius Cumingi*) is found in Labuan, but is more common on the islets of Kuruman, where its nests³ are met with in mounds of earth three to four feet in height and twelve feet in circumference.

Dr. Russel Wallace himself thus describes his discovery of the new *Megapodius*:

"I was so fortunate as to discover a new species (*Megapodius Wallacei*), which inhabits Gilolo, Ternate, and Bouru—the handsomest bird of the genus, being richly banded with reddish-brown on the back and wings, and it differs from the other species in its

¹ *Malay Arch.* p. 398.

² This is another instance in which Mr. Darwin, to gain what he thinks consistency in his theory, surrenders all to *chance*. For if these birds have no notion or knowledge of the use of fermenting vegetation in aiding in the hatching of eggs, what is it but chance? Those that merely *happened* to have more vegetation than another would survive, even though in all other traceable traits they were not the fittest; and how, I would ask—and I venture to press the question—does this tally with the seeming wondrous wise remark that it is not to be wondered at that these birds should have given up the unnecessary work of nest-building where sun heat was so strong? Here he credits them (alas! unfoundedly) with full knowledge alike of effects of sun heat and of nest-building, and with striking the nice balance as between them for practical purposes. Surely birds that could do the one could do the other; if they can so exactly estimate sun heat, they also could estimate fermenting heat! But Darwin draws nice distinctions. And, besides, Mr. Darwin and his followers have still to answer the question why so many other birds, apparently with quite as good brains, continue amid this great sun heat to build the most elaborate of all nests, thus wasting alike time, talent, and labour. Then if the chances of survival of the fittest are, as on his theory they are, enhanced by this expedient of resorting to sun heat, why is it that the species which have not resorted to it in precisely the same circumstances survive and increase even beyond the average of these mound-building birds?

³ Burbidge, *The Garden of the Sun*, p. 122.

habits. It frequents the forests of the interior, but comes down to the sea-beach to deposit its eggs, but instead of making a mound or merely scratching a hole to receive them, it burrows into the sand to a depth of about three feet obliquely downwards, and deposits its eggs at the bottom. It then loosely covers up the mouth of the hole, and is said by the natives to obliterate and disguise its own footmarks leading to and from the hole by making many other tracts and scratches in the neighbourhood. It lays its eggs only at night, and at Bouru a bird was caught early one morning as it was coming out of its hole, in which several eggs were found. All these birds seem to be semi-nocturnal, for their loud wailing cries may be constantly heard late at night and long before daybreak in the morning. The eggs are all of a rusty red colour, and very large for the size of the bird, being generally three and three and a quarter inches long by two and two and a quarter wide; they are very good eating, and are much sought after by the natives." ¹

Mr. A. O. Hume quotes Mr. Davison, who says he has seen a great many mounds of the *Megapodius Nicobariensis* in Nicobar:

"The mounds, composed of dried leaves, sticks, &c., mixed with earth, were small compared with others near the sea-coast, not being above three feet high and about twelve or fourteen in circumference; those built near the coast are composed chiefly of sand mixed with rubbish, and vary very much in size, but average about five feet high and thirty feet in circumference; but I have met with one exceptionally large one on the island of Trinkut which must have been at least eight feet high and quite sixty feet in circumference. . . .

"Off this mound I shot a megapod which had evidently just laid an egg. I dissected it, and from a careful examination it would seem that the eggs are laid at long intervals apart, for the largest egg in the ovary was only about the size of a large pea, and the next in size about as big as a small pea. These mounds are also used by reptiles, for out of one I dug, besides the megapod's eggs, about a dozen eggs of some large lizard. I made careful inquiries among the natives about these birds, and from them I learnt that they usually get four or five eggs from a mound, but sometimes they get as many as ten; they all assert that only one pair of birds are concerned in the making of a mound, and that they only work at night. When newly made the mounds (so I was informed) are small, but are gradually enlarged by the birds. . . . The eggs are usually buried from three and a half to four feet deep, and how the young

¹ *Malay Arch.* p. 398.

manage to extricate themselves seems a mystery. . . . The surface soil of the mounds only is dry; at about a foot from the surface the sand feels slightly damp and cold, but as the depth increases the sand gets damper but at the same time increases in warmth. . . . It appeared to me that the birds first collected a heap of leaves, cocoanuts, and other vegetable matter, and then scraped together sand, which they threw over the heap, this sand consisting mainly of finely triturated coral and shells. I was told that the birds scrape away the covering sand-layer, lay in new vegetable matter, and cover in again with sand. I am by no means sure that only one pair of birds use the heap, and the Nicobarese explained, as I understood, that though one pair begin the mound, they and all their progeny keep on using it and adding to it for years. . . .

"The eggs are excessively elongated ovals, and vary a good deal in size and shape, being more like turtles' eggs than birds'. When first laid they are of a uniform ruddy pink, as we know from having obtained one before the bird had time even to bury it; as the chicken develops within the egg becomes a buffy stone colour, and when near about hatching it is a very pale yellowish brown. The whole colouring matter is contained in an excessively thin chalky flake, which is easily scraped off, leaving a pure white chalky shell below; this outer coat seems to have a great tendency to flake off in spots, specks, and even large blotches as the chickens developed within. The average of egg measurement is 3.25 by 2.07." ¹

Here, then, we see that even among the true *Megapodii*, those near the sea coast, where probably vegetation of the suitable kind is less plentiful, the birds more and more come to depend on the sand, which, being mixed largely with lime, would materially aid in the keeping up of heat, whereas in such situations as ensure plenty of the vegetation demanded heat enough is derived from it in decomposition without direct aid of the sun, which, in fact, is excluded by the thickness of foliage there. Here, then, in the sea-coast *Megapodii* we have really the connecting link between them and the *Leipoa* of the desert, where, fitting vegetation being scarce, the birds have come by the most natural process to depend *most* upon the sand.

V.

Mr. Grant Allen, in one of the articles which appeared in the *Strand Magazine* for 1899 under the title "In Nature's Workshop,"

¹ *Birds of India*, lii. 450-451.

spoke of the mound birds as though they were confined to Australia, which *seemed* to give some support to his notion that here we had an earlier form of bird which had "not advanced beyond the alligator level" in laying its eggs in the sand, to be hatched by the heat of the sun. Mr. Grant Allen there overlooked the very important fact that mound birds are not by any means confined to Australia. They are found in the Malay Archipelago, in the Moluccas, in Labuan, Kuruman, Gilolo, Ternate, and Bouru, and in the Nicobar Islands. And one very definite fact, which goes right in the face at once of Mr. Grant Allen's easy, bold, and one-sided theory, and Mr. Darwin's attribution of the whole business to brightness of sunlight, is that certain of the mound birds have their mounds in places where the foliage is so dense that no ray of sun can reach or sun heat enter. The original idea of the crocodile was simply to hatch by heat of sunlight in the sand close to where it was; the idea of retiring into dense woods, and there making the mound, never having occurred or could possibly have occurred to him. We find mound birds building mounds in or at all stages from absolute dependence on fermenting heat without aid of sun to dependence wholly, or almost wholly, on sun's heat in the sand. Some of the birds even proceed from places inland to the sea-shore—a great distance—to deposit eggs, where they have the advantage of the greater sun heat, and where little or no vegetation of the sort needed by them is to be found. Mr. Darwin's idea that it is "no way strange birds should have lost the instinct of incubation where the sun heat is so strong" applies to them, but certainly it does not in any way apply to the mound birds which build their mounds in the centre of dense forests where the foliage is so close that no ray of sunlight can penetrate to the mound—abundantly proving that in their case the "crocodile level" of Mr. Grant Allen will in no way apply. Certain of the nightjars of India, as Miss Cockburn tells us, lay their eggs on a rocky platform very much exposed to the sun, and do not need closely to brood them, just as the dabchick if the nest is open to the sun will scarcely sit on it when the sun is shining, affording an admirable analogy with his crocodile, which left the spot in the sand where the egg was buried all day, but came and squatted flat on the spot at night to supply heat from its body when the sun was not shining. And yet I am sure Mr. Grant Allen would not have said that the Indian nightjar and our own dabchick exhibit direct crocodilian inheritances there. In truth, with regard to the mound birds both Mr. Darwin, the master, with his dogma that it is "no way strange birds should *have*

lost the habit of incubation where the sun heat is so strong," and Mr. Grant Allen, the disciple, with his mound birds on "the crocodile level," were both simply guilty of the all too easy process of generalising from too narrow a basis of particulars. This is a logical (or illogical) process to which Mr. Grant Allen was so prone that one cannot look at his books or articles anywhere without token of it. For example, in the same paper in the *Strand Magazine* as we have already dealt with we have this laid down as an absolute principle :

"The habit of handing over the care of the young to the female alone belongs to the higher order of vertebrates—in other words, is of later origin."

And then at another part Mr. Grant Allen, by implication, puts before us the kangaroo as though it were a very old or early form preserved only in Australia—whose fauna is so valuable to the student for this reason ; and then on the next page tells us that it is the *female* kangaroo that is pouched, and therefore, according to his general principle, it belongs to the "higher order of vertebrates—of later origin" !

The idea of fermenting heat surely never occurred to the simple-minded crocodile : that is the essential element of the mound birds ; for in the cases of birds that now depend wholly or almost wholly on the sand we have a case where differentiation has come by experience—by absence of such vegetation as is demanded, and at first enforced deposition in the sand. In most cases even there we find attempts at procuring vegetation, though it may be in very small quantities, just enough to justify the general deliverance that "the heat of the sun and the fermenting mound hatch them out between them." The nice perception shown by many of these birds of the proportion of vegetation needed, the clearing away of the decayed vegetation each year, and the renewal of the exact quantity and kind wanted, most assuredly show us something much, much above Mr. Grant Allen's facile "crocodile level." And, moreover, who ever heard of crocodiles resorting to community breeding?—a rather important element in the matter—though, of course, this may look to those who never heard of mound birds before "so very scientific, you know ; so very scientific" ! To my idea, in the dabchick you have a bird which is at this moment showing a tendency to depend more and more on sun heat in hatching, allied with fermenting heat of decaying vegetation, even in our own sunless climate !

VI.

The observation of Mr. Davison, quoted by Mr. Hume, about the *Magapodii* of Nicobar, to the effect that on dissection of one of the birds he found evidence that the eggs are laid at long intervals apart from each other, suggests two considerations about the origin of this habit: (1) if this same fact were attested about the whole class of mound-builders, it would lead to an inquiry as to the proportions of the sexes; and (2) as to the possibility of the mound-building being really a thing resorted to on account of the tax that would be laid throughout the whole season upon the females. Had we but more close and thorough observation, it might be found that much the same motives or necessities that led to the mound-building have led the cuckoo to parasitism in circumstances that were not favourable to mound-building or were more favourable to parasitism. The great sensitiveness and sudden modification of the sexual parts is now more and more recognised as one of the most determining elements in matters of this kind. Darwin at last fully awakened to it, but only at last and too late for full application of the idea to his facts. Prof. Semper and Van Beneden are fully alive to it; so is Prof. Ray Lankester, as he finely exhibits it in his work on "Degeneracy," and more especially in his admirable and most compact "Longevity." This I throw out merely as a suggestion towards a theory of these wonderful birds; and what is wanted are observations very careful and complete in every part of the areas occupied by them on these points: (1) proportion of the sexes, (2) intervals between layings of eggs; and (3) exact dates of commencing the insertion of eggs into the mound and the cessation of such.

Here another remarkable thing is suggested, of which neither Mr. Grant Allen nor any other writer I am aware of has as yet taken the least note. This is the wonderful memory and skill demanded probably on the part of all these mound-building birds, but certainly on the part of the mound-building *Leipoa ocellata*, in carrying so clearly in their minds the exact position in which former eggs—very brittle eggs too—have been inserted in the heap; if laid, as we are told they are laid, in these exact positions, thin end downward, and this more particularly if they are deposited at considerable intervals of time, four or eight generally exactly as at the ends of the spokes of a wheel. This element certainly was not and could not have been at all in Mr. Grant Allen's mind when he set it down

that in the mound-building birds without exception you had nothing "beyond the alligator level."

VII.

Now, this mound-building habit of these birds cannot, in our idea, be explained by anything in the nature of instinct purely. There is not only, in the case of many of these mounds, the process of scraping and gathering together the materials demanded, but the perception of measure—the realising of a necessary proportion of undecayed vegetable matter to give in fermentation just the required amount of heat to produce the desired result. Too much would burn, too little would addle the eggs, not hatch them. These birds have, in fact, anticipated invention, and have produced an incubator, which, if it is not so neat and scientific as those to be seen in some shop-windows in Regent Street, is perhaps yet more unerring. You cannot conceive that this has from the first been the form of nest these birds have had; but it is the result of some change or of danger threatening the individual and the species which, if we exactly knew it, would enable us clearly to judge where now we can but generally guess. And in the case of others of the class there is the knowledge of heat-producing power in sand or lime; and, necessarily, a timing of the deposition of eggs to it.

In using this nest, then, they have proceeded to oust another form of nest, and thus to cross and to crush out an original instinct; and this has proceeded so far that hereditary habit has come in so to supplement reason that it looks like instinct, but it is not. And further, if there is anything in this, how, again, account for these birds fixing exactly the right depth in the heap to secure for the eggs—very delicate and brittle as they are, in some cases at all events—equal heat all round, which in ordinary processes of brooding is secured by the very mechanical resource of the sitting bird turning over the eggs. Surely instinct, in the ordinary sense of it, could never in the outset have taught that. And, more important still, how did the young birds come to learn the direction in which to work out of the heap for deliverance, since to hatch the eggs equal heat was demanded all round, and therefore they could not be guided by instinctive tendency to work towards the greater heat; and could get but little aid from the sun's rays in such cases as that already described, where the mound was so enclosed by foliage that no ray of sun could reach it?

VIII

Another very important point : these birds must be able to judge precisely the time it needs for vegetable matter buried in a heap to reach that degree of fermentation to operate on eggs as desired—and then to operate for a space of time steadily upon them, and, up to a certain point, with equal heat, not increasing too much or falling off too much, as either might prove fatal to the eggs : a point beyond the nicety required in most cases of the gardener, whose seeds or plants can wait for the rising heat, and can by him be refreshed from outside in many ways.

Yet another point : if these mound-nests are, in many cases, repaired and mended up year after year and are collectively used, what a nice perception of measure in the proportion of vegetable matter is demanded in the younger race to work in harmony and hit the exact mean in that matter ! It is clear that in some cases, at all events, collectivism to a certain extent comes in ; and this only adds to the marvel of the whole matter.

Unless for a complete faith in the power of the young to work their way through a few feet of earth unerringly upwards towards the light (where heat, which usually betokens presence of light, is absolutely equal all round), the whole invention, resource, labour, and pain of the adult birds would of course go for nought—the species would be extinct. Now, if the “instincts” of the parents are wonderful, certainly the “instincts” of the young are more wonderful still.

IX.

Here you have the problem not only of an “instinct” determining a bird to build, instead of a nest proper, a vast incubator, using the most common materials as also the most recondite natural forces to aid it—forces of fermentation, namely, which have but recently come to be scientifically understood—along with exact perception of the proportion of vegetable matter necessary to produce the precise amount of heat essential to secure the end desired, and these again exactly calculated in relation to heat of sun and sand and lime in other cases—and not only so, but this labour of the old birds is for success completely dependent on a power—you may call it, if you like, an “instinct”—in the young corresponding to, and, so to say, exactly synchronising with that of the parent. Instinct may account

for much—the primary instinct in a young bird is to fly from a nest, not to cleave a way through some feet of fermenting earth-heap: and to answer the question, how the young of the mound-builders do it, “by instinct, of course,” is not to us, at all events, satisfactory, since the mere general term “instinct” covers really nothing definite or clear.

Mr. Darwin, when he suggests that these birds have lost the instinct of incubation because the sun's heat is there equal to that work, overlooks the fact that large numbers of birds there still build very elaborate nests, and some reason is demanded from him why in especial just these birds elected or were elected to this work, and so to waste their labour; and, next, he has to face the fact that a long course of trial and experiment of many kinds would be necessary if in the transition the birds were assumed, as he decisively assumes them, to be ignorant of leaves as possible fermenting and heating elements even while definitely using them for this purpose. Nor do we think “evolution” quite covers the facts, nor “natural selection,” nor “survival of the fittest.” These really in the end only emphasise the problem here, and render it persistent instead of solving it, by clapping easily a term on it and then leaving it there—very much indeed as at least some of the mound-building birds do by these young of theirs, which still have at due time, however, to make their way through some feet of soil to the light of day. To tell one that all this is explained as though by magic with certain general phrases, such as “evolution,” “natural selection,” &c., &c., does not satisfy me, because, for one thing, I see distinct movement of individual perception and energy—acts of reason, no less.

The phrases now so much in vogue and so often used, without real perception of their ultimate bearings, no more finally express the ultimate facts of nature than former phrases did: they are, at the very best, but working hypotheses, subject to correction and qualification at all sides, so that we may make some real progress, and not follow slavishly in old grooves that, when mistaken for something more than they really are—tentative formulas more strictly and immediately in aid of classification for the man that made them—but too literally and truly lead to nowhere.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

THE AMATEUR PEDIGREE- MONGER.

SIR WALTER BESANT, in his "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," says: "The family history should be preserved. Happy is the family that has a history, good, bad, or indifferent. The noble deeds of our ancestors are an incentive to their descendants, their bad acts a warning."

The average Englishman knows nothing of his family, and perhaps cares less; he may possibly know his grandfather's father's name, but more probably not. He fancies the present is all-sufficient, and takes no heed of the past, preferring to be "a descendant rather than an ancestor"—that is, he would rather wear the tall hat and starched collar of to-day than bear the helmet and the breast-piece of yesterday. With Napoleon the English paterfamilias is apt to exclaim, "I am the founder of my family." The stress of present-day life leaves little time for the study of the past, and so he goes on his way forgetful of the book open before him. The pedigree, too, is often put in the same category as that in which Macaulay's "History of England" was placed by Lord Wolseley when suggesting additions to Sir John Lubbock's list of the Best Hundred Books. The late Commander-in-Chief put poor Macaulay under the heading Fiction. Many people look upon pedigrees with the same suspicion.

The rich man, on the contrary, though he may care as little for the past as his poorer neighbour, not seldom pretends to take an interest in his newly found ancestors; for nowadays it is the fashion for a man, as soon as he has filled his pockets by emptying other people's, to obtain from the nearest genealogist a more or less authentic pedigree.

Thus of late years has sprung up a class of men who, for a consideration, will supply the would-be aristocrat with a pedigree, not always authentic, as we have seen in the Shipway case.

This pedigree may be either "noble" or otherwise, according to the desire of the buyer. The "otherwise" pedigree probably costs

more time and money in the preparation, but it is not necessarily more authentic, though there is no doubt that it is the more honest of the two.

Now, let us suppose that Sir Joseph Tompkins, the newly-made baronet, desires a "noble" descent. The Tompkins family itself is by no means noble. Tompkins, the father, was a builder, who made a considerable sum of money, and Tompkins, the grandfather, was a grocer who waited, ready-aproned, behind his own counter; Tompkins, the baronet, made his fortune in railway contracting. Sir Joseph's memory goes back to the time when his grandfather, the grocer, was about to retire from business; he remembers the unsavoury little shop just off Holborn, and he ponders on the meaning of the surname Tompkins. "No; better not dig too deeply into the Tompkins family history," he says to the genealogist, "but all the same, I will have a noble pedigree." The paid genealogist sets to work, and produces the required article, and a few weeks later a framed parchment is hanging up in Sir Joseph's library—for the great man has a library of many coloured bindings—on the top of which are the magic words Edward III., King of England, and at the bottom, in large capitals, Sir Joseph Tompkins, first baronet.

How then is it done? Is Sir Joseph really a descendant of Royal Edward, and thus a distant cousin of His Majesty, who has seen fit, as the Fountain of Honour, to endow the Tompkins family once more with hereditary honours? Undoubtedly. Sir Joseph, like other mortals, has had a father and mother, they in their turn have had parents, and it is no very difficult matter to find the sixteen great-great-grandparents of Sir Joseph—though it is quite another thing to prove the sixteen quarterings which would show to the world Sir Joseph's unblemished gentility. Strange if there should not be among these honoured sixteen one or more good names, and by a good name I mean one belonging to a known county family, barring the Smiths, who are sure to figure largely. Very well then. Here we find among his great-great-grandparents the name of Sinclair. The genealogist follows this out, and, hey presto! tracing back through several females, he finally comes to Edward III., and he can continue the pedigree to Adam if he will go to Hatfield and study the chart exhibited there. Sir Joseph is well satisfied, he has paid his money and taken his choice.

But I do not wish to deal with this branch of the genealogist's art, but with another and far more interesting one. It is easy enough to pay someone else to trace a pedigree, but let us do it for ourselves and so reap our own harvest, not like Sir Joseph going in

for a special "noble" descent, but, having put our pride in our pocket, taking things as they come.

There is nothing more humiliating to our preconceived ideas than to find that after all we are not connected with that noble and wealthy family of the same name—whose arms, be it whispered, we have usurped—but are descended from So-and-So the cobbler, instead. Yes, in our investigations we shall meet all kinds of people, from peer to pauper, from prince to peasant.

If a man be really desirous of knowing his family history he must not start with the idea that genealogy is merely a rich man's dodge *pour passer le temps*. It is a study, just as botany or any other subject, and requires considerable preparation, if one is inclined to enter deeply into it. There are level-headed persons who will doubtless deny this. "What is required in order to make out a pedigree," they will exclaim, "but pens, ink, paper, and a few old books and musty-fusty documents?" We shall see. In the first place, one must have a considerable knowledge of history, for without that one would be lost in a maze of dates conveying no meaning. A knowledge of the English language is also essential, for a few hundred years ago English was very different from what it is now. A nodding acquaintance with French and Latin, especially with that delightful and surprising variety known as monkish Latin, is also an advantage. Granted these preliminary requirements, and added thereto an ability to read the various styles of writing in use at different periods, and a love of the romantic, anyone with sufficient leisure can make out a passable pedigree. Money is required in only too many cases, for there are certain fixed fees charged by the clergy and others in charge of documents which will doubtless make the poor man "cry off" at the start; but provided he knows how to reduce these charges by a *suaviter in modo* and generous application of persuasive powers, he may yet do much at little cost.

The first and most obvious way of commencing a pedigree is by interviewing all the members of the family one can find, especially those who spring from earlier generations, and thus gathering together all the information they can impart.

Tradition often runs strongly in families, and should on no account be overlooked, for in tradition often lie the means of gathering up the different links and finally welding them together in one harmonious whole. The tradition patiently followed out often forms the clue to a fact which can be proved by documentary evidence.

Great care must be taken to collect all old letters and other

papers, and if the owners will not part with them a copy should be made and kept. Many old people have scores of letters which they sooner or later tear up, thus destroying what can never be replaced. These old letters, apart from the romantic interest attaching to the loves and sorrows of bygone generations, often contain much information valuable to the genealogist. The interest attached to the deeds of the prodigal son in a far-off land is added to when he happens to mention his meeting with hitherto unknown cousins.

Having thus obtained a preliminary sketch of the family, care should be taken to trace out houses formerly owned or inhabited by members of the family, and application made to inspect title-deeds, leases, &c. This is a very difficult matter, for if the present owners of the property happen to imagine that their right to have, hold, and keep is assailed they will never be induced to allow their deeds to be inspected.

Visits should be made to churchyards so that notes may be made of inscriptions on graves, and once inside the churchyard application should be made to the clergy for permission to inspect the registers—perhaps the most important means of obtaining proof of descent. The clergy are authorised to make a charge of sixpence for each year, either of births, marriages, or deaths, examined, and to charge a fee of two shillings and sixpence for every authenticated extract taken; and here the pinch is felt by the poor man. There are some clergy who will have the last drop of blood—happily they are few in number—and thus, if one were searching, say, through a hundred years, or even through the smallest register, one would be compelled to pay the large sum of seven pounds ten shillings for work which could possibly be done in a couple of hours. But providing he is not scented as a professional genealogist he may be able to get over this difficulty by offering to give a small sum to a local charity—an offer which many vicars will accept. The novice should here note that for purposes of literary or historical investigation the vicar is forbidden by law to charge any fees whatever, but it is very difficult to say where the dividing line between purely personal and historical research can be drawn. But this depends on the pedigree-monger. "Literary research" covers a multitude of sins. Very few families are of sufficient importance to warrant the searcher to demand an historical investigation. As a general rule, however, it is safe to say that an investigator making inquiries about a person who has been dead for 200 years, and whose name appears in some recognised dictionary of biography, may demand exemption from fees. Literary research, I take it, may be made when the object is to publish a

book about any family or place, either privately or by subscription. I may here remark that since 1836 all records of births, marriages, and deaths are kept at Somerset House.

Another great source of information is the large collections of wills scattered about all over the country. Here the searcher must necessarily have a long purse, for the fees charged at different places soon run away with money, and in such confusion are the wills kept that it is sometimes weeks before the right one is forthcoming. Wills naturally contain much valuable information, and though as proofs of birth or age they are of no value, yet the information they contain will always be of service in tracing out a family. Often relations are named who but for this brief mention would never have been discovered. Since the year 1858 every will proved in England has been deposited at Somerset House, where the fee for consulting each one (free, however, to historical or literary students) is one shilling, but before this time wills were proved at the nearest ecclesiastical court and were deposited in the care of the clergy. There were many of these courts, and thus in almost every cathedral city and large town will be found large collections of wills. The bishop of each diocese or his deputy had the right of receiving the wills and seeing to their administration, and the will once proved was only too often placed away in some lumber room in the cathedral to be forgotten and left to decay.

These records having been carefully searched, there should be no difficulty in continuing the pedigree into historical times, and for this purpose a different class of records would have to be consulted.

Of these a vast amount is collected at the Public Record Office, where the fees are all on a graduated scale, and very moderate. The chief of these records are the Rotuli Hundredorum, Parliamentary Writs, and Inquisitiones Post Mortem, but the number is legion. Many of these papers have been printed by the Government, and can be consulted at the British Museum. In addition to these early records there is an immense accumulation of law papers, chancery proceedings and the like, which is of great value to the genealogist.

The most valuable collection at the British Museum is the Harleian MSS., many of which have been printed by the Harleian Society; this collection contains the Heralds' Visitations. In the sixteenth century the rise of commerce and the long civil wars which had caused the extinction of many of our noble families gave birth to a new class, the great upper middle class, and as the members of this class became more and more wealthy they naturally gradually

became the rivals of the now nearly extinct nobility and gentry. Many of this new gentry, owing to the decline of chivalry and the consequent disuse of heraldry, took this opportunity of usurping what did not strictly belong to them, by assuming various arms and devices, until then only borne by the nobility, or, at any rate, by the great families of the realm. Not all of these, however, assumed arms; some, for a consideration, obtained a grant from the lawful heralds, who still existed as representatives of the royal power, notably from Sir William Camden, Garter King-at-Arms, who has many sins to answer for.

The older nobility at first viewed with disdain this usurpation of their ancient privileges, but as the middle class grew stronger and stronger and the common people were unable to distinguish between the upstart and the noble, they gradually roused themselves, applied to the Sovereign, and put the law in motion. It was then the Heralds paid those famous visitations to the seats of the gentry, primarily for the purpose of gathering together particulars of their descent, but also with the view of eliminating from the lists of gentry those persons who had unlawfully assumed arms to which they had no right. The distinction of a gentleman was that he should be the owner of a coat-of-arms granted to him or his ancestor by the Sovereign.

The Heralds carried out their visitations in a very strict manner, and anyone who was unable to produce the original patent of arms, or proof of their use for many generations, was struck off the roll, and if he persisted in still using arms was heavily fined. To this day these visitations are the most important documents relating to the gentry of England, and anyone who is able to prove a male descent from one of the families named in these records is entitled to the appellation of esquire, be he gentleman or ploughboy.

Miscellaneous sources of information are many. Amongst them are the lists of boys attending schools. Many ancient grammar schools possess these lists, extending back for several hundred years, and they generally contain the names of the boy's father and mother, his age and place of abode.

Then there are the local records kept by the corporations of various towns, the lists of burgesses, voters, mayors, &c.

It will thus be seen that there is no lack of available material ready to hand in England, but in Ireland and Scotland the records are perhaps more scanty. Scotland, however, has one class of valuable records which England does not possess, the brieves of succession, which give a complete history of all properties, however

small or large. These are almost complete from 1603, but many exist before that date.

Here, then, is ample work for the amateur pedigree-monger, work which increases in interest the deeper he dips into it. It is far more satisfactory to trace our own descent step by step than to leave the work to others, and it should always be borne in mind that the man with a knowledge of the past holds the future in the palm of his hand.

P. EVANS LEWIN.

JEKYLLIANA.

BEFORE offering to the public a few (many never published before) *bons-mots*, witty writings, and his own epitome and reflections on a life more successful than most, and spent amongst the cleverest and best society of his day, I will refer to the origin of the Jekyll family, taken from MSS. of Mr. Jekyll.

“Jekyll Island, in North America, was named by General Oglethorpe after Sir Joseph Jekyll (Master of the Rolls). The name, I believe, is Saxon, and still is to be met with in some parts of Germany. There is a river Jekil in Anatolia, which enters the south of the Black Sea in the Bay of Sansoun. To the ‘Mirror of Justice’ is prefixed an imprimatur signed ‘Jekel.’ The family is traced to Bocking, in Essex. In 1812, Garter King at Arms, on deducing her pedigree, by desire of my second cousin, Miss Ann Barbara Wrighte, collected descents of the Jekyll family, which are consequently now in the old College of Heralds.

“My paternal great-grandfather was J. (John) Jekyll, D.D., brother of Sir Joseph Jekyll. My paternal grandfather was a nephew of Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls; he was for some years resident at Boston, in the American Province of Massachusetts Bay, as Collector of Customs, and purchased an estate about thirty miles from that city, and named it ‘Stowe,’ from Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, which had, I believe as far back as the reign of Edward VI., come into the Temple family by a marriage with an heiress named Millicent Jekyll. *Vide* the pedigree in this volume, whereby it appears that the Temple and Palmerston families descended from this woman.

“This paternal grandfather (John) had several children, all born in Boston: John, Thomas, Joseph, Blacket, Edward (my father), Hannah (married to William Rye, M.D., of Culworth, Northamptonshire), and Mary, who married — Hicks, Esq., of America.

“John succeeded his father in office, and left issue. His eldest son, the Rev. John Jekyll, LL.D., died Precentor of St. Davids, and left three sons and three daughters. Thomas became blind t

money I have heard him say he gained more by the freight of his friend Lord Albemarle's treasure than by the spoils of the enemy. The climate of the West Indies injured his constitution. I heard Lord Keppel tell him on his deathbed that their own habits of abstemiousness from strong wines in those stations had been detrimental, and that persons less temperate had preserved their health. He died at little more than fifty years of age of dropsy, and within a few weeks of his promotion as Admiral. I was with him in his last moments. He spoke with calmness and resignation, and on some subjects even with pleasantry. I remember his saying he had faced death so often that its approach now was no novelty."

Sir Joseph Jekyll married a sister of the Lord Chancellor Somers, and died without issue. In right of his wife he possessed real property in Herts and Reigate, which on his death devolved to her family, and finally to the present Lord Somers. The residue of his personal property he devised to the sinking fund for the payment of the National Debt. As this singular though patriotic example had no imitators during a long lapse of years, the Legislature at two different periods restored it to be distributed among his then numerous next of kin. Sir Joseph Jekyll's mother's maiden name was Tryphena Sandars, daughter of Colonel Thomas Sandars, of Ireton, Derbyshire. Her father had been Colonel of the Horse in Cromwell's army. She first of all married a Mr. Richard Hill, by whom she had one son. By her second marriage, with John Jekyll, she had two sons—Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, and the Rev. John Jekyll, D.D. Her son by her first marriage, Mr. Hill, became secretary to his distinguished half-brother, Sir Joseph Jekyll.

We will now turn to Mr. Joseph Jekyll's *résumé* of his life, now in possession of his eldest grandson, Edward Jekyll, Esq., of Higham Bury, Beds. :

REMINISCENCES BY JOSEPH JEKYLL.

"A.D. 1750.—My father, Captain Edward Jekyll, commanded the *Happy*, sloop of war, on the Milford Station, and at the house of Captain Edwards, at Tenby, first saw my mother, the widow of John Williams, of Perthowel. Her maiden name was Walter.¹

"1752.—My father married her. My uncle Joseph died. He had married Lady Anne Montagu, sister of the last Earl of Halifax. They had a daughter only.

"They lived at Dallington, an estate left him by Sir Joseph Jekyll."

¹ She was daughter of Thomas Walter, of Killiver, co. Carmarthen.

This Joseph was the eldest brother of Captain Edward Jekyll. Dallington is in Northamptonshire, and was a portion of the estates of Sir Joseph Jekyll, his uncle, Master of the Rolls. This only daughter, Anne, married Mr. George Wrighte, of Gayhurst,¹ Buckinghamshire.

"1753, January 23.—I was born at Haverfordwest.

"1754.—My only sister born there likewise.²

"1755.—My family left Wales to live in London.

"1757.—I had the small-pox in the natural way."

He means he was not inoculated, a practice introduced by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu from Turkey, *circa* A.D. 1721.

"1759.—My father appointed to command the *Ripon*.

"1762.—My father sailed in an expedition against the Havannah."

This expedition was against the Spaniards, to strike a blow at their West Indian commerce, and many ships stationed in the West Indies. Nineteen ships sailed under General Lord Albemarle and Admiral Pocock. The conquest was complete; thirteen ships taken and five destroyed, and money and valuables to near £3,000,000 sterling looted.

"I was placed at Soho School.

"1766.—I was placed at Westminster School.

"1771.—My father appointed to the *Egmont*. I was sent to Christchurch, Oxford. Dr. Chelsum my tutor.

"1774.—The residue of Sir J. Jekyll's personal property restored to the family by Act of Parliament."

After the death of Lady Jekyll, who survived him, Sir Joseph directed £20,000 India Stock to be given to the Commissioners of the National Debt as a sinking fund, upon which Lord Mansfield remarked that "he might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge with his full-bottomed wig!" This the Government appears to have perceived, and hence restitution of a portion to the family.

"1774.—Took degree of B.A.

"1775.—Began taking notes in Westminster Hall. Went to Blois to learn French.³

"1776.—My father died."

1777.—(M.A. degree.)

1778.—(Mr. Jekyll was called to the Bar on May 30.)

¹ Now the property of J. W. Carlile, D.L., J.P. Part rebuilt by Lord Justice Wrighte.

² Elizabeth; she married — Lockwood, Esq.

³ He went in March 1775.

"1784.—On the General Election, attended Mr. Popham at Taunton, &c. Became acquainted with the Prince of Wales. Pitt, too, at Brighton, on bad terms with the Prince. I often rode and dined with him, and the Prince *alternately*. Had known Pitt intimately before.

"1787.—Offered seat at Calne¹ by Lord Lansdowne, and accepted it. First attack of gout at thirty-four.

"1790.—Elected F.R.S.² Went to Normandy and France. Received by Mirabeau. Made F.S.A.³

"1791-2.—Visited France.

"1793.—War declared with France⁴ by Mr. Pitt.

"1794.—Rode 2,300 miles this year. Spoke frequently in Parliament. Bought my Chambers by Lincoln's Inn for £500. Member of Inner Temple. Great increase of circuit business.⁵

"1798.—First acquaintance with Miss Sloane. Nelson's victory."⁶

"1801.—Proposed marriage to Miss Sloane. August 18th,⁷ married Miss Sloane. Took a house in Spring Gardens."⁸

Anna Maria Sloane was the only daughter of Colonel Hans Sloane, of South Stoneham, and Paultons, Hants. Her mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Fuller, only daughter of John and Elizabeth Fuller, of Rose Hill, Sussex. Besides Anna Maria, there was a son, William Sloane Stanley, who married, in 1806, Lady Gertrude Howard, daughter of the fifth Earl of Carlisle. With Miss Sloane Mr. Jekyll acquired a large fortune, and, what was better, a most loving, congenial partner.

"1802, September 23rd.—My son Joseph born.

"1804, February 6th.—Edward born, my second son.

"The Prince of Wales named me Solicitor. Gibbs did not resign.

"1805, January 28th.—Was appointed same." (He was also made King's Counsel, and Commissioner of Lunacy.)

"On Circuit. Wrote the 'Tears of the Cruets.' Elected Bencher of Inner Temple.

"1806.—Mr. Pitt died.

"The Prince wished me to be Attorney-General; but Yarrow made instead.

"1808.—My wife's health much declined. I was much at home.

¹ This seat he held from August 20, 1787, to February 23, 1816.

² June 3, 1790.

³ December 16, 1790.

⁴ Against the Republic.

⁵ His practice was on the Western Circuit, and in the Court of King's Bench.

⁶ The Battle of the Nile.

⁷ Married at South Stoneham, Hants August 18, 1801.

⁸ No. 22.

Sunday, November 6, my wife died. November 12 she was deposited in the vault of St. Martin's Church. December 25: A Christmas Day of grief and wretchedness."

In another MS. Mr. Jekyll says his wife was "buried in the north-east recess of the vault under the Church of Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields on Saturday, November 12, 1808, aged 35 years."

Mr. Jekyll has left a most pathetic account of the gradual fading away from ill-health of his wife, and his efforts to avert it, too sacred to be placed here, but in possession of his eldest grandson. This proves that the most clever lawyer, brilliant wit, and inimitable *raconteur* of his time, acknowledged by all as a man of the world, had a true and hearty affection for his wife and the joys of happy domesticity. After her death he became the most devoted of fathers. To supply, in a manner, a mother's surveillance and care, he looked out for a lady-housekeeper and superintendent for the children, and in 1809 we find this entry: "Mrs. Bird has agreed to live with me in order to take care of my two boys."

"1811.—Put Joseph to Westminster School Mr. Hill died April 28; left me and my heirs the Wargrave Estate after his widow's demise."

Mr. Joseph Hill was Cowper's friend and benefactor. "The honest man close-buttoned to the chin, broadcloth without, and a warm heart within." His reason for leaving thus Wargrave (or Wargrove, as it was often spelt then) Hill, Berks, is thus accounted for by Mr. Jekyll: "Sir Joseph Jekyll's, Master of the Rolls', mother was a widow Hill; she had a son by her former marriage who became secretary to his half-brother when Master of the Rolls. He was grandfather to Joseph Hill, of Wargrave Hill, who, having no nearer relationship, left the property to self and heirs."

Mr. Hill was 77 when he died. He had two sisters, Theodosia and Frances, but they had recently predeceased him under very sad circumstances. Their description by Miss Mitford,¹ in her "Literary Recollections," is so striking that I insert it. She says: "In early youth I was well acquainted with two old ladies, Mrs. Theodosia and Frances Hill, sisters to the 'Joe Hill,' the favourite and constant friend, who figures so frequently in Cowper's correspondence. These excellent persons lived at Reading,² and were conspicuous through the town for their peculiarities of dress and appearance. Shortest and smallest of women, they adhered to the costume of fifty years before, and were never seen without the

¹ Miss Mitford, born 1749, died 1855.

² In Friar Street, by two letters I have of theirs. *Vide* note further on.

high-lappeted caps, the enormous hoops, brocaded gowns, ruffles, aprons, and furbelows of our grandmothers. They tottered along upon high-heeled shoes and flirted fans emblazoned with the history of Pamela. Nevertheless, such was the respect commanded by their thorough gentility, their benevolence, and their courtesy, that the very boys in the streets forgot to laugh at women so blameless and so kind.

"An old housekeeper who had been their waiting maid for half a lifetime, partook of their popularity. Their brother and his wife inhabited a beautiful place¹ in the neighbourhood (afterwards bequeathed to the wiggish wit, Joseph Jekyll), and until the sisters approached the age of 80 nothing could be smoother than the current of their calm and virtuous lives. At that period, Mrs. Theodosia, the elder, sank into imbecility, and Mrs. Frances, a woman of considerable ability and feeling, broke all at once into incurable madness. Both were pronounced to be harmless, and were left in their own house with two or three female servants who had lived with them so long. For a considerable time no change took place; but one cold winter's day their faithful nurse left her younger charge, Frances, sitting quietly by the parlour fire, and had not gone many minutes before she was recalled by sudden screams, and found the poor maniac enveloped in flames. It is supposed that she had held her cambric handkerchief to air within the fireguard, and had thus ignited her apron and other parts of her dress. The old servant, with true womanly courage, caught her in her arms, and was so fearfully burnt in the vain endeavour to extinguish the flames, that she expired even before her mistress, who lingered many days in dreadful agony, but without return of recollection. The surviving sister, happily unconscious of the catastrophe, died at last of mere old age. This tragedy occurred not many years after the death of Cowper."

Now Cowper died April 25, 1800, and in the first letter I possess of the two sisters, written on July 14, 1800, and signed "Th. and F. Hill," they say, writing to Mrs. Hill, their sister-in-law: "We feel very much inclined to accept your obliging invitation, the more so as we fear the additional cares our dear brother will be involved in by the death of his truly good friend will prevent his settling soon at Wargrave." This is evidently alluding to the death of Cowper. The second letter is dated January 20, 1805, in the same writing, and is most sprightly and cleverly written, so that misfortune had not then marked them for her own, and therefore the tragedy of their end must have only recently taken place before the death of their brother.

¹ Wargrave Hill.

These letters were found with some of Mr. Hill's, Mrs. Tickell's (Mrs. Hill's sister), and a few others—oddly enough one from the writer's ancestress, Mrs. Jane Robinson, mother of the second and third Barons Rokeby—in the roof of Wargrave Hill, in 1856.

Mr. Crabb Robinson, who was clerk to Mr. Joseph Hill, says, in his "Recollections," that "he had a general law practice, but was steward to several noblemen. All that I had to do was to copy letters, make schedules of deeds, and keep accounts."

To return to Mr. Jekyll's notes :

"1813.—Lived much in general society."

A letter to Mr. Rogers the poet will show how grateful Mr. Jekyll was for any kindness to his children :

"MY DEAR ROGERS,—Among many others, no characteristic of your disposition is more prominent than that of kindness to children.

"I thank you a thousand times for your continued kindness to mine.

"The poor little fellows write me a letter of gratitude to you for Monday night's amusement.

"Here am I in the midst of tumult, and heat, and contention, but not so occupied as to be insensible of your remembrance of me.

"Yours most truly,

"Exeter Assizes,

"JOSEPH JEKYLL.

"Aug. 6, 1814."

"1814.—At the Fête of Guildhall to the two Sovereigns on Peace.¹

"1815.—Sworn into Mastership in Chancery by death of Master Morris."

Lord Eldon, then Lord Chancellor, had doubts as to the suitability of Jekyll for a Mastership in Chancery, and the Prince Regent, with whom Jekyll was a great favourite, is said to have forced his way into Lord Eldon's bedchamber in Bedford Square, and, seating himself on the bed, exclaimed, "How I do pity Lady Eldon ; she will never see you again, for here I remain till you make Jekyll a Master in Chancery !"

"June 18, 1815.—The day of the Battle of Waterloo.² I was dining at Mr. Boehm's with the Prince Regent, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, and Lord and Lady Maryborough, when the despatch was brought us by all the Ministers. The Prince Regent was singularly affected by the details of the killed."

¹ The Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia.

² June 18.

1816.—Mr. Jekyll became Treasurer of the Temple. Of this year he says: "Sold my chambers for £1,000; gave £500 for them. Resigned my office as Attorney-General. Vacated my seat in Parliament (Calne). Joseph (his eldest son) very ill. July 19: Carried a motion to repair and beautify the Temple Hall. November: Mr. Smirke¹ finished the Temple Hall."

"Mrs. Tickell died."

Mrs. Tickell, the sister of Mrs. Hill, of Wargrave Hill, was the widow of the Rev. John Tickell, Rector of Gawsthorp, Cheshire, and East Mersey, Essex, who resided at Wargrave, and was tutor to Lord Barrymore and other young men of quality. He died in 1800.

"1817.—Princess Charlotte died."

1818.—Mr. Jekyll had a cruise in Mr. Baring's yacht. They visited Weymouth and Lulworth Castle.² Spent one night in Swanage Bay, and from there visited Corfe Castle, and Mr. Bankes, the owner, at his other seat at King's Weston.

"1821.—Joseph entered Christ Church, Oxford.³ Visited Mrs. Hill on our way. May 18: Joseph admitted at Inner Temple; kept term.

"August 7.—The Queen's death.⁴

"1822.—Had an apoplectic fit coming home from White's. Bled by Freeman profusely, a stupor of 17 hours.

"May 8.—Edward (his second son) went to Oxford. Resigned my office, but resignation not admitted till December 4, 1822. Pension arranged.

"1823, July 10.—Edward received his commission in 86th Regiment. I paid £450 for it. Gazetted on 19th.

"October 11.—Joseph's coming of age kept at Paultons."

Joseph's real birthday was on September 23. Paultons was the seat of Colonel Sloane Stanley, brother-in-law to Mr. Jekyll, whose wife, Lady Gertrude, was Jekyll's great friend, and with whom he kept up a lively correspondence, which has been published by the Hon. Algernon Burke in 1894.

Mr. Jekyll is said to have been "more than usually fortunate in his sons." Both Joseph and Edward possessed in a great degree their father's wit and vivacity. Joseph was strikingly handsome—dark hair, marked eyebrows, and blue eyes, and was so beautiful a

¹ He was the architect.

² The seat of the Weld family, Dorsetshire.

³ Joseph took M.A. degree, was made F.R.S., and received a diploma in medicine.

⁴ The unfortunate consort of George IV.

child that his portrait was taken representing him seated on an upturned wheelbarrow outside a cottage door, one finger uplifted, a dog by his side, and a cat approaching. This print, coloured and uncoloured, is still sold in London, and under it is engraved "A son of Mr. Jekyll." A cheaper engraving of the same is occasionally met with, called "Papa's Pet."

Joseph Jekyll, jun., had an intense love of chemistry, and was one of the first disciples and patients of Dr. Hahnemann, the Father of Homœopathy. Of this system old Jekyll observes: "Dr. Quin a disciple of Hahnemann. Dr. Wolff, of Dresden, sent Joe a box of globules; each phial had 1,000 in it, 200,000 in all, in 1832." Dr. Hahnemann's writing was as minute as his globules!

"October 30.—Edward departed to Armagh to join his regiment.

"December 4.—Dined with his Majesty.

"1824, May 20.—The Athenæum (Club) founded. Committee met at my house."

Mr. Jekyll was the prime promoter of this now celebrated Club.

"July 2.—Joseph arrived; rowed from Oxford."

His father is amused at his costume; in one of his letters he says: "Joseph rows in a *blue* shirt on the Thames!" What would the old gentleman have thought of the coats, &c., of many colours worn by our rowing men now!

"July 28.—Embarked with Joseph at the Tower in a steamboat to Calais. Took eleven hours.

"August 17.—Chamounix. Joseph ascended Mount Blanc.

"October 22.—Returned to London, much benefited by tour in France, Switzerland, and the Italian Lakes.

"October 26.—Joseph elected to the Athenæum.

October 11.—Mrs. Sarah Hill, widow, died at Wargrave Hill, so Mr. Jekyll now came into full possession of that beautiful property left to him by Mr. Hill. Of his positive hatred of country life we shall soon mention. His next entry is:

"December 15.—Wargrave plate and books sent to town.

"1825.—Leased Wargrave Hill to Mr. Hussey, having sold the old furniture there.

"1826, November 20.—Joseph began to reside in the Temple.

"1827, January 5.—The Duke of York¹ died. 20th: At Funeral.

"April 28.—Dined with the King.

"July 9.—Joseph three days at Margate with Flint."

¹ Second son of George III.

This was Sir Charles William Flint, Resident Secretary of the Irish Office. He had been in the Foreign Office, had acted Secretary to Mr. Wickham in Switzerland, &c., and afterwards as confidential assistant to Mr. Canning. In 1798, from his great knowledge of French, Lord Grenville suggested his appointment as Superintendent of Aliens, in which position he became intimately acquainted with the Duc de Bourbon. Sir Charles was of an old Scotch family seated in Clackmannanshire, and married Anna Maria Seton, fourth daughter of Daniel Seton, Governor of Surat. Joseph Jekyll, jun., eventually married in December 1837, their only daughter, Anna Louisa Flint. Mrs. Joseph Jekyll, jun., after her husband's death, which occurred in 1841, married secondly the Hon. Spencer Dudley Montagu, youngest son of the fourth Baron Rokeby, and became mother of the writer of these pages.

"1829.—Joseph decided to leave the Temple.

"March 26.—Dined with the King.

"July 25.—To the Royal Lodge, Windsor. The King gave me a snuff-box. There till August 7."

This snuff-box is of gold, with a beautifully executed mosaic picture of poultry let into the lid.

The following is a copy of a letter of Mr. Jekyll's to his son describing his visit :

"MY DEAR FELLOW,—A letter from Edward tells me that it is possible you may not leave home on Tuesday ; if so, this letter will catch you, and inform you I am well.

"The King's kindness to me is such, that I cannot yet learn on what day I am to depart, as he says he is sure the visit does me good. I never saw him in better health and spirits. We drive out in a mass of pony phaetons, dine early, and drive out again in the evening. We dine alternately at the Lodge, at the Fishing Temple, and in the Turkish Tents, and go on the water. A small and quiet party. Lord and Lady Conyngham and their two charming daughters, Lord Strathaven, the husband of one of them, and Lord Albert Conyngham, and now and then the Duke of Cumberland, join us for a day or two from London.

"If this reaches you, tell the servants I will write for my horses as soon as I can fix a day.

"Pray write to me continually from Southampton, Jersey, &c.—in short, wherever you can. It will be my only pleasure.

"Your affectionate father,

"JOSEPH JEKYL.

"Royal Lodge : Sunday, August 2, 1829."

"1830, June 26.—Death of the King.

"1834, March 13.—Joseph's M.A. degree, Oxford.

"June 5.—Made F.R.S.

"1836, Jan. 28.—Death of Lord Stowell, aged 90.

"July 25.—Marriage of Edward."

Edward married Julia, daughter of Charles Hammersley, Esq., the well-known banker, by whom he had four sons and two daughters.

Here ends the paper of "Reminiscences," but one, entitled "Digress," shows the varied and eminent society Mr. Jekyll frequented. He says: "From the circumstances of my life, education at a public school and a university, a profession of the law, and circuits, and habits of general intercourse for which my constitutional vivacity fitted me, I have had a very eminent acquaintance, and have also enjoyed a real intimacy with many noted persons. In early life a school friendship with the son of Barnard, Dean of Derry, led me into his father's circle—Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Coleman, and E. Burke. Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith I never knew. At Bath I first formed an intimacy with Mr. Wilkes, which continued to his death, and, through Lord Sheffield, with Gibbon. At the Bar, I was closely connected in friendship with Lords Redesdale, Erskine, Ellenborough, Sir S. Romilly, Mr. Bond.

"In France, with Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and Siéyès.

"In Parliament with Lords Lansdowne, Holland, D. North; Fitzpatrick, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Richardson, Whitbread, Windham, Tierney, Mackintosh, Brougham. With literary and philosophical men: Sir J. Banks, Sir H. Davy, Sir H. Englefield, Lysons, Murphy, G. Coleman, senior and junior, Boswell, Lord Byron, Rogers, Dumont, Dr. Ivernois, Bentham, Nares, Tickell, Osgoode.

"With the stage: Smith, Henderson, Mrs. Abington, J. Kemble, Mrs. Siddons.

"His Majesty George IV. honoured me with uniform kindness all my life, and was the best friend I ever had. The Duke and Duchess of York admitted me to intimacy and kindness."

Mr. Jekyll sums up his autobiographical data with this reflection:

"How short is the biography of a professional man! Educated at Westminster School and Christchurch, I travelled, and was called to the Bar, and progressively Solicitor and Attorney to the Prince, a King's Counsel, Bencher of the Inner Temple, and, finally, a Master of Chancery. A Member of the House of Commons for successive Parliaments; married, had issue two sons. Life has therefore been divided into five periods: 1st, School, college, and

foreign travel ; 2ndly, Profession, the world and its pleasures, Parliament, politics ; 3rdly, Matrimony and domestic comforts ; 4thly, Office, the world of society ; 5thly, Retirement."

Mr. Jekyll states he was deaf at sixty-five years of age. He had many attacks of gout, and at least two or three apoplectic seizures. He has left a curious paper comparing the different advice in medicine and surgical treatment recommended him by the principal medical men of the period. So varied are they in treatment that they probably suggested the following epigram :

A single doctor like a sculler plies,
The patient lingers, and by inches dies ;
But two physicians like a pair of oars,
Convey him quickly to the Stygian shores.

Another epigram on Dr. Letson, then a well-known doctor :

When folks are sick and send for me,
I purges, bleeds, and sweats them,
If after that they choose to die
What's that to me? I Letson.

A chemist of the name of Stringer was annoyed with Mr. Jekyll for pronouncing his name with the *g* soft. This irritated Jekyll, and he said : " Sir, at that rate you must pronounce Ginger in the same manner ; you must follow the same pronunciation in both instances ; either you are *Stringer* and *Ginger* (with the *g*'s hard), or *Stringer* and *Ginger* (with the *g*'s soft)."

Of all legacies that could be the most inappropriate to such a lover of London was that of Mr. Joseph Hill's bequest of the Wargrave Hill property. Mr. Jekyll was in that respect of the same opinion as Charles Lamb as to the delights of the London streets ; but with the former this was intensified by his intense love of society, and that society of the cleverest and wittiest.

In 1823 he writes to his sister-in-law, Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley, that " the miseries of life in the country have been fairly classed by themselves as — blowing weather ; no fish in the market ; newspaper not arriving ; window broken in bedroom, glazier five miles off ; surgeon eight miles off ; a hunting family circle ; opera eighty miles off ; bores on a fortnight's visit, with a desire to be shown the lions in your neighbourhood ; a rainy day ; last volume of your favourite novel in the paws of an old lady, who checkmates at words of five syllables."

In another letter of December 16, 1824, just after coming into the Wargrave property, he again writes : " I don't envy you the amusement of selling a house, or repairing a house, or rummaging

papers. I, too, am bored with removing plate and pictures from Wargrave Hill, and preparing the place for letting it, as you know my detestation of the country, and my opinion that every day spent there is a day given to the grave before one's decease."

He also said that if he was compelled to live in the country he would have the approach to the house paved, like the London streets, and hire a hackney coach to drive up and down, to look like London. Though Mr. Hill liked playing the country gentleman for a few weeks in the summer at Wargrave, he built the house in a complete London style, with an area under it; and, as he disliked the smell of cooking, he constructed no inner staircase to the basement storey, and the unfortunate servants had to carry the dinner up and down a very steep stone staircase, which ascended from the area into the drive, and in at the front door. This might be bearable in summer weather, but was absolutely impossible in frost; and when Mr. Hussey took the house on lease a very awkward staircase was constructed inside the house from the offices. Mr. Jekyll used to say, for nine months of the year London was the best place to live in, and he knew no other better for the remaining three! Later in life he boasts of not leaving London more than six months during five years. The following paper is his advice to country gentlemen:—

"INTERESTING TO COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

"Mr. Jekyll having witnessed with regret country gentlemen of the utmost respectability reduced in their country houses to the dulness of the domestic circle, and thereby frequently induced to attempt suicide in the fall of the year, or, what is *still more melancholy*, driven to invite to their tables those ancient and well-known families, the Tags, Rags, the Bobtails, and the Bores, and having observed the facility with which the public is supplied with job-horses from London and with books from circulating libraries, he has opened an office in London for the purpose of furnishing country houses with a regular succession of company and guests on the most moderate terms. An annual subscriber of thirty guineas will be supplied with four guests a week, to be changed at the will of the country gentleman; an annual subscriber of fifteen guineas will be supplied with two guests, to be changed once a fortnight; a non-subscriber within twenty-five miles of London may be furnished with guests by the day or the week, upon being answerable for breakage on the road.

"Mr. Jekyll's catalogue contains an elegant assortment of 617

guests, amongst whom may be found 3 Irish peers, 7 Scotch peers, 13 poor baronets, 6 yellow admirals, 19 major-generals on half-pay, who narrate the entire Spanish war, the Dowager-Countess of Cork, and 37 fussing dowagers, 314 old maids on annuities, and several unbeneficed clergymen who play the fiddle ; deaf and dumb people, sportsmen, and gentlemen who describe Paris and Fonthill, may be had at half-price. They can all play at cards, and generally with success of partners, and they have no objection to play in a morning during rain.

"The guests to be fed by the country gentleman as in the case of jobs, and claret to be produced if Scotch and Irish peers are required. If any guest is disapproved of, Mr. Jekyll desires the country gentleman subscriber will mark 'Bore' against his name in the catalogue, or chalk it on his back when he leaves the house, and his place shall be supplied by the return of the stage-coach.

"Society Office, Spring Gardens,
"25th October, 1822."

In 1818 he had written to his sister-in-law, Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley (*vide* "Letters to Her," edited by the Hon. Algernon Burke):

"The system of poisoning the guests who infest country houses I do not disapprove of, as, generally speaking, these animals invade any hole or corner where they see an opening, and, by their talent at *boring*, know how to make them. All I object to is killing them like Polonius, 'behind the arras,' because then, as Hamlet says, you may 'nose them in the lobby.'"

Another hit at country life is contained in the following amusing letter to his friend, Riversdale Grenfell:

"MY DEAR RIVERSDALE,—As you are unwell, and must therefore be out of spirits, and as I am often out of spirits without being unwell, I propose to you the following plan, which will no doubt meet your approbation. You know it was the custom of Eastern nations whenever they were afflicted with any calamity, instead of dissipating their minds with operas, plays, balls, routs, &c., to shut themselves up in a Palace of Tears and give a full vent to their griefs. This you will find abundantly confirmed in the 'Arabian Nights.' I have determined to follow their example, and with your assistance hope to pass as uncomfortable and melancholy a spring as any poor devil in the world.

"For this purpose I have bought an estate in the Fens of Lincoln

shire; it is situated in the most marshy part, where the insalubrity of the air is justly famous. It is, in short, the very antipodes of the Temple of Hygeia. Nowhere within fifty miles can a single healthy face be met with, thanks to the malaria and the equally destructive effects of the numerous country doctors. The house is a *Maison Carrée* of black and sombre brick, faced at the corners with stone; it is also somewhat out of repair, the whole appearance so lugubrious that at the first view I dubbed it *Hyp Hall*. I have taken considerable pains in laying out the grounds. Formal yew hedges give a dismal effect to the walks which is perfectly charming, and I have given strict directions to the gardeners to plant nothing in my *parterre* except deadly nightshade, love lies bleeding, hemlock, henbane, and other gloomy and death-bearing plants. The long walk is terminated by a straight and stagnant canal, at the side of which I have judiciously placed a hat, thereby producing a pretty effect of suicide. The company you will find assembled will, I trust, ensure our comfort. I have so selected it that I do not think we can be disturbed by a single moment of hilarity.

"It consists of two unsuccessful lawyers, three bankrupt stock-jobbers, an author whose tragedy has been lately damned, four county members who voted on the wrong side of Reform, and six elderly spinsters who have only just relinquished all hopes of matrimony, and are still doubting whether they shall betake themselves to cards, blueism, or the bottle. I intend that we should pass the day in the following manner: Rise late, as that ensures a certain flow of bad spirits for the rest of the day. After breakfast I propose an airing in carriages, so constructed as to resemble as near as possible hearses. The interval between return, and dinner, should be passed over some dull book, such as Hallam's 'Middle Ages,' Southey's poems, or most of the modern novels. The dinner will consist of everything indigestible in or out of season, for reasons too obvious to mention, and here I cannot help disclosing a contrivance of which I take the entire credit to myself. It is this: if at any time during dinner the slightest approach to a smile should appear on the visages of my guests, or any one of them should betray the least symptom of vivacity, I have directed my butler to give him or her thus offending, 15 grains of ipecacuanha in his next glass of wine; this, by producing a slight nausea, instantly reduces him to a proper standard of gravity. The only spirituous drink I admit is *Blue Ruin*, and the only wine *Lachrima Christi*. After our repast each promotes the conviviality of the evening by an account of his misfortunes. Should any person prefer a game of cards, I propose '*Commerce*,' as it

invariably puts one in mind of the necessity of dying—a perfect *Memento Mori*. Dice I also permit, shaking the bones being as nearly allied to a skeleton, not to mention that we have all dedicated ourselves to the ‘Dice Manibus.’ We conclude the miseries, instead of the pleasures of the evening, by wishing one another a bad night, and each rejoices himself with the delicious prospect of a nightmare.

“I can only press my invitation by assuring you that nothing shall be spared to ensure your uncomfords, and thus as Byron has said, ‘Sorrow is knowledge,’ you shall return the most miserable and wisest of imaginable mortals.”

So little did any charms of rural life appeal to Jekyll, that he even boasted of Joseph, his eldest son, having a hereditary love of a metropolis “and thinks rustication has no vitality, and could not be revived by the Humane Society.” No doubt much of Mr. Jekyll’s dislike of the country was caused by the dulness of the ordinary country gentleman—unable to see a joke, much more to reciprocate with another. This Prince of Wits and professional diner-out required the emulatory scintillations from other clever men to draw him out, like a remark he made on the meeting of a Lady *Steele*, Tom Steele’s daughter-in-law, and Lady *Flint*, both staying at Chantilly, and both remarkable for beauty, that “the meeting of two such ladies must have supplied them with *sparks* enough !”

On the subject of dinners he remarks: “On the worst sort of dinner”—“A dinner of unacquainted creditors made to repay the various Rosencrantzs and Guildensterns, to whom a dinner is respectively owed.”

“A dinner of those who live much together.

“A dinner of inferiors.

“A dinner of relations only.

“A dinner of country neighbours come to town.”

The best sort of dinners :

“A *tête-à-tête* with an intimate.

“A dinner of four or six clever men well acquainted.”

ANALYSIS OF DINNERS.

EIGHTEEN MISERIES OF LARGE DINNERS.

1. Famine, or loss of appetite from a late uncertain hour.
2. Waiting for the last guest.
3. Want of attendants.
4. A place near the door, with the wind E.N.E.

5. Shyness and dulness of your two unknown neighbours.
6. Carving a popular dish, while your fish grows cold.
7. Impatience of tired servants, to deprive you of your plate.
8. Dead silences.
9. Conversation in chorus.
10. Incredible narrations.
11. Talk from the morning paper.
12. Common events quoted as singular.
13. Account of last summer's tour to Paris or Rome.
14. Praises by the host of his own wine and cookery.
15. Disputations without reasonings.
16. Ditto verified by acts.
17. A walk through snow to your carriage.
18. Indigestion, and contrition for the irreparable loss of four hours !

To No. 2 of this list may be quoted that when a dinner was given to Sir William Scott on his being made Lord Stowell, for some reason he was very late, and the guests all impatient ; on his being announced, Jekyll said : " Well, I am sure we are all very glad to see the late Sir William Scott *appear* ! "

The following comic bill of fare is very amusing. Some of the dishes I have made out, and I would fain be enlightened upon others. It must be remembered that at the period we are writing about most of the dinner, with the exception of the dessert, was placed on the table at the same time :

" THE BILL OF FARE FOR A DINNER.

1st Course.

Melancholy Soup,
with Crooked Sarah.

Roasted Furrows.

Pride reversed
in a Pie.

Bullets undressed.

A Dutch Prince
in a Pudding.

The Legs of a
Corncutter
boiled with Diamond weights.

A Blockhead hashed.

2nd Course.

Venus' Guides.

Divine Part of
a Man boiled.

The first Temptation
in a Small Wind.

Rove Jack.

The Grand Seignior's
Dominions larded.Part of the
Zodiac buttered.An unruly Member,
garnished with
perpetual motion.*The Dessert.*The Loss of a Wife,
and the Gain of a Husband
in Jelly.The Reward
of a Soldier.Some Hundreds
and Thousands,Cows' Provender, with
Half Gooseberries.

Busybodies.

Couples,

Sorrowful Apples,
garnished with Bald Wives.

A Bottle of Hill top.

(Mountain)

A Bottle of Bag.

(Sack)

A Bottle of Tarbay.

(Port)

A Soldier's Habitation in
War, with a Girl in it.

(Tent, with a toast in it.)"

Of these comical names I can only make out "A Dutch Prince in a Pudding," Orange Pudding; "A Blockhead hashed" of course is Calf's Head hashed; "Divine Part of Man," Boiled Sole; "The First Temptation in a Small Wind," Apple Soufflée; "The Grand Seignior's Dominions larded," Larded Turkey; "An Unruly Member," &c., Tongue and Brains; "Part of the Zodiac," &c., is Buttered Crab, an old-fashioned dish. "Busybodies," Medlars, and "Couples," Pears; "Sorrowful Apples," Pine Apples; but "Bald Wives" is beyond me, and must be left to the reader to determine.

When Pitt taxed, in 1805, salt and vinegar, Mr. Jekyll wrote the following:

THE TEARS OF THE CRUETS, ON TAXING SALT AND
VINEGAR.

Two sulky Salt-Cellars contrived to meet,
A pensive pepper-box in Downing Street,
And there convened in factious consultation
The motley cruets of administration.
Old Melville's mustard-pot refused to come,
Haggis, and trotters, kept him well at home.
Pitt's peevish vinegar made no delay,
Nor the smooth tasteless oil of Castlereagh;

The sugar castor Wilberforce supplied,
 And preached like Pollux at his Castor's side.
 Much Salt complained, and Vinegar deplored
 The tax that forced them from the pauper's board ;
 Much cursed the country gentlemen, whose bags
 Shrank at the taxing of the Farmer's nags,
 Who left poor Vinegar like mumm, and malt,
 To share the grievances endured by Salt,
 Not Attic Salt, for Billy Pitt, they knew,
 Had not an ounce of that 'mong al his crew.
 Cursed old George Rose, who staved from his Cook,
 How little Salt his Hampshire Bacon took.
 Salt to his porridge George had got before,
 Nor cared what sufferings public porridge bore !
 " What honest humble sauce can long enjoy
 " This fair security (cried gloomy Soy) ;"
 Catchup, perchance, may 'scape the luckless hour,
 So many mushrooms now have place and power.
 Finance's pettifogging pickling plan,
 May strike at onions, and excise cayenne ;
 While stamped and annual licence must be got,
 For all who relish garlic, and chalot.
 Poor Barto Valle, melancholy Burgess !
 Victims of Pitt, and Huskisson, and Sturges,
 Ah, look not sour, for Pitt, serene and placid,
 May tax sour looks, that universal acid !
 Ah, drop no tears, for Billy won't relax,
 And tears are Salt, and liable to tax !
 So wailed the cruets till the meeting closed.
 This resolution Salt at length proposed :—
 That Vinegar and he should jointly sport
 A new sauce piquante for the " Truth Report."

Mumm was a species of fat ale, brewed from wheat and bitter herbs, unknown to the present generation. Twining was then the great tea merchant of the day. Mr. Jekyll wrote on him :

It seems as if Nature had planned
 That names should with callings agree,
 Thus *Twining* the tea man who lives in the Strand,
 Would be *Wining* if robbed of his *Tea*.

On receiving from Lady Flint a quarter of a small pig, a favourite dish of his, he replies thus :

" It surprises me to discover that a generous enemy and a generous friend are the same thing, as they both *give quarter* !

" Yours thankfully,
 " PYGMALION."

Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, whose parsimony was well known, lived in a large gloomy house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Of this house

Jekyll observed that, all the year round, it is "Lent in the kitchen and Passion week in the parlour." At this some one said that, though the fire was dull in the kitchen grate, the spits were bright. "It is quite irrelevant," said Jekyll, "to talk about spits, for nothing *turns* on them." On the same Lord buying a second-hand suit of clothes, and finding a pocket-handkerchief left in a pocket, Jekyll declared it was the very first he ever had.

To a Welsh Judge notorious for his great greed of office and his want of personal cleanliness, complaining to Jekyll as to his being neglected, the latter said in his most amiable tones: "My dear sir, you have asked the Minister for almost everything, why don't you ask him for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?" An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel? Have you done so, sir?" "Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger, or a scoundrel, but I said you were 'little Else.'"

In 1843, during a waltz at a ball at Hatfield House, Lord Grimston—afterwards Earl of Verulam—clumsily upset the aged Marchioness of Salisbury, upon which Jekyll wrote the following upon a leaf in his pocket-book:

Conservatives of Hatfield House
Were surely harum-scarum,
What could reforming Whigs do worse
Than knocking down old Sarum?

This is said to have been one of the earliest instances of the use of the word "Conservative."

And now these few remaining scraps of Jekyll's wit draw to an end, and I wind up with his lines on the two Herveys: the writer of the "Meditations" and the inventor of "Harvey's Sauce:"

THE TWO HERVEYS.

Two Herveys had a mutual wish
To shine in separate stations,
So one invented "Sauce for fish,"
The other "Meditations."
Thus each his pungent power applied
To aid the dead and dying,
This relishes a Sole when fried,
That saves a Soul from frying.

Mr. Jekyll died on March 8, 1837, in his eighty-fourth year.

ITALIAN CRADLE-SONGS.

THE glories of sunset have faded; on the hilltops cypresses stand out against the still golden sky, tall and straight like tapering spires; olive groves shimmer, a sea of silver in the evening breeze; some flowers give out a sweeter fragrance in the cooler air, while others—such as the morning glories creeping up the *pergola*—close their petals, and seem to go to sleep; from among the trees come soft twitterings and rustlings, telling of mother-birds gathering their nestlings under their wings; even the *grillie's* shrill notes grow more subdued, as daylight rapidly declines, for in Southern lands there is no long lingering twilight as in the North, no prolonged after-glow; darkness falls suddenly, succeeding the brilliance in the West without warning, dropping swiftly like a curtain over all. With the darkness the silence comes, and soon a great peace, a brooding stillness envelops the land. But gradually, throughout its length and breadth, from stately palaces and lowly cottage homes, there rises in the night a strangely sweet sound, a rocking of cradles and women's voices singing tender lullabies. All sleep, but mothers wake everywhere at their posts; from the burning shores of Sicily to the snowy mountains of Piedmont, the air vibrates with the beautiful melodies of the *ninne-nanne*, the cradle-songs of Italy, handed down from generation to generation, dating so far back that their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. All the poetry of the race, all the pent-up love of mothers' hearts for ages past, all their patience, endurance, self-abnegation, and devotion are contained in these songs; everything that is best and sweetest in human life lies in these cadences; to study them is to study the heart of the people itself, its religion, its hopes, ambitions, and renunciation. Many of them are not to be found in print, and can only be culled from the lips of the singers; each province, each district, every dialect has its own special renderings; the broad lines are more or less alike, the differences lying chiefly in minor characteristics; the melodies too resemble each other—slow, soft, with long drawn out notes, and pathetic *ritornelli*.

Having collected many of these *ninne-nanne* from different sources, I venture to think a few specimens may interest Englishwomen, for the mother-heart is the same all the world over; north and south, east and west, the mothers of all lands will feel their hearts vibrate with that supreme touch of nature which makes all the world akin—in the mother's love and yearning which rings out in every note of these Italian lullabies.

Even in Dante's time these songs went by the name of *ninne-nanne*: thus in the "Purgatorio" (Canto XXIII.) he speaks of: "Colui che mo si consola con nanna" ("He who is now hushed with lullabies"), and Jacopo di Todi has the beautiful lines: "Cullava il bambino, E con sante parole Ninnava il suo amor fino" ("She rocked the babe, and with holy words, sang her precious love to sleep"). The word was probably derived from the Latin *naenia*, *naenium facere*, or perhaps from a still older Oriental root, since in Japan these songs are termed *nenne* to the present day. In some parts of Italy, however, the words *ninno* and *nenna* are used instead of "brother" and "sister," as in the Abruzzi, while in Venice *nanna* is the endearing term often employed by a lover towards his "sweetheart"; hence the term *ninna-nanna* has become corrupted, and is sometimes applied to ordinary love songs.

It has been touchingly said that cradles resemble nests in every clime, from the hanging cradles of wickerwork and sacks of savage lands to those of our own country. Kalmucks line theirs with felt, Indians with moss, Virginians with soft cotton, just as birds line theirs with down; the princess lays her babe in an ivory gilt cradle, richly chased and inlaid, shaded by curtains of priceless lace; the *contadina* in a wicker basket padded with homespun; but the love which prepares these frail nests is the same.

Among the Italian peasants the cradle is generally low, of wood or wicker, with rough rockers, tied to the bedpost or to the back of a chair; the mother rocks it by the cord which secures it. What is more touching or sweeter than the picture of a mother singing to hush her babe to sleep? In Calabria she holds the child in her arms, rocking herself backwards and forwards on a low chair with a quick even movement. The slow soft song and regular motion generally succeed in soothing and putting to sleep even those children who are not sleepy. So accustomed to this do Italian babies become that they cannot sleep unless they are rocked and sung to, and they themselves when only a few months old will break into a *cantilena*, a little murmur, if by chance they grow sleepy when mother or grandmother happens to be absent.

In most of these songs, the mother promises her child beautiful gifts: toys, dolls, woolly lambs, all that goes to make up the joy of infantile minds, like the Japanese mother who sings: "Where is mother going? Far away over the mountains; what shall she bring her darling? The drum *tutu*, the trumpet of *bambù*!" The poorest singer weaves tales of palaces, silken garments, strings of pearl for her babe: nothing is too impossible, too extravagant for those who will never be more than lowly "sons of the soil." Or she will wish her child may some day become a lawyer, general, bishop, or pope! a famous man like Napoleon, or a rich landed proprietor with a house all marble and gold, and a lovely wife! Every *contadina* knows how to embroider and improvise as she goes on singing. It is a strange fact that few of these cradle-songs are addressed directly to girls; they are generally applicable to boys, whose future glory and renown will make the proud mother happy. No epithets are too tender, no metaphors too exaggerated to be applied to the child, who is addressed in turn as: "Flower of pomegranate, sugar, sweet rose, lily, jessamine blossom, &c."

I have preferred to give the songs in their native dialect; to attempt an artistic translation of the often beautiful original is impossible, and I have accordingly limited myself to rendering the meaning roughly, but literally.

Miss Busk, in her "Folk-songs of Italy," gives the following Venetian *nana*:

Fa nana, fantolin de la Madona,
Fa nana, anema mia, he mi te
vardo.
Fa nana, pignoleto de to nona,
E de to nono bel pometo sguardo,
Del to caro papà speranza bona,
Mio gensamin, e zegio gagiardo!
Fa nana coresin fra nu vegundo
Per esser de San Marco un zorno
scudo.

Lullaby, child of the Madonna,
Lullaby, my little soul, I am here to
watch over thee.
Lullaby, pine cone of thy grand-
mother,
And of thy grandfather fair ruddy
apple.
Best hope of thy dear father,
My jessamine, my beautiful lily!
Lullaby, dear little heart, now, so that
in time to come
Thou mayst be a buckler of St. Mark.

This is an instance of a *ninna-nanna* which is really a child's song. The allusions are all so locally characteristic that it is vain to attempt a rhyming version of it. I will first give a literal translation and then explain the allusions:

Fantolin—dear little one; a favourite term of endearment.

Pignoleto.—All over Italy the almonds of the pine cone are the children's delight; the huge fruit is cheap enough. Placed before

the fire, or in the sun, it is a pleasure to see them burst and pour out their treasure. The song implies that the grandmother is sure to bring one when she comes to see the child, and the mother calls the child by the name of the thing it loves.

Pometo sguardo.—*Sguardo* is dialectic for “ruddy.” It will be observed that in this beautiful lullaby each epithet is appropriate to its special use. The local patriotism breaks forth at the end, and we see the sentiments of which the people’s character is formed.

A beautiful example in Venetian dialect is quoted by D. G. Bernoni in a pamphlet on folk-songs taken down from the lips of the people themselves :

<p>Fame la nane, e ni-na-na de longo, Sera i to oceti e fame un sono longo ; Un sono longo de tuta la note, Dio te daga alegrezza e bona sorte ; 'Na bona sorte, e 'na bona fortuna ; La mamma che t'a fato xé a la cuna ; La xé a la cuna, la canta e scozza, Sino che no ti dormi, no la te lassa ; Se per sorte, el mio ben, me lontanasse Lassaria Iddio che la guardia te fasse.</p>	<p>Sleep, a ni-na-na, a nice long sleep, Close thine eyes and fall asleep. A sleep to last the whole night long ; God give thee joy and good luck, Good luck and good fortune ; The mother who bore thee is by thy cradle ; She's by thy cradle to rock and to sing, Till thou sleep'st, she'll not desert thee ; To God's guard she will leave thee Should Fate call her hence.</p>
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This recalls a Danish lullaby, in which the mother sings : “Sleep quietly like a little bird between the leaves, like a flower in the shade ; Thy Heavenly Father comes and says to thee : ‘I watch beside the beds of little children with my holy Angels.’”

Cannot we imagine how such words, sung in dim-lit chambers, would produce a sense of security, of outspread, sheltering wings on the childish mind, and so lull it to sleep ?

Of another kind are the Sardinian cradle-songs, of which Egidio Bellorini gives the following examples :

<p>Custu pizzinnu non si morja mmai, Mozus si morjat una bitelledda, Ca sa bitella non lla manicammus ; E i su pizzinnu no llu cumandammus E lu mandammus in goi e in gai. Custu pizzinnu non si morja mmai !</p>	<p>May this baby never die ! Rather kill the fowing calf, Since we can its flesh devour ; But the child we must command, And on errands constant send. May this baby never die !</p>
<p>Dami su manu, bellitta, bellitta, Dami su manu e ttorramil' a ddare, Chi t'app'a ddare conu bestir 'e seda, Unu bestir 'e seda, 'e seda biaitta ; Dami su manu, bellitta, bellitta.</p>	<p>Give me thy hand, pretty, pretty, Reach it me yet once again ; In silken attire will I clothe thee, In silk that's blue as the sky. Reach out thy hand, pretty, pretty !</p>

Duru, duru, duru, lia !
 Pira b'at im binza mia,
 Pira b'at i ssa crisura ;
 A cchie si nde la fura
 Su camba le at a ssecare,
 A cchie b'at a intrare
 Senza lissenzia mia.
 Duru, duru, duru, lia !

Duru, duru, duru, lia !
 There's a pear in my vineyard,
 There's a pear in the court,
 Who seeks it to steal
 His leg he will break ;
 My leave he must seek
 Who dares walk round about there.
 Duru, duru, duru, lia !

Should the child continue restless, turning and tossing, or plaintively crying, the mother alters her song ; the tones of her voice are lowered, and the melody grows crooning, resembling the sound of rustling, fluttering wings, the murmur of streams, the splashing of fountains, such as in the long-drawn *a-la-vò, vovò, alad, lad, ad, od, ò*, peculiar to Sicilian lullabies, and which the eminent folklorist, Giuseppe Pitré, explains thus: "*Alad*, a kind of song used by nurses to put babies to sleep ; *nanna*, Latin : *lallus nutricium vox ; lallo* became corrupted into *lallò*, and this further into *allò, allad*." The Greeks, who inhabited the southern part of the island, were wont to call the dawn *ἠώς*, instead of *ἡώς*, and the women used to sing, "Sleep, my babe, till dawn (*ἠώς*)."

I am indebted to Pitré's exhaustive collection of folk-songs for the following examples of Sicilian *ninne-nanne* :

Ch' è beddu, me fighiu, ch' è beddu,
 ch' à beddu !
 Avissi l' ali, fo'ra un anglieddu.
 E vieni, suonnu, e vieni pigliatillu,
 Tienilu quantu váo, poi tornamillu,
 E a-la-ò !

Lovely, lovely is my son !
 Possessed he but wings
 An angel he'd make.
 Come, sleep, come bear him away,
 Then restore him later to me.

E a-la-ò !

(Peculiar to Girgenti.)

A-la-lò, beddru è me figghiu !
 La so facciuzza è come lu gigghiu ;
 A-la-lò, beddru è lu nomu
 Cu' ti lu misi, l' ancili fo'ru ;
 E ti lu misi lu cappillanu,
 La stola, 'coddru, e lu libbru a li
 manu.

A-la-lò, my son is a beauty !
 His face is like a lily ;
 His name is a charm ;
 The angels bestowed it ;
 The priest gave his blessing,
 With bell, book, and stole.

(Peculiar to Alcamo.)

A-la-lò, lu santu sunau,
 Lu parrineddru la missa cantau
 E la cantau a l' artaru maggiuri ;
 Dormi stu figghiu con lu Signurì.

A-la-lò, the Sanctus has rung,
 The priest at the altar
 The Mass doth intone ;
 Sleep, baby, sleep with the Lord.

The "Sanctus" here applies to the ecclesiastical hour of 11.30 a.m., which, in the High Mass, is the moment when the "Holy, Holy, Holy" is sung.

Ed a-la-lò, beddra ventura,
 Chiu j l'ucchiuzzi, beddra, ch' è ura ;
 Figghiu, è ura di durmiri ;
 Sunnuzzu all' occhi t' havi a vinniri.
 Ed a-la-lò, lu beni amatu
 'Un voli durmiri s' un è cantatu.
 Ed a-la-lò, lu beni meu,
 Dormi stu figghiu pi quantu vol
 Iddru,
 Havi a durmiri stu piccillidru,
 Havi a durmiri 'usin' a domani,
 'Nsina chi so'nanu li campani,
 E li campani di menzujornu,
 Dormi stu figghiu pi tutta lu jornu ;
 Ed a-la-lò !

A-la-lò, good fortune await thee,
 Shut closely thine eyelids and slumber;
 'Tis the hour of repose,
 And sleep must seal up thine eyes.
 A-la-lò, my heart's own beloved
 Will not sleep unless sung to ;
 A-la-lò, my sweetest of treasures,
 Sleep wrap thee as long as I would,
 As long as I would and God wills ;
 A-la-lò, this baby must slumber,
 Till the church bells to-morrow,
 At mid-day with clamour,
 The country-side fill ;
 May sleep thee thus visit, A-la-lò.

It would seem here that the mother claims no small thing ; probably she has to accomplish household tasks, for she bids the child sleep till the next day at noon. Throughout Italy the church bells ring out at mid-day, whence the interval alluded to is long, and means eighteen hours' sleep !

Si la mamma lu saprissi,
 D' oru 'i fasci ti mittissi ;
 Si la mamma lu sapia,
 D' oru 'i fasci ti mittiia ;
 E a-la-vò !

If mother but knew how,
 In golden bands she'd swathe thee !
 If mother but knew how,
 In golden hose she'd clothe thee !
 E a-la-vò !

(Peculiar to Marsala.)

Similar is a *ninna-nanna* from the Abruzzi :

E se la nonna lo sapesse
 In fasce d' oro t' infasceria,
 In cunnola d' oro ti mittiria ;
 Dormi, caro figlio mio !

If granny but knew how,
 In golden bands she'd swathe thee,
 In a golden cradle lay thee ;
 Sleep, treasure, sleep !

This again resembles a Hungarian cradle-song: "Sleep, I would thy cradle were of roses, thy robe woven from the rainbow ; that the morning breeze should rock thee, lily hands alone should touch thee, and butterflies fan thee with their golden wings."

An old Latin cradle-song, dating back nearly 2,000 years, begins :

Dormi, cor et meus thronus ! Sternam fœnum violis,
 Pavimentum hyacinthis et praeesepe liliis.

There is a cheerful, yet soothing, ring about this Corsican lullaby :

Ninni, ninni, ninna, nanna,
 Ninni, ninni, ninni, nola !
 Aligrezza di la mamma,
 Addurmentati, figghiuolo !

Hush-a-by, hu h-a-by !
 Sleepily nod ;
 Mother's own joy,
 Sleep, pretty, sleep !

The little one continuing restless, the song moans through the deepening silence of the night: sweet, flexible, with long-drawn cadences, harmonious *refrains*, now gay and trilling, now soft and slow. As the mother herself grows sleepy, the words become dreamy: strange associations of ideas, phantasies and rhymes born of long watching, invocations of saints, Madonnas, and spirits all intermingled, and the poor weary mother finally is driven to appeal personally to the long-desired slumber. The following instances are from the Abruzzese of Antonio de Nino:

Fàtti la ninna, fàtti la nanna,
Fàtti la nanna, core di mamma,
E se galle non cantasse,
Mezzanotte non sonasse,
Tutta la notte staria co' ti;
Dormi, caro figlio mie.

Drowsily hum, drowsily hum,
Mother's own darling!
Yield thee to sleep,
She watches beside thee,
Heedless of cockcrow,
Or midnight alarm.

O Suonne, Suonne chi de qua passaste,
De llu ninnille mie m' addumannaste;
M' addumannaste chi cosa faceva;
F' te repose ch' addormi' se voleva.

Slumber, sweet Slumber,
Who passest this way
And seekest for news of my son,
Go in peace, he sleepeth anon.

Suonne, Suonne, che viejè de lu monte,
Che 'na palluccia d' ore d'agliè 'nfronte,
E d'agliè 'nfronte, ma no' gli fà' lu
male:

Sleep, Sleep, that comest from the
mountains,

E piccirille e ni lu sa 'ccuntare;
E d'agliè 'nfronte e ni glie fà' la bua.
E piccirille de la mamma sua.
E piccirille e granne s' ha da fà,
Pe', fare gli servizy alla mamma;
E alla mamma, e allu patri sie
E piccirille e non se vo addurmire.

With a golden ball provided,
Smite him gently on the brow,
Harm him not, for he is tiny;
Smite him on the brow but lightly,
Spare him to his mother's love,
Spare him for the future years to come,
Years of help to her and father too;
He's little now and weakly,
Send him golden strength in slumber.

The two following instances are Venetian:

O sòno, o sòno, de qua passava,
E che de sto putelo domandava;
El domandava cosa ch' el faceva,
E mi go dito che dormir voleva.
O sòno, o sòno, o sòno ingannatore,
Inaname sto fio per do tre ore,
Per do tre ore, per do tre momenti.

Sleep, Sleep, that hover'st round,
Looking for this baby boy;
Sleep, I call thee once again,
Come hither, sweet deceiver;
Lure him on to rest
For hours, by two or three!
For moments, by two or three!

Speranza mia, speranza mia de cuna!
La mama che t' ha fatto se consuma,
La se consuma, e se va consumando
E sto putelo la ghe va contando,

Hope of my heart, in thy cradle re-
posing,
Spare her who bore thee and brought
thee to life;
Tired out and weary she sits by thy
cradle,
To sing thee to sleep counts nothing
too wearing.

Does not an echo of the tired mother's longing for rest break through these songs, ever tempered by patient, self-forgetful love? Sometimes, especially in the case of older children being sung to sleep, the song takes the form of a legend or carol. The following, borrowed from Guastalla, is an instance, and, as Miss Busk says, forms "A Holy Family picture in four lines." These little Sicilian songs go by the name of *rassionedda*:

Maruzza lavava,
Giuseppe stinnia,
Gesù si stricava,
Ca minna vulia.

Sweet Mary was washing;
Joseph was hanging out the clothes
to dry;
Jesus was stretching Himself on the
ground,
For so His Mother willed.

From Pitré's Sicilian folk-songs:

Lu Signiruzzu, quann' iddu jucava
Suliddu a' nagnunieddu si mintia;
Tutti i pizzuddi 'i lignu ca truvava
Tutti 'n forma di cruci li mintia.

Our Lord when He played here below
In a corner was often ensconced,
All the pieces of wood lying handy
Into mystical crosses arranging.

Venetian, given by D. G. Bernoni:—

Anzoleto che vien dal paradiso,
Me savaressi insegnar qualche novela?
"Una dona che à nome Maria bela,
In testa porta una gentil corona,
In dosso porta un manto celestino,
Ne le so santo brazia un bel bambino,
La lo tien cussl caro e cussl stretto
Che no la pol più cavarselo dal peto;
L'è tanto bel e tanto grazioseto
Che par nome el se ciama: Gesù
benedetto."

Angel fair, who com'st from Paradise,
Canst thou give me any news?
"I saw Mary, Mother fair,
On her head she wears a lovely crown,
On her shoulders hangs a mantle blue;
In her arms a Babe reposes,
Held so close and warm,
She fears to lose him once for all;
His beauty is so sweet and mild,
'Tis the Blessed Jesus Child."

Another and most beautiful form of *ninna-nanna* is that sung at the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve in Sicily, specially in the provinces of Catania and Messina. In spite of snow and cold, muddy roads and frozen pools, the warm shelter of home is deserted, and the churches are crowded with devout worshippers. Mothers' hearts beat faster as they think of their own babies sleeping peacefully at home in their cradles, while they sing cradle-songs in honour of the Child Jesus. The following example is given by Carmelo Grassi in an Italian folk-lore review; so peculiar are the words that no excuse is needed for giving the song in full:

1. Maria Virgini annacannu
A Gesuzzu figghiu so',
Ci diciacussi cantannu:
'Dormi, figghiu, e fà ohò,
Fà la ohò, Gesuzzu figghiu!

1. The Virgin thus to Jesus did sing,
When cradled, she soothed Him
to rest:
'Sleep, my son, sleep,
Sleep, Jesu, my Son,
Sleep, Jesu, my Son!

2. Chi stu beddi sti masciddi !
Ch' è amurusa sta buccuzza !
Chi su' biundi sti capiddi !
Quant' è bedda sta facciuzza !
Lu miu cori pri tia spinna ;
Fà lo ohò, fammi la ninna !
3. Figghiu, beddu e picciriddu,
Di stu cori ardenti sciamma,
Veramenti senti friddu :
Veni, abbrazzati a la mamma,
Tu ti scarfu a lu miu pettie ;
Fà la ohò, figghiu diletto !
4. Quantu appiru a portari
Di rigalu li pasturi
Tuttu a tia lu vogghiu dari
Cu chiù affettu e veru amuri.
Dormi dunca, dormi tu,
Fà la ohò, figghiu Gesù !
5. Tu pri amuri t'ai 'ncarnatu
Di li pazzi piccaturi,
E cu tuttu l' omu 'ngratu
Mancu chianci li so' erruri ;
Iddi scialanu, e tu pati.
Chi su' 'ngrati, chi su' 'ngrati !
6. Ma, figghiuzzu, nun c' è nenti
Si non chianci l' omu 'ngratu,
La matruzza sulamenti
Cumpatisci lu to statu ;
Tu pri l' autri ciancarò.
Fà la ohò, fammi la ohò !
7. Figghiu caru e nicareddu,
Ora dormi senza affannu,
Pirchi appressu, o figghiu beddu,
Li duluri toi sanannu,
Si patiri divi tantu ;
Fà la ohò, figghiuzzu santu !
8. Chi turmenti, ohimè ! chi guai
Sintirò, chi gran martiri
Quannu un jornu mi dirai :
" Matri mia, vaju a murire !"
Oh ! memuria dulenti !
Fà la ohò, figghiu 'nnucenti !
9. Di l' amici toi chiù cari
Sarai, figghiu, abbannunatu,
2. How perfect Thy form !
How sweet is Thy mouth !
How golden Thine hair,
How beauteous Thy face !
My heartbeats are Thine,
Sleep, oh ! sleep soon !
3. Son, still so youthful and fair,
Light of my heart !
Thou seemest too chill,
Come, hug tighter Thy Mother,
Her heart is so warm ;
Sleep, my Son, sleep !
4. When shepherds came seeking
Their gifts to display,
They offered Thee all
With true love and devotion ;
Sleep, ever sleep sweetly,
Jesus, my Son !
5. To flesh Thou dost turn
In pure love for sinners,
Yet man ungrateful and vile
His sins doth ignore,
With mockery bold and perverse,
Ungrateful remains.
6. But, Son of my love, heed it not !
Graceless man no tears may afford,
Thy Mother's fond pity doth mark
Thy deep, true abasement on earth ;
She weeps when others no cause
can perceive.
Sleep, calmly sleep !
7. Son beloved and revered,
Sleep, free from torment or fear ;
In days soon to come
Thy sufferings draw nigh ;
'Tis Thy lot to endure ;
Sleep, Holy One, sleep !
8. Oh ! torments and woes will be
mine
Of martyrdom, all but the death,
What day Thy lips do proclaim :
' Mother mine, my death is at
hand.'
In anguish I murmur a prayer,
Sleep, Innocent, sleep !
9. Friends thought so true and devoted,
My Son, will desert Thee apace,

- E vinnutu cu dinari
Da un infami scelleratu.
O figghiuzzu, com' ai a fari?
Fà la ohò, nun ci pinzari.
10. Figghiu beddu, figghiu amatu,
Avirai pi troppi amuri
'Ntra la casa di Pilatu
Tanti e tanti batitturi;
Tu l' avrò tra stu miu pettu!
Fà la ohò, figghiu diletto.
11. Figghiu caru e graziusu,
Sfurtunato veramenti!
Lu tu capu gloriosu
Pruvirà spini pungenti;
Chi diadema duluruso!
Fà la ohò, figghiu pietusu!
12. Pri to affannu e mia svintura,
Manu e pedi toi sacрати
Po' sarannu in cruci dura
Da tri chiova trapassati.
Oh! chi affannu sintirò!
Fà la ohò, fammi la ohò!
13. Pirchi cianci, o figghiu duci?
Via, diccillu a la matruzza!
Fammi sentiri sa vuci,
Fa parrari sa buccuzza.
Pirchi lagrimi e sigghiuzzu?
Fà la ohò, figghiu Gesuzzu!
14. A mia lassa lacrimari
Chi scuntenti aju a vidiri
A tia, figghiu, cundannari,
E vidirti muriri.
Tu pinzannucci m' accoru.
Figghiu moru, figghiu moru!
15. Di poi mortu, o casu riu!
Sarà l' almu to custatu,
Cu duluri e affannu miu,
Da 'na lancia trapassatu.
Pi ora fammi un sunneddu,
Fà la ohò, figghiu beddu!
- And grasp sordid gold
As the price of Thy life.
How wilt Thou it bear?
Sleep now, ever sleep!
10. Son holy, beloved, and true,
Know'st Thou the pains that await
Thee
When Pilate's dark door Thou shalt
cross?
Scourgings severe and uncounted
My soul foretells.
Sleep, loved one, sleep!
11. Son most graceful and dear,
Then, most truly forsaken and lone;
When thorns a rough diadem make
As round Thy grand brow
They cluster and prick as a crown,
Sleep, lone one, sleep!
12. To Thy cost and my woe
Three nails shall transfix Thee;
Feet and hands so sacred and dear
To a hard cross must be strained,
What heartbreak then will be
mine!
But, sleep, now sleep!
13. Why weepst Thou thus, my sweet
Son?
Come, tell Thine own Mother the
cause;
Let her hear the loved voice,
With Thy mouth do but speak,
Why dream of tears and deep sobs?
Sleep soundly, Son, sleep!
14. Let me weep and lament,
Sad and desolate must I behold
Others condemn Thee, my Son;
Powerless, helpless watch Thee
expire;
My heart bursts with sorrow and
wailing;
My Son dead, ah! dead!
15. Then, when Thou'rt dead,
They'll pierce Thy white side—
In pain and in grief I behold
The dread lance they employ;
But now, slumber on yet for a
while,
Sleep, beloved Son, sleep!

16. O fuggiata, amata amata,
Chi poi tu sta così agitata,
Pai sparaci le mie chianze
Chianzi F'occhi, e fa la nanna.
Son mie chianze e troppa amata :
Fà la ohò, Gemete cœt :
17. Va, vicini, angeli miei,
Sinfonia beata facite,
Ca li vostri daci canti
A Gemete addormiscite.
E tu, sonna, veni, veni !
Fà la ohò, Gemè, mie beni :
18. Sì noi vicini già li sciamu,
Doppa tanta lacrimari ;
Li so ucciamu ch'è noz posatu,
Gà cumincia a pimmicari,
Gà la fuggia e addormiscata,
O mie Dio, fuggiata amata.
19. Gà ti vija ora chianzi,
Vija chianzi s'occhi daci.
Cussì un joru a'z a vidiri
Chianzi s'occhi su 'na craci !
Dormi tu, chi poi mia 'ncanta
L'occhi abbondans di chianze :
16. O Son, so tenderly loved,
For what beats this heart ;
Grant me that under my grief,
Closed be those eyelids and still !
This waiting is bitter to me,
Sleep, Jesus, sleep :
17. Come, Holy Angels, come !
Sweet symphonies mine ;
Sing Jesus to sleep
With your sweet songs !
And thou, Slumber, come, oh,
come !
Sleep, Jes : my All ! sleep !
18. Here comes sweet slumber at last
After tears have been shed ;
His eyes are so weary,
They're closing apace,
Now my Son sleeps,
My God, yet my Son !
19. Now I watch Thee asleep,
I see those sweet eyes in repose,
But one dark day I shall watch
Those eyelids in death,
On a cross with agony fall !
Sleep now that my tears freely
may flow."

As the transcriber of this song truly says, it is a unique specimen, blending the poetry of unselfish love, which weeps for others who cannot weep for themselves, with the dramatic mental forecast of the Mother who, watching the eyes of the Christ child close in natural refreshing slumber, sees in this act of nature that day of gloom and agony foreshadowed when she will see those same loved eyes close on the Cross.

But the last echoes of tender voices singing grow fainter and fainter and finally die away into silence ; little birds in their nests, covered by their mothers' wings, babies in their cradles, flowers among the leaves, all sleep. Night, the great healer and restorer, spreads its shadows over tired nature, and the patient singers lie down to rest lulled by their own melodies, for God Himself "giveth His beloved sleep."

E. C. VANSITTART.

IRONY AND SOME SYNONYMS.

"**A**DAM'S first task was giving names to natural appearances ; what is ours still but a continuation of the same?" So Carlyle impresses on us the value of having a name for a thing, and a thing for a name. And it is not waste labour to make a modest attempt now and again to clear our ideas about certain methods of expression, of which we have named one at the head of this paper. The definitions have doubtless been done before ; but they are hidden away in unknown places. Appeal to the dictionary is sometimes undignified, sometimes difficult, sometimes disappointing. Words—especially of the kind we are dealing with—are always drifting from their moorings, and, unless they are forced on our attention, we find ourselves bewildered by a challenge to distinguish between wit and humour, irony and sarcasm, satire, cynicism, burlesque, paradox, and the rest. Or, if no one is so ill-mannered as to challenge, we submit to producing the first that comes, when the conversational game obviously requires us to play one, not without the uneasy doubt of the half-instructed whist-player deciding to discard from clubs rather than diamonds.

Irony is our subject ; but the others of our list are so often not merely confused in thought, but combined in practice, with it or each other, and they so well illustrate its change of meaning, that a few words about some of them will not be out of place.

Wit and humour are a pair constantly found hand-and-glove in reviews and publishers' circulars ; whether the association serves merely as a sort of intensive reduplication, or is to be taken as a recognition that they are two and not one, is less clear. At any rate they *are* nowadays separate, when we choose to remember the fact. Many a great wit has exercised his wits on the definition of wit. The passage in Sydney Smith is classical, and from his time the word may be said to have been confined to "the discovery of any relation of *ideas* exciting *pure* surprise." Noting by the way that it has travelled some distance from its original meaning of knowledge or understanding, we observe as more important for the immediate

contrast that the operation of wit is purely intellectual ; the feelings are left alone ; the light is "dry." So far is this from being the case with humour that the feelings are here both the subject and the medium ; and we shall have no bad definition of humour if, adapting the old framework, we call it the discovery of any relation of feelings which excite surprise *mingled with emotion*. The essence of those passages to which we feel least doubt about giving the epithet "humorous" lies in the detection in unexpected places of the touch of nature which makes us kin. "The Luck of Roaring Camp," with its soft-hearted ruffian, gives as clear and well-known an instance as can be asked. But the unexpected place is as often as not our own heart, in which we have revealed to us by some sympathetic touch of a master feelings of which we had not realised the existence for ourselves. The history of the word humour, though we have not space to enlarge upon it here, is essential to an understanding of its meaning. From the four humours of mediæval psychology — sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, melancholy — whose proportions determined the temperament, came the Shakespearean and Jonsonian use to express the oddities of action resulting from out-of-the-way combinations of these four elements ; the further step since taken has been to transfer the word to the faculty of observing and recording these oddities. And this history will justify us in excluding from humour (as is beginning to be done in practice) what is merely ridiculous—American exaggerative absurdities, for instance—and in insisting on emotion as a necessary constituent. The humourist, then, unlike the wit, is concerned with feelings, and not ideas, and he surveys them through the moist light of sympathy.

Besides the gradual change, we said, in the value of words (a knowledge of which is sometimes a help and sometimes a hindrance) confusion also results when different forms are combined. "How cynical!" "How satirical!" "How sarcastic!" It is pure chance for the most part, which epithet we select, generally because we do not trouble to choose the right and reject the wrong, but sometimes, it may be, because each of the three is equally applicable. He is cynical who tears off life's metaphorical garments, its decencies, whether they be hypocritical or modest ; he intends to be downright and call a spade a spade ; but so hard of attainment is the Aristotelian mean that he is seldom content without prefixing a discourteous epithet. One form which downrightness takes is of two possible motives always to impute the worse, to suppose that after all these ages of discipline the primitive instincts are still the only

ones which operate. Cynicism began with the Serpent, who affected to lay bare the mean hidden motive for the prohibition of apple-eating, and at the same time exalted the knowledge of good and evil above the avoidance of evil-doing. And it is the man who takes this attitude that we mean by the cynic, when we take the trouble to mean anything definite. Now the sarcastic man is only one who performs the adult equivalent of making a face at you; he uses words, whether home truths or covert insinuations or topsy-turvy description, as instruments of torture. The satirist is one whose trade it is to select and bring into prominence the weak points of a person's or a people's character with a view to their amendment. It will be seen that these three, essentially distinct, are capable of combination; and irony is a favourite vehicle for all of them. A small boy under correction for libel from a Cyrano-like senior says, amid his tears: "No, *Nose*, I won't call you *Nose* again (as long as I can keep out of the sight of it); you're too sensitive to be laughed at by Jones minor;" and so manages to combine them all. The ingemination of *Nose* gratifies the sarcastic impulse; the substitution of "you're so sensitive" for "you hit so hard" is ironical; dread of Jones minor instead of maintenance of discipline as the motive for the chastisement is cynical; and the satirical purpose of the whole is to persuade people who cannot mend their appearance to take comment on it kindly.

We may now proceed to irony, which, while used for all sorts of purposes, is in itself a form of exclusive dealing. The Greek inventors of the name meant by the ironic man one whose words or acts gave too low an impression of his abilities or resources. Aristotle's "magnanimous man" was habitually ironical in this sense, because it was beneath his dignity to insist, before the common herd, upon his rights. For Demosthenes the Athenians were "ironical" when they would not make up their mind to a spirited foreign policy. The classic example, however, Plato's Socrates, though earlier in date, comes nearer to our own idea. Socrates was ironic primarily in virtue of his profession of ignorance; but so extensive and peculiar was the use which he made of this profession, with a view to decoying his interlocutors into unlooked-for conclusions, leading them whither they would not, that irony might be taken to connote a good deal more than the self-depreciation which it denoted. The developments which irony has undergone, in reaching its modern sense, are three. The misrepresentation made is not necessarily concerned with a man's self; it is not necessarily a minimising; it postulates an audience of which part is admitted to the secret, while part is not.

It was this latter point to which we referred when we used the phrase "exclusive dealing." The modern professor of irony is no more a popular character than was Socrates, just because of this exclusiveness. "An ironic man with his sly stillness and ambuscading ways, more especially an ironic young man, of whom it is less expected, may be viewed as a pest to society," apologises the creator of "Teufelsdröckh." And what wonder? He is much worse than the man who talks in a foreign language amid an uneducated company. French we can pay no heed to, knowing that it is hopeless; but as for irony, we can set a surface meaning on the words, which yet we know is not the meaning they bear to the initiated few. The man whose every speech implies "he that hath ears to hear, let him hear," will never be popular with those whose ears are *only* for hearing and not for understanding. On the other hand, none is more sought by those who can, or even think they can, interpret. We have said that the ironical must have someone to taste his irony with him: he goes forth disguised like Haroun Alraschid; but the faithful vizier must be at hand, knowing, he only, what manner of man his lord is. Some few there may be who from much self-communing have come to have a sort of *alter ego* within them, whose appreciation satisfies them without external audience; but, roughly speaking, irony is the use of words intended to bear one meaning to the mass of the audience and another to the elect.

Dramatic irony and the irony of fate, though kind space forbids us to be didactic at length upon them, are only particular cases. In the first, the whole audience are the elect who are in the author's secret; the *dramatis personæ* are the outsiders who have no ears to hear. When fate is ironical it plays (with its sly ambuscading ways) some jade's trick with the hour and the man which comes with no surprise, but a reminiscent familiarity, to the elect who have grasped the theory of probabilities and know that it is the unexpected that happens.

H. W. FOWLER.

REGICIDE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AFTER surveying the result of the many regicidal acts of the past century, the maxim *Ex nihilo nihil fit* is more convincing than ever. For the "Nihilists," who are responsible for nine-tenths of the crimes in question, have been instrumental in producing nothing save individual death. They have not revolutionised the various monarchical systems, nor have they contributed to the advancement of the lower classes. The ruler of a commonwealth is no more secure from their attack than is the absolute monarch, and, in consequence, they can never gain common support, without which their "cause" is hopeless. "Nihilism"—or, by another name, "Anarchy"—while remaining dormant in England, has left an almost consecutive scar across the history of the Continent during the nineteenth century. Had there been police administrators of the ability of Cardinal Richelieu, perhaps this would not be the case. He it was who instituted systematic espionage, carrying it to a degree of perfection never since attained. His methods, it is true, resembled those of Rhadamanthus, the fabled judge of hell, who, according to the translation arrived at by that able lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, "first punished, then heard, and lastly extorted confession." Notwithstanding this comparison, Cardinal Richelieu was, while sometimes resorting to crude means, usually the embodiment of *finesse*. Indeed, had he, or his equal, been in office, the crimes about to be recorded would not in all probability have been committed.

According to Pope Gregory XIII., who reformed the Calendar in 1582, the nineteenth century commenced with the first day of January, 1801. It was the first century to open in England on the system of the Pope's reckoning, for, until 1752, Parliament recognised the old style, and regarded the new style as being part and parcel of a papistic movement. Through the Earl of Chesterfield, assisted by the Earl of Macclesfield and Mr. Bradley, the change was effected. Hence, the crime to head this list must be that which ended the life, *March 23, 1801*, of Paul I., autocratic Emperor of All the Russias. *This monarch* was responsible for various whims of dress, which

were enforced, and which were objectionable alike to his courtiers and to his subjects of lesser degree. Other petty tyrannies were exercised, with the result that, after being sorely goaded, some members of the Court *entourage* took the law into their own hands, strangling the Emperor in his bedchamber. He was, it is said, given an opportunity to abdicate, but this he refused. The *Times*, London, April 15, 1801, reported the Emperor's death in extremely quaint language, mentioning the malady which had had the "honour" of removing the august autocrat.

One of the many blots on the escutcheon of Napoleon I. is discovered in the brutal murder of the Duc d'Enghien, last Prince of the illustrious House of Condé. By order of Napoleon, the Duke was arrested on German territory, on March 14, 1804, on a trumped-up charge of conspiracy. Six days later, having been conveyed to the Château of Vincennes, situated on the outskirts of Paris, the unfortunate nobleman was shot. His riddled remains were interred in the fosse where the assassination had been enacted. So perished a scion of the old aristocracy, by as much injustice as did many of the victims of the "Reign of Terror." In some respects the deed bears semblance to the murder of the Duc de Guise, at the Château of Blois, December 23, 1588. In the Guise case, however, there was no plea of justification on the part of Henry III., who simply ordered an unvarnished crime, without adding a hypocritical charge against his victim.

Sixteen years elapsed before another great assassination took place—the assassination of Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berri, younger son of Charles X. During the evening of February 13, 1820, this prince, while leaving the theatre with his wife, Marie Caroline of Naples, was stabbed by a fanatical Bonapartist. This criminal, by name Louvel, declared at his trial that he was anxious to exterminate the whole House of Bourbon. The Duc de Berri left a posthumous son, Henry Charles Ferdinand Dieudonné, Duc de Bordeaux, commonly known as the Comte de Chambord. By the Legitimists this son was recognised as Henry V., and to establish the title his mother, the Duchess of Berri, in June 1832, organised a weak and futile insurrection in La Vendée. As a result the Duchess took refuge at Nantes. She was discovered, subsequently being sent as a prisoner to Blaye, where, on May 10, she was delivered of a daughter, which effectually cut short her political aspirations. It would appear that she had privately married one Palli, described as an Italian count, and to him she was conducted in due course.

Another Bourbon was the subject of the next serious regicidal attack, coming after an interval of a decade and a half. Louis Philippe, King of the French, after experiencing several minor attempts on his life, was nearly murdered, July 28, 1835. The day was one of the three appointed to commemorate the revolution of 1830. The King was, with three of his sons, taking part in a procession, and while riding along the Boulevards a violent explosion issued from a window overlooking the line of route. Happily, the King himself and the Princes escaped uninjured, though fourteen people were killed outright and forty others wounded. On investigation the discharge was discovered to have come from a machine constructed of twenty-four musket barrels, laid horizontally on a single frame, and so adjusted as to be raised or lowered according to the angle required. The touch-holes communicated by means of a train of gunpowder, and consequently all the barrels could be discharged simultaneously. The window behind which this deadly contrivance was placed stood open, but Persian blinds, not opened until the moment of discharge, screened it from the public gaze. It is probable that, owing to some delay in removing the blinds, the life of Louis Philippe was saved. He had hardly passed when the explosion occurred, actually wounding the horse he rode. The man who was guilty of the outrage, a Corsican named Fieschi, was seized and subsequently guillotined. Three more attempts were made on the life of the same monarch. One, by the discharge of a walking-stick gun into his carriage, June 25, 1836; another, at Fontainebleau, in April 1846; while the third and final act of the kind may be recorded as having happened when the King was standing on the balcony of the Tuileries one day in June 1846.

Isabella II., Queen of Spain, who abdicated, June 25, 1870, in favour of her son, was the subject of an attack, February 2, 1852, while proceeding to church to offer thanks for the delivery of a daughter—Marie Isabelle, who married in 1868 the Comte de Girgenti, Prince de Bourbon-Deux-Sicules. The Queen's assailant, a Franciscan friar, prostrated himself as if to make a petition; suddenly springing forward, however, he inflicted a blow with a knife on his unsuspecting victim. The criminal was soon afterwards executed by means of the garrote, an iron collar tightened until strangulation ensues. The attempted assassination of Queen Isabella possesses features which are identical with several of those demonstrated in the case of Henry III., King of France, who was done to death, at St. Cloud, on August 1, 1589. The

assailant of King Henry was a *friar*—a Dominican named Jacques Clément—who feigned a desire to *make a petition*. Concealing a *knife* up his sleeve, the assassin approached the King, immediately springing forward and inflicting a wound to which the sovereign succumbed the following day. The similarity of the two cases is obvious, though in the case of Queen Isabella the wound inflicted did not prove fatal. King Henry, it may be mentioned, was the last representative of the Royal House of Valois.

Eight years before Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, King of Sardinia, mounted the Throne of United Italy, he was attacked by an assassin, but received no personal injury. Less fortunate, however, was the Duke of Parma and Lucca, King of Etruria, who was assassinated, March 27, 1854, while passing through one of the thoroughfares of his capital.

Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, who had spent years of exile in London, and had even been a special constable during the Chartist riots, was nearly assassinated, when at his zenith, by means of grenades. A certain group of malcontents, anarchically inclined, matured a plot for the "removal" of the Emperor. The leading conspirator, one Orsini, an Italian, obtained the explosives from Birmingham, and on January 14, 1858, the plot was put into execution. The grenades, or small bomb-shells, were thrown, but without doing the Emperor any harm. Nevertheless, a number of the populace met destruction. This, in conjunction with the fact that the shells were manufactured in England, caused very strained relations to arise between the two countries. Indeed, the Emperor received addresses from military officers, breathing a spirit of keen antagonism towards the British Government, and this sentiment was echoed throughout France. Diplomacy and common sense, however, came to the rescue, and war was averted. When the time came for Napoleon III. to lose his Throne and become a refugee, he sought England as his haven of rest, dying at Chislehurst, January 9, 1873.

Briefly passing over the murder of Prince Danilo of Montenegro, in August, 1860, and that of President Lincoln, in April, 1865, we come to the crime which cut short the life of Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph Hapsburg, Count of Hapsburg, Prince of Hungary, Bohemia, and Lorraine, Archduke of Austria, and Emperor of Mexico. There are individuals who, for the sake of argument, contend that this unfortunate monarch—brother of the Emperor of Austria—was legally executed on the just verdict arrived at by a duly accredited court-martial. So far as the court-martial is concerned, it could not have been legitimate, for the adequate reason that it was held by

outlaws—men who had revolted against the established authority. Therefore the shooting of the Emperor, at Querétaro, on June 19, 1867, may be constituted as a crime according to law.

Within a year another assassination was committed. The sufferer in this case was Michael Obrenovitch, Prince of Servia, who was murdered at Topshider Park, near Belgrade, June 10, 1868. The successors of this Prince, styled Hereditary Kings since March 6, 1882, have distinguished themselves in divers disreputable ways, and, in consequence, space cannot here be found for further mention of the House or its representatives. At the expiration of an *entracte* of nearly eight years, the Sultan of Turkey was assassinated. The method by which he met his death was not generally known until some years later, when information was forthcoming to the effect that he had been stabbed by a pair of scissors. It was alleged that certain nobles of his Court were responsible for the deed.

March 13, 1881, was the date which signalled the decease of Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, sometimes entitled the "Liberator." The latter qualification was derived through the offices of the Emperor in relation to the liberation of the serfs. While driving in St. Petersburg, explosives were hurled at the monarch, but he alighted from his vehicle with a cry of exultation, for he had escaped injury. A moment had not passed when he was struck in the lower part of the body, presumably by a bomb-shell, with the result that he died from the injuries almost immediately. In July, 1881, President Garfield was shot, by one Guiteau, at a railway terminus in Washington. The spot where the President fell is, or was, marked by a small metal star inserted in the flooring.

The ruler of another Commonwealth also died by the assassin's hand ; on this occasion the French Republic lost her first citizen. President Carnot, a man of some merit, was stabbed by Cæsar Santo, at Lyons, June 24, 1894. He succumbed the same night. His successor in office, the late President Faure, might be said to be noted for the measures he adopted to minimise the risk of assassination. It is within the writer's knowledge that President Faure, on visiting the theatres of Paris, used to employ a double cordon of gendarmes from the entrance-door of the playhouse to his carriage. On taking his departure, he would salute the onlookers, glance furtively from side to side, then actually run the distance separating him from the waiting carriage. Such conduct is, however, preferable to laxity of prudence, of which the following case is an excellent example ; it occurred in Italy some years ago. One evening, a certain Comte K. chanced to occupy a box in the principal theatre of one of the large towns. On the occa-

sion in question, members of the Royal Family were expected to lend their patronage to the performance, and it so happened that the Count's box was adjacent to the one reserved for them. Presently the Count detected a peculiar sound, as opposed to the clamour of the audience. He decided to make an investigation in the vicinity whence the sound appeared to come. On urgent representation, he gained admittance to the Royal box. A minute afterwards he made a hasty exit, carrying in his hands a mechanical bomb, which was "ticking" after the manner of a clock. It had been arranged to explode at a given time, but through the presence of mind of the Count a grave catastrophe was averted. The sequel to the discovery was left to the police.

To return to the more direct subject, the death, by violence, of the Shah of Persia on May 1, 1896, forms the next case on the list. In matters Oriental it is often difficult to separate the true from the perjured evidence, and the deed under consideration affords no exception to this rule. There is ever the quasi-official version and the opposing rumour. The former is usually a sentimental concoction, while the latter, if not always plausible, is more likely to be true. Therefore, the more or less official statement, to the effect that the Shah was the victim of a mere fanatic, should not be accepted, while the report that the crime was perpetrated at the instigation of the monarch's immediate family may, at least, be given fractional credence. It is a problem, however, which cannot be solved, for the "evidence" is unsubstantial, and one conjecture may be no more commensurate with the truth than another.

The most condemnable assassination of the nineteenth century, and one in harmony with no principle, was that committed by Luccheni, at Geneva, on September 10, 1898, in which the Empress of Austria was the victim. Elizabeth Amelia Eugénie, Duchess *in* Bavaria, married, in 1854, the Emperor Francis Joseph I., by whom she had one son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, who died by his own hand in 1889. Prior to her assassination, she had been travelling with her suite in Switzerland, and it was when on the point of embarking in one of the steamers which ply along the lake that she was attacked by Luccheni, who was armed with a sharpened file. It appears that this criminal possessed very ill-defined ideas of the political condition of Europe in general. An example may be cited from the result of his examination by the authorities. He assassinated the Empress, he alleged, because he had had no opportunity of taking the life of the Duc d'Orléans, whom he deemed the most eligible subject for his fanaticism. Why

a non-regnant Prince should have been chosen must now remain a mystery of the prison cell.

The final regicide to be here outlined is that which cut short the career of Humbert, Duke of Savoy, King of Sardinia, Sicily, and United Italy. At Monza, near Milan, on July 29, 1900, King Humbert, after occupying the Italian Throne since January 9, 1878, was shot and killed by one Bresci, another of the representative semi-insane Italians who have wrought such havoc on individual life. The deed reflects discredit on the secret service, for no fewer than sixty agents were deputed to guard the King's person. Then, too, the municipal authorities of Monza are much to blame, as it required no strategy on the part of Bresci to overcome the "precautions" taken. Indeed, the official whose especial duty it was to maintain a strict watch over the King chanced to be, at the moment of the attack, at some distance from the Royal carriage. The Premier confessed to the incompetency of the police, during one of the sittings of the Chamber at Rome soon afterwards. Bresci,¹ the assassin, is now incarcerated in the penal establishment of San Stefano.

In concluding this brief paper, it may not be uninteresting to note that in England, under the Anglo-Saxon *régime*, the life of every man had its price. The culprit in compassing the death of a freeman of the lower rank could expiate his crime on payment of 200 shillings, while the life of a lesser Thane was valued at three times that amount. A Royal Thane's death could be compensated by a fee of 1,200 shillings—half the sum payable for the offence of murdering an ealdorman. The King's life also had a price, namely, 7,200 shillings. The Statute of Treasons, which classified under three principal heads—conspiring regicide, levying war against the sovereign, and adhering to the sovereign's enemies—cases of high treason, was enacted during the reign of Edward III. (25 Edward III. st. 5, c. 2, 1351). Subsequent statutes have been enacted, but they have for their basis the original statute of Edward III.

S. BEACH CHESTER.

¹ Bresci committed suicide in his cell, May 22, 1901.

*SOME BYGONE HAPPENINGS IN
A PEAKLAND TOWNSHIP.*

I'll tell thee what, good fellow !
Before the friars went hence
A bushel of the best wheat
Was sold for fourteen pence ;
And forty eggs a penny,
That were both good and new.

PERCY BALLAD.

IN a recent number of this magazine there appeared a paper on the subject of bygone village life¹ compiled from the records and traditions of a small township in the Peak of Derbyshire. Such jottings might perhaps have been appropriately noted in a more concise form, but the temptation to make excursions into general history for the sake of analogy and illustration, sometimes carried the writer beyond the limits of quick and easy return. The result was that the chronicle (which started in orthodox fashion at the beginning of time) had to be cut short at the end of the sixteenth century.

Two hundred years ago the population of England was between five and six millions. Now it is more than five times that number. At the beginning of the eighteenth century a vast proportion of the aggregate population lived in the villages. To-day five-sixths of the people live in towns, while the villages have remained stationary or shrunk in size. In Peakland, even though it lies on the borders of the teeming counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the rural communities have not increased. The ancient market town of Tideswell, for instance, which possesses fair opportunities as regards railway accommodation and means of employment, has scarcely increased its count since the commencement of last century ; and in a smaller village near by one of its inhabitants recently told the writer that no new houses were erected because "there wur a job for everybody, and when there wur one body too mony the fresh 'un cleared out." Under such conditions as these the communities remain

¹ "Fairfield : a Peakland Township" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1901).

pretty much as in the Middle Ages; and manners and customs, the habits of thought and the methods of activity of the people, undergo hardly any change. Your son of the soil is pretty much what sun and rain and meat and drink make of him—a healthy-minded creature with no obstinate questions to vex his existence, and without any doubts or aspirations which his family relationships and social superiors cannot satisfy or solve. He has been forced to adopt some modern innovations, but if the pressure of circumstances were removed he would relapse and go out of cultivation like an untilled field.

Sometimes, however, his township becomes the theatre of exploitation, and then the energy of competition works a permanent change. The billy-cocked, worsted-stockinged natural man disappears or is transformed. The mediævalist deploras his loss, the archæologist regretfully recalls his habitat, and the folk-lorist lingers lovingly over his sayings and doings. He is ennobled by his extinction.

Now in good truth there is much to be said in favour of serving the tables of the prosperous. The rapid advance of the adjacent township of Buxton has developed the growth of Fairfield, and we are now a community of nearly five thousand where, forty years ago, we were scarcely five hundred. Within the memory of the older inhabitants less than seventy dwellings accommodated us all, and no doubt this degree of population represented exactly what our acres were of themselves capable of maintaining.

Let us picture the village as it used to be. Like many of the old Peakland settlements, it stands on high ground. The situation is bleak in winter-time, but the elevation gave it a strategical position as a look-out station over the low-lying basin of the Wye, enabling the forester to make an easy survey of a considerable stretch of the royal forest of the Peak, besides being in close proximity to the dry and comparatively level farmland on the eastern side of the stream aforesaid. A short chain of homesteads, a quarter of a mile long, linked together and surrounded with ample curtilages, comprised the village proper. A corresponding length of uneven highway, which started from the north and south road at the ford of the Wye and threaded a crooked course to the market town of Tideswell, was the village street. The homesteads were backed up to the boundary of a large unenclosed pasture, and each house had its croft running down to the street, which was called Hades Lane. On the occasion of the Royal Commemoration we abolished this singular name as a profanity and rechristened the thoroughfare Queen's Road. The old name

did perhaps lend itself to unprofitable jesting, but it was blasphemy of the mildest sort, and did not, after all, mean what it said. "Hades" was merely a corruption of "Heads," the top or extremity of the curtilages; furthermore, it is the name of at least one other similar road in Peakland.

The occupiers of this little string of houses were not the most important residents in the township; they were only the yeomen, artisans, craftsmen, and labourers. The greater folk were not gregarious, but lived widely apart in a few granges and farmhouses which lay here and there on the outskirts. Some of the village houses still remain, and the commodiousness of these substantially built habitations, with their yard-thick limestone walls and roofs of gritstone shingle, testify to the comfortable domestic conditions of three or four centuries ago. Each house had its cow-shed, pig-sty, and fowl-hutch, and an acre or so of rick-stead or turning-out ground for storage of crops and cattle. These were the homesteads of Hob and Wat, and Tom the smith, and Jack the wright, of Will the mason, and Dick the tailor, owners by custom or by virtue of laws which had gradually absolved them from payments and services in lieu of rent.

The researches of Dr. Thorold Rogers have cleared away much misconception as to the former condition of the English peasantry. He has proved that the "good old times" were not, as some contend, a chimera bred of modern over-pressure and discontent, but a "once upon a time" which really was. He has drawn a picture of village life which fairly represents the everyday ways and habits of our own Fairfield forefathers, and he declares that the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth century was the Golden Age of the English labourer. During that period our farm-hands were earning fourpence a day and craftsmen sixpence, while the average price of wheat was slightly under six shillings a quarter. Both the day's work and the quarter of wheat have increased in value since the beginning of the sixteenth century at about the same ratio. If we multiply each by seven we get 2s. 4d. for a day's wage and a little over 40s. as the value of a quarter of wheat, which is approximately near enough to current prices. Out of his wages the farm-hand has nowadays to pay rent and rates for a cottage which has rarely even a garden belonging to it. The mediæval Fairfieldite, on the other hand, had an ample area of meadow and pasture for cow and pig, commonage for sheep and fowl, and arable and garden near home upon which to grow his corn and vegetables. His wife and family had thus the opportunity of being self-supporting upon their little holding, which, of course, was practically rent-free, and their maintenance

hardly trenched at all upon his regular earnings. His happy state is not a piece of mere imagination. Some of the ancient cottage homesteads are there to-day, and so, as evidence of the bygone land proprietorship, are the unenclosed pasture and the tiny meadows lying contiguous to the village, apportioned into narrow strips and separated by lacing and interlacing limestone walls. These appropriations may probably have been made in the reign of Henry VIII. in pursuance of a statute passed to prevent encroachments, and which provided that not less than eight acres should be left for each cottager.

When we come to the larger folk with their extensive holdings—the captains of agricultural industry—we find the process of evolution somewhat different. At the Conquest many of the Saxon franklins lost their land, which passed into the control of William's *protégés*. In Fairfield the demesne or unappropriated land, together with the manorial rights, was given to William Peverel. The new owner, in accordance with the prevalent custom, would stock the domain himself and apportion it under the care of bailiffs. These stewardships are apparently the origin of the local farms and farm-names which have come down to our day—Pigtor, Cowlow, Woolow, Lowfoot, Bailey Flatt, and so forth. As William Peverel was the donee of 120 manors in the counties of Derby and Nottingham alone, the task of distinguishing a particular manor, or of readily ascertaining within which manor a certain bailiffship lay, would be somewhat troublesome. It appears, however, that for the purpose of identification it was customary to couple the name of the manor or township with an enumeration of the bailiffships, thus "Fairfield with Pigtor, Cowlow," &c. This method survived long after the Middle Ages, and so recently as the seventeenth century the Commissioners of the Parliamentary Survey copied the same formula, without, however, any apparent reason, in their catalogue of the Peakland townships. The popular general name for these bailiffships was "bangs," the etymology of which we are unable to explain. A meeting "of the inhabitants of Fairfield and the bangs" was held in the vestry in 1692; and even at the present day the old people speak of the large outlying farms as "the bong's."

The management of these mediæval bailiffs was carefully supervised by the lord himself or his deputy, and each year (generally at Michaelmas) the bailiff rendered a profit-and-loss account and balance-sheet. The statements of our Fairfield bailiffs do not appear to have been preserved, but those relating to other districts are a fair sample, and do not differ very much from the financial explanations of our present-day accountants. The receipts and

expenditure are set forth on one side of the sheet, and upon the other is an inventory of stock and other assets, with their estimated value. It will thus be seen that a feudal lord might easily (if he had a turn for figures) ascertain his annual income to a nicety whenever he pleased to do so; and, moreover, that the modern "limiteds," with their branch establishments and shop managers, are after all no new thing, but only the revival of an arrangement in common vogue six centuries ago.

By-and-by the large landowners found it more convenient to let their property at a rent. The managing men disappeared from Pigtor and Cowlow, and their places were taken by the farmer; and by divers assignments and other inevitable mutations which Time brings, and we mortals lose the record of, the rights of William Peverel's successors vanished, and the great folk and little folk of Fairfield owned nearly all the township among them.

From the middle of the seventeenth century down to the middle of the nineteenth, the main aspects of social and economic life in Fairfield remained practically unchanged. An isolated situation in a difficult country protected us from innovation until the railways broke through our rocky fastness and the importation of goods cheaply carried taught us that it was no longer necessary to be self-contained and self-sustaining. Consequently the village chancings of 1850 are much like those of 1750 and 1650, and the recorded incidents and events of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were doubtless often enough re-enacted in the days of our fathers without outrage to the unities of period or custom.

As already stated, the land was our mainstay. The produce of the farms was used in kind for the family food and clothing, and the surplus converted into cash at the markets of Sheffield or Bakewell for rent or other outgoings. The soil was too shallow and the summers too short for the cultivation of wheat, so oats were our staple crop. Pretty nearly half the enclosures must formerly have been under tillage; now, alas! there are few ploughed fields to be seen even from the vantage-ground of the highest "low." The corn was used partly in sheaf as winter fodder, and the rest ground into meal for the household and the pigs. Some potatoes and turnips were raised, and the remainder of the land was under grass. In mediæval times, under the *régime* of the bailiffs, there appears to have been some outside commerce, but after the appearance of the farmer intercommunication was much more restricted.

Whatever may be said as to the decadence of agriculture, it

should ever be remembered that, profitably or unprofitably, the land nowadays does more work than formerly. True, the farmer has ceased to grow corn, but, on the other hand, the foreign grain which he consumes in such large and liberal quantities enables the grazier to do his work on a less area, while the increased richness of his farmyard manure forces one acre to do that which used to be done by three. Before the introduction of artificial fertilisers our forefathers simply returned to the ground a weak remnant of what had been taken from it, thus gradually beggaring the soil. Grain being an absolute necessity, the arable got a lion's share of the manure, and the meadows were left with little or no assistance. These were difficulties our Fairfield folks experienced, and they sought to overcome them as far as possible by economy. They utilised—for one thing—the refuse which nowadays flows away through the sewer-pipe. One of our landlord farmers at the beginning of last century actually employed a team in conveying night soil from Birmingham, sixty-six miles distant! No wonder, then, that stock-keepers were able to do nothing but keep life and body together in the shippon in winter-time when the pastures were done. The milking cattle, of course, went dry, and beef was not procurable. It must have been in the dead season that Thomas Browne in the seventeenth century paid a visit to the neighbourhood, where, he says, the guests were fed upon oatcake and a viand which was called mutton, but which was suspected to be dog.

The meagre possibilities which presented themselves to the Peakland farmer were not, however, without some compensations. In a stationary community there is an ascertained place for each one, and, provided the individual eats and drinks only his *quantum* and duly performs his allotted task, all goes well. After manure, the most scanty commodity was money. The former was required once a year, the latter twice—at the Lady Day and Michaelmas rent audits. After sufficient cheese had been made to pay the rent the tenant's anxiety was at an end. Most other pecuniary obligations were discharged after the manner of the two individuals who took in each other's washing. For example, at harvest-time—a delightful but arduous period, which began with the hay in July and finished with the oats as late as November—there was a co-operation of labour called "booning." At daybreak *A*, *B*, *C*, and *D*, with their helpers, would assemble in *A*'s meadow, and a long row of sweeping scythes would cut the grass until the sun was up. The whole party after a meal would then adjourn to *B*'s hay-field, and work the crop which had been mown the day before. Presently the force would go with

their carts and gather *C*'s hay, and then in the cool twilight they would finish the day on *D*'s farm, as they began it, with their scythes. In the same give-and-take fashion it was customary to get through most of the extra work of the township. The maintenance of the roads was supervised by an honorary surveyor, the inhabitants having the option of giving labour in lieu of paying the rate. A small householder has told the writer that in the middle of last century his highway rate was discharged by one day's work per annum ! When the church was rebuilt in 1839 the cost was materially reduced by this same "booning" device ; the farmers lent horses and carts for the team work, hauling much of the material over a moorland road from Macclesfield, which is twelve miles distant. The first Nonconformist chapel, erected about the same time, was accorded the like privilege.

Before turning from these primitive arrangements we may as well give another curious illustration of the nicety of our financial adjustments. Towards the end of Charles II.'s reign our parson was the Rev. Edward Hollinshead, a cleric exactly typical of the class which Macaulay has attributed to the period ; he might, indeed, have stood as the model of that historian. Parson Hollinshead's immorality reached a climax in 1684, when an alarmed parish, through its proper officer, certified that the incumbent was the father of Moses, a bastard child. Now, the Rev. Mr. Hollinshead's conduct was no doubt very shocking, but the sudden and fervent anxiety of the parishioners over the advent of Moses is not without explanation very apparent, inasmuch as Mary Halley, the mother, had been the lady at the vicarage for some time previously. The substance of the petition, however, makes it plain that the appeal was not made against the scandalous irregularity of this spiritual father, but on other and more practical grounds. Our parochial overseers realised that perhaps at some future period Hollinshead might die or leave Fairfield without providing for the maintenance of Moses, thus leaving him a burden on the township. What they wanted, therefore, was "security to save the town harmless." The magistrates considered the petition reasonable and ordered Hollinshead to give security, and in the meantime to provide two shillings and sixpence per week for the lad's maintenance. Later on we shall have something further to say about this clergyman, but the incident under notice shows how carefully we anticipated even the contingency of the smallest expenditure. Indigent outsiders were never suffered to linger within our bounds long enough to obtain a settlement within the meaning of the Poor Laws, and farm-servants from other town-

ships were hired for fifty-one weeks only, so as to avoid the qualifying year of residence. Our own townspeople, too, were subject to a good deal of grandmotherly superintendence by the wise authorities. Many a poor spinster who looked like eventually coming on the parish has met with a husband through the timely exertions of the overseer.

In the routine existence of village life there is little on the social side which is noteworthy. The old folks have an abundant store of tradition, but the domestic events of the poor are pretty much alike in every place. The learned Selden declares that Merrie England ceased to be when the fairies left off dancing and the parsons gave up conjuring. Perhaps it was so. In mediæval times the feudal vassal often had for diversion a little after-harvest soldiering to do for the lord, or, more frequently, a holy-day spree prescribed by Mother Church. But though progress and improvement deprived him in course of time of these, his tastes continued to run in the old groove. Horse-play and practical jokes of the most pronounced type, though inferior in excitement to the exercise of quarterstaff and bill-hook, did something towards variegating the monotony; and such of the Church festivals as remained strongly reflected the customs of the old order. Football at Shrovetide is a pre-Lenten saturnalia which still survives—a veritable old-time tournament. The market town of Ashbourne is the rendezvous of the whole shire on Shrove Tuesday, and all day long the ball is driven up and down the quiet streets by the opposing forces of North County against South County. Nowadays even, the game is often enough literally fought for, and the leather seldom touches the mill-wheel without the effusion of a good deal of blood. Our Fairfield fellows used, of course, to meet in more modest numbers; but the deadly energy of the combatants was not a whit less than that of the county braves. We have heard old men tell with pride of ancient giants who hurled their antagonists over stone fences, and of mighty kickers whose hobnailed boots parted their opponents right and left. Then with Easter came “Lifting Day,” when the Resurrection was boisterously typified by the men seizing the women, habnab-at-a-venture, and tossing them aloft, the women on the following day returning the compliment. On June 29 (St. Peter's Day) the Wakes Festival commenced, in preparation for which every woman made a point of whitewashing her house and cooking the best she could afford, and the village at large made merry pretty much after the manner described by Charles Kingsley in “Yeast.” At Christmas-time Peakland often lay buried deep in snow. The church singers and fiddlers went round the

farmsteads on Christmas Eve and gave their musical salutation, returning before the New Year for the usual largesse of warmed ale and currant bread and cheese.

It is pleasing to note that, in spite of the prevalent uncouthness, the musical taste of our forefathers was remarkably advanced. The fiddle was a common instrument in the homesteads; and the mellow throats of our men and women, developed in the pure thin air of these uplands, were practised in even more complex parts than the psalmody of Tate and Brady. We have lying in front of us as we write the music book of a clarionettist who tuned his pipe in Fairfield Church 150 years ago. It is an admirable compendium of the popular airs of the day, but the weightier compositions in oratorio likewise found their way up here and were put into rehearsal for Church purposes. The advocate of plain services might well be startled at the choral programme of the "Peace Rejoicing" service held in Fairfield after 1815. Without saying anything as to the quality of the music, it was certainly big enough to keep a hard-working chorus going for a whole day.

This is perhaps not the place to introduce comparisons between the spiritual life of pre-Reformation and post-Reformation times, and yet the parson figures too prominently to be altogether left out of the village chronicle. In a previous article, already alluded to, we tried to show how our own local church life grew and was nourished. But during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries religious vitality sank to a low ebb both in Fairfield and throughout the country at large. It was perhaps a natural consequence that it should be so. The popular remembrance of aforetime statesmen, cardinals, and prince bishops had passed away, and the loss of prestige which the Church thereby sustained affected the status of the smallest village incumbent. Piety and learning in that uneducated age required more than to-day the support of power and dignity. The attitude of the layman towards the cleric of the seventeenth century is forcibly indicated by Macaulay. "A 'young Levite,'" he says, "might be had for his board, a small garret, and £10 a year; might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners; might not only always be ready in fine weather for bowls and in rainy weather for shovel-board, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses." He was ranked as an equal with the servant-women, and when he was fortunate enough to obtain a benefice he generally married one. "Often," continues Macaulay, "it was only by toiling on his glebe, feeding swine, and by loading

ding-carts that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his Concordance and inkstand in execution."

Now Parson Hollinshead, the paramour of Mary Halley and the father of Moses, was just such an abject hireling. Yet his shortcomings are hardly more conspicuous than the behaviour towards him of his parishioners. It may be there had never before been any moral miscarriage at Fairfield parsonage; but if there had we do not think a pre-Reformation culprit of the same degree, vested with excommunicating powers, would have been subjected to the treatment which poor Hollinshead underwent. His flagrant immorality no doubt merited the three years' suspension which he suffered, and when he resumed his ministrations who, alas! would be likely to benefit by the precept of such a blind mouth? But the conduct of his offended people manifested itself in acts which would have been brutal if directed against a burglar or a footpad. On several occasions he was attacked in church whilst conducting divine service; his book snatched out of his hand and knocked about his ears; his surplice twisted round his neck and attempts made to strangle him. And even while reading the Burial Service it was a common occurrence for him to be set upon and maltreated by ruffianly parties. Of course there was the civil authority, and the poor wretch did once apply to the magistrates for protection, winding up his petition in this despicable fashion:

And that your worppps would be pleased to augment to your petitioner for pension beinge but two shillings six pence weekly, which in truth will be but meer bread, he haveinge himselfe his wife and three children to maintaine, the youngest is brought into convulsion fits with a fright by his adversaries and the others are very weak and poor, beinge not halfe dyeted, besides want of cloathes to keepe them warm. . . .

Unhappily Hollinshead was not the last of our bad parsons. After making every allowance for a gross age and the degeneracy of the clergy, it does seem as though some evil genius hovered for a time over Fairfield parsonage. The wife of one of Hollinshead's successors in a fit of frenzy—tradition says, a drunken passion—destroyed the parish registers prior to 1738. Again, in the year 1794 we find George Frederick Cooke, the actor, drinking brandy and water in the Bull's Head at Fairfield in company with our parson. The latter, "a man of literature and abilities, with A.M. after his name," is described by the celebrated Drury Lane lessee as being "dirty, drunk, and foolish." The reflections of the stage player on this occasion are recorded in his diary:

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I could not help viewing him with pity ;—not that sensation which approaches to contempt, but a real, sorrowful feeling, as I cannot to please myself otherwise express it. For viewing him I thought of others. Drunkenness is the next leveller to Death ; with this difference, that the former is always attended with shame and reproach, while the latter, being the certain lot of mortality, produces sympathy, and may be attended with honour. From the general temper of the world it is too probable, with respect to the gentleman I am writing of, that a long and faithful discharge of the duties of his office will be almost forgotten, while the hours of his frailty—or, to speak stronger, the periods of his vice and folly—will be clearly remembered and distinctly related. I think and hope I shall never forget him.

Poor Cooke was hardly a godly prophet, but his prediction has come true. The drunken parson continues to live in local remembrance chiefly by reason of the oracular suggestiveness of his pulpit exhortation to “Do as I say, not as I do”—which, by-the-bye, was as modest and plain in substance as the irreproachable sentiments of Mr. Cooke.

This is a seamy side. Yet, after all, the eighteenth century is only a comparatively brief period in Fairfield church life. Parson Hollinshead and Parson Winterbotham were false shepherds—put in authority, it may be, by Jacobean or Hanoverian masters. We would rather think of Parson Naden, whose ideas and convictions ran counter to the Act of Uniformity and lost him his living; of scholarly Parson Ogden, his immediate predecessor; of Parson Mounsey, that man of many engaging oddities, who preached and taught and farmed his glebe in the Early Victorian days *et ejusdem generis*. They may have been coarse and imperfect types, but in estimating their worthiness we have no right to measure them by a too modern standard. They were “vacant of the glorious quires” of succeeding ages; yet we must bear in mind they were workers upon the lower scaffolds of that fabric from the summit of which we contemplate them with so much complacency.

JOHN HYDE.

THE LYRIC POETRY OF VICTOR HUGO.

NOVELIST, dramatist, philosopher, patriot—well-known under all these appellations, Victor Hugo was above all and beyond all a Poet, absolutely without equal in wealth of imagination and splendour of colouring, past-master in the wide domain of poetic thought. Although so much is very readily granted, François Coppée has been accused of inordinate eulogium by describing him as the “greatest lyric poet of all the centuries—among all the poets of humanity the greatest creator of consequent striking and magnificent imagery”; but few critics would care to dispute so wide a statement, since it would take a lifetime to compare the works of Goethe, Dante, Byron, and it must also be kept in mind that the true Hugo is not in “*Les Misérables*,” in “*Notre Dame*,” in “*Cromwell*,” in “*Hernani*”—but in the “*Légende des Siècles*” and “*Les Contemplations*.” It is in his lyric poetry he stands without a rival for sweetness, brevity, and charm.

It has been repeated over and over again, in various ways and many tongues, that poetry is innate—a gift of nature, independent of reason or cultivation, outside of all rule, an emotion rather than an art, and it is by this belief that all possessors of the faculty unconsciously governed.

Hugo's life was centred in his genius; creative, eminently original, there was no path he feared to tread, no thought too daring to be uttered, no subject too vast to be examined, studied, sifted. For this he has been blamed, but only through ignorance of his one direct aim and object, to moralise, to instruct. It was his mission—in his own words “*il se sent responsable*,” “*il a charge d'âmes*”—an inordinate ambition possibly, but one which pursued him to his latest breath.

The terrible events of his early life gave to his verse a force, almost a violence, which in more peaceful days it might not have possessed; this was what he called *la corde d'airain*. He found inspiration in “*toutes ces folies trempées de sang*”; religious con-

roversies and political strife gave a vigour and vitality to his genius, justifying the remark that the greatest poets have appeared after the greatest public calamities.

First and foremost in the battle of Romanticism, Hugo alone of all the enthusiasts pursued his purpose to the very end, to beat down the old barriers. He ignored the usual terms of *genre classique* and *genre romantique*, admitting in literature, as in everything else, of but one distinction, that which must for ever exist between the good and the bad, the false and the true. To this persuasion he remained absolutely faithful, while his associates, as time passed on, found new interests and more engrossing avocations. Lamartine, De Vigny, De Musset became involved in politics, forsaking the old beliefs, but Hugo knew no compromise; poetry for him was no sudden effusion, it was a profession, the business of a life. As Brunetière affirms, "the long methodical conquest, the invasion step by step of the entire domain."

In defiance of ancient prejudices he constituted himself harmonist and architect of lyric poetry, succeeding because he was resolved to succeed, for his will was as forcible as his genius, and in the midst of shattered beliefs and broken idols he stood firm in the belief that artistic inspiration must prevail and could not ultimately remain subservient to arbitrary rules.

The struggle was for the very life of poetry, which is immortal, and must endure when fashions, factions, and dynasties have passed away.

All this is well known of the poet; but of the man, his habits, his experiences, his everyday existence, there is no reliable record. His contemporaries had nothing to tell of him except that he was their leader and their idol: his existence was distinct from theirs—he was *le maître*. Even Gautier says nothing more satisfying: least of all is any confidence to be placed, or any real information to be gained from the semi-official biography supposed to be written by the *témoin de sa vie*; but in the Lyrics there is something definite—for in these there is always something intimate and personal.

We learn nothing of Shakespeare from Macbeth and Othello, while if we fail to find confessions and revelations in Byron or De Musset—it is assuredly not their fault!

In the two volumes of "Contemplations" which Hugo calls "Les mémoires d'une âme," five and-twenty years of illusions, sorrows, impressions—all that is deepest and most tender in the heart of a man—is simply told, although the poet disclaims the record as purely personal, since the life of one is the life of all: "la rêve,

la lutte, le plaisir, le travail, la douleur, le silence, l'histoire de tous."

Of love verses properly so called there are very few, but when we come to such exquisite little gems as are to be found in "Chants du Crépuscule" and "Toute la Lyre" we recognise the giant's power in this direction should he chance to reveal it. The following may come as a surprise to those who only know the poet in his loftier strains.

You said, "I love you"; prodigal of sighs,
 You said it o'er and o'er. I nothing said.
 The lake lies still beneath the moonlit skies—
 The water sleeps when stars shine overhead.

For this you blame me; but love is not less
 Because its whisper is too faint to hear.
 The sudden sweet alarm of happiness
 Set seal upon my lips when you were near.

It had been best had you said less, I more!
 Love's first steps falter, and he folds his wings.
 On empty nests the garish sun-rays pour—
 Deep shadows fall about the brightest things!

To-day (how sadly in the chestnut tree
 The faint leaves flutter and the cold wind sighs!)—
 To-day you leave me! for you could not see
 My soul beneath the silence of my eyes.

So be it, then—we part; the sun has set.
 Ah! how that wind sighs; how the dead leaves fall;
 Perhaps to-morrow, whilst my cheek is wet
 You will have gay and careless smiles for all!

The sweet "I love you," that must now go by
 And be forgotten, breaks my heart to-day!
 You said it, but you did not feel it—I
 Felt it without a word that I could say.

The almost universal prejudice against fiction in poetry is not to be disguised: "The Fairy Queen," "The Last of the Goths"—even "Paradise Lost"—remain on the high shelves of the library, and Hugo's celebrity, well recognised in England, depends upon his novels and his plays, which are accepted as masterpieces even in translations, although often very severely criticised in France, while his epic poems, historic, romantic, full of human interest, are little known to English readers and ignored even in the *répertoire* of the most asthetic schools.

The heroes of a never to be forgotten time are the most vivid of the poet's creations—all the excitement of fiction, all the sunshine

of romance abound in the "Legends" and no prosaic details could make them better reading. The grand figure of Eviradnus, greater even than Roland, even than the Cid, is perhaps the finest type of chivalry ever penned, and can hardly fail to stir the pulses of the least responsive reader.

His hoary head
Bore weight of many years, but he was still
Renowned above his peers : his blood was shed
Unstinted for the right—the scourge of ill.
No evil deed had ever stained his life,
Nor thought that was not loyal, pure, and fair—
And ready in his hand for worthy strife,
His sword, as stainless, glittered in the air.
A Christian Samson, bursting at a blow
The gates of Sickingen in flames—who rent
And ground beneath his heel the monument
Of vile Duke Lupus, and the statue bore
From Strasburg to the bridge by Danube's shore,
And flung it in the stream. Shield of the oppressed
Strong—and the friend of all the weak, his breast
Full of a splendid pity—such the knight
And champion Eviradnus. At the flight
Of fast increasing years he laughs ; shall he —
Who if the world entire against him stood
Would not ask quarter—quail before the flood
Of fleeting time ? All aged though he be,
He comes of a grand race ! On wild hillside,
Amid the feathered tribe, not least in pride,
Stands the old Eagle !

When Hugo described the "Légende des Siècles" as the dead fruit of a fallen tree the poetic simile took him far from the truth, and as he proceeds to explain the scope and meaning of his work—nothing less than the history of humanity in all ages, drawn successively under all aspects—fable, philosophy, science, religion—it will be seen that there is no failure of productive force. It took the poet four-and-twenty years to complete the work, began during his exile at Guernsey ; the long reveries of solitude—the winds and storms of the sea only too often transported him into distant worlds where facts appear like visions ; and that some portions of so marvellous a work should lead the poet into regions where he cannot easily be followed is incontestable. Always preoccupied with the problems of life and destiny, the deepest thinker of the day—but as he himself admits, always a dreamer—he possessed the power of developing an idea by a succession of analogies all manifestly appropriate ; while image piled on image, symbol upon symbol, the clearness of the original thought is never obscured.

His flights of fancy among Olympian gods found doubtless many cavillers, but these impressed him not at all; he was far from sensitive to censure, and no one better knew that the limits of Art were not to be defined. He used to say, gravely ironical, that he had never met with a map of the intellectual world where the frontiers between the possible and the impossible were drawn out clearly in red and blue.

It was only in the latter days of his life that he was given to the attempt to sound secrets so mysterious as to confuse his own mind as well as those of his readers, presenting pages of unanswerable questions after the manner of FitzGerald's Persian poet: both, as other moralists have done before them, bound to

"Come out by the same door wherein they went."

The never ending, never answerable question—

*"What, without asking hither hurried whence?
And without asking whither hurried hence?"—*

is echoed by Hugo.

O weep, man! for what know you of your fate?
What of yourself? Your body, brain, or state?

But he is more hopeful than Omar Khayyam, and continues:

Evil transfigured turns to good and fair:
Condemn thou nothing — and still less despair.
To reach the height sublime, inscrutable,
Into this pit of life thy foot must fall.
Chaos came forth from Heaven, and lovely things
Have sombre shells before they spread their wings.

If a scientific education could have done anything towards solving such terrible mysteries Hugo was greatly at fault: a little Latin, a smattering of metaphysics, was all he brought away with him from his college days; the young men of the "Cénacle" expected genius to supply the lack of learning, under the impression that everything they ought to know must come by inspiration.

Sainte-Beuve asserts that it is always a pleasure when men of genius return to pure poetry; and Théo. Gautier finds Victor Hugo's true bent in his Lyrics; but the idea so long entertained of his robust personality and the strong fibre of his verse appear at variance with any lighter work, and though *force* must always be the word that fits him best, those who have turned from the earlier Legends to "Paternity," "The Infanta's Rose," "Poor People," will wonder that his intimate reflections on the common life have not been more

readily noticed, since as a true lyric poet he is best seen in the human interest of peaceful days—in the fisherman's cottage, in the garden of Little Paul.

It is here the poet wields one of the most potent of his tools—his rare talent for rapid transition, an unequalled power, apparent, startling, entirely dramatic. Let the reader turn to "Jean Chouan," where the hero of La Vendée posts himself in full sight of "a very rain of bullets" to save the life of a fugitive—or to "Civil War" or "One Summer Day," or the last line of "Retribution," or to more strictly lyric poetry in "Toute la Lyre."

The life study of any man must always be full of questionable points, but when biography after biography, document after document, criticism on criticism are all dedicated to one so illustrious as Victor Hugo, and fairly divided between violent detractors and most passionate adherents, to keep clear of prejudice, to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, becomes difficult indeed, and one can only say with Ernest Dupuy: "Those who are weary of hearing the praises of Victor Hugo would do well not to open this book."

C. E. MEETKERKE.

THE RIVAL PHYSICIANS.

LARRY REGAN stood at his gate, which gave out immediately on the road, smoking an evening pipe. His eyes had a reflective look, his head a thoughtful bias, his brow a contemplative pucker. Several neighbours passed him with a greeting that was in a marked degree respectful. This was but natural when it is considered that Larry was a trusted medical practitioner in the district. He had never walked the hospitals, nor attached to his name that tail of letters that he had often seen on portentous brass plates in the city of Dublin. None the less for that he possessed the confidence of the parish, and his advice was more valued than that of the qualified gentleman in the neighbouring town, who indeed was only summoned in extreme cases in order to furnish the necessary death certificate. But Larry's position as head of the medical faculty of Ballybeg was by no means unchallenged. On the contrary, it was persistently menaced by the pretensions of Brian Cooney, a pedlar. Brian contended that if merit had its due he would at that moment be head of the Irish College of Surgeons instead of peddling odds and ends of feminine finery through the country. He had a knowledge of herbs, a skill at exorcising a thorn, a command of fearsome medical terms, that gained him much respect in Ballybeg, and rendered Larry extremely anxious about his tenure of the premier medical position. There was a keen rivalry between the two men. Brian took every opportunity of disparaging his opponent's skill. Larry received any mention of Brian's medical abilities with an exclamation like unto that of a duck. Brian's diagnosis of symptoms never agreed with Larry's. If Larry discovered that Brian's treatment was for "diathetical disturbance," he would immediately declare it to be "sanguineous concretis." It became a war of phrases concerning the meaning of which both of the practitioners were extremely hazy, each endeavouring to outvie the other in the length and unintelligibility of his medical terminology.

On this evening, then, Larry stood at his gate smoking. His eyes ranged up and down the road. Presently they were fixed on a *shambling* figure that had just turned Dolan's corner.

"Be the tear av war, if it isn't that ould beggarman, Brian Cooney," Larry muttered.

On came the lurching figure with a mackintosh-covered pack on his back. His observant little eyes were glinting underneath a venerable hat. He paused and induced combustion into the contents of his pipe with much respiratory noise. When he came opposite Larry's gate, he looked up.

"Well, Docthor"—derisive accent on the title—"what way are ye?"

Larry, to outward appearance, seemed to be unaware of Brian's presence. He looked across the fields, and made a curious noise resembling the speech of a duck.

"I noticed two or three new graves in Ballybeg churchyard below as I passed," quoth Brian. "I dar'say ye can tell me who it is they've been puttin' there lately."

This was said with a sneering significance that could not be mistaken. Larry, however, did not pause in his vigorous display of quacking. The sound was as a yardful of gabbling, hungry ducks.

"That's a sthrange noise ye're makin', Larry. Ye ought to take somethin' for that. There must be somethin' wrong here," tapping his head. "I've often heard av thim sounds to be taken for symptims av incaypient maynigitis. I'd sthrongly advise ye to see a docthor, but for the Lord's sake don't prescribe for yerself, or there'll be another hape in the churchyard below in no time."

This roused Larry to retort: "I'll come an' ax you, Brian, whin I want to be pizened; quack, quack, quack."

"Did ye ivir hear the like? Begar, I'll spake to the polis to have ye incinerated in an asylum. Shure there's iviry symptim on ye av ceraybrial congalement."

"Ceraybrial congalement, me lug, quack, quack, quack! Arrah, go away, Brian, don't ye see it's yerself that's makin' me that way, quack, quack. I no sooner see ye than it naturally occurs to me or anyone to say, quack, quack."

"It takes little to amuse ye, Larry," said Brian grinning. "they do say that little things plaze little minds, an' if that's the case, be the mortal, nothin' at all would be able to plaze ye. The mysthery av it to me is, that a man who has so many av thim hapes in the churchyard on his conscience can be aisy in his mind at all."

Brian threw up his eyes to the sky with a look of solemn wonder. Larry got angry.

"It's well for you to talk, Brian, an' you afther makin' sich a *bolshare* av poor Kitty—the flail."

"Arrah, what could I do? Shure, whin I was called in life was almost distinct."

"Distinct, me gran'mother," cried Larry scornfully, "sorra bother on her at all if she was thrated properly."

"Ye know nothin' about it, Larry; it was a fit av perplexity was on her."

"Perplexity, me eye. It was nothin' but an attack av maygrims. Thratin' her for perplexity; oh boys, oh boys, lesten to the nigger-amus," cried Larry, with a roar of laughter. "Ye'll be making scarlet fayver an' small-pox out av gravel rash next."

"No matter, she didn't die on me hands like some av the people you pizened," snorted Brian.

"No, bekase himself in the town was sint for to dhrag the woman out av etarnity."

"I didn't kill her at any how," retorted Brian, "an' that's more than you can say av any one ye ivir thrated. Look at thim hapes in the churchyard below! Oh, Larry! it's what ye ought to be doin' pinance for the rest av yer natural life. But I must be off. I have a case to attind down here below. God be wid ye an' wid yer poor patients, an' may He sind a miracle to purtect thim, for they need it. Good-bye, agin, Docthor, an' the next time I go into Mullingar I'll give yer respects to the coffin-maker; he does be axin' affectionately afther ye."

"Quack, quack, quack," ejaculated Larry.

Brian paused and turned round his sharp wizen face.

"For that disayse take a daycoction av marshmalla, wid oils essential av agrestis, an' if ye can just manage to dhrap in a little aconite there 'ud be a great savin' in the lives av the parish."

Larry continued his agreeable imitation of duck conversation till Brian was out of hearing. He then walked into the house, painfully conscious that the encounter with Brian had not resulted entirely in his favour. He frequently paused in the act of dipping his spoon into the stirabout pot, and seemed to lose himself in reflection.

"Begar," he muttered, "that fella is the thorn in the side av my reputation. He goes through the counthry carrying slandher an' lies wid him, an' does as much thrade wid thim as wid anythin' he has in the pack. I'd give a good deal this blessed minyet to see him dhruv out av the parish. Shure, it's terrible the distruction he does work whin he does come in among us. He frikens half the people into thinkin' it's some mortal disayse they have whin it's only a headache or the like that's on thim. Musha, a man who'd take a fit

av maygrims for perplexity isn't fit to thrate a pig for the croup. It would be an aise to the parish to get shot av him."

Just at that moment Brian Cooney stopped old Katty Tracy at the turn of the road leading to the bog of Lismorrell. He looked at her with the critical eye of the medical man as he bade her the time of day. The result of his scrutiny was, apparently, far from satisfactory, for he shook his head gloomily.

"Ye don't look well, Ma'am," he said.

"In throth I don't feel a bit too well, Brian."

"Let me feel your pultse, Ma'am." He took Katty's shrivelled wrist, and gazed with an expression of great wisdom at the sky. "Begar, it's gallopin', Ma'am, a hundhred an' fifty to the minyet. Be the mortal, ye're rael bad."

Katty looked up at him with frightened eyes.

"Lord save us an' bless us!"

"Amin. Ye must get to bed at once. Where d'ye feel the pains?"

"Sorra pain I feel at all. It's just wake I am."

Brian shook his head, but smiled indulgently.

"Nonsinse, Ma'am, av coorse ye feel pains; why wouldn't ye?"

Katty paused and looked dubious.

"Begar, Brian, ye're right, I believe I have pains."

Brian smiled triumphantly. "I knew ye had, ye have one in yer back."

"Sorra word av lie in it, I have a pain in me back, shure enough," gazing in awe at the medical wizard.

"Well, ye're in a bad way, Ma'am, that's all I have to tell ye. Just go home at once an' go to bed. Ye have diabetes sicundus, that's what ye have."

"The Lord in Heaven save us!" said Katty.

"Amin, an' my expayrience av that disayse is that only one person in iviry five that has it ivir gets over it. Git to bed at once and dose yerself wid jollop. Have ye any jollop?"

"We have, a taste in a bottle."

"Well, go home an' take that, an' I'll bring ye round some more in an hour's time."

"Shall I have to sind for the priest?" asked Katty, fearing that this terrible disease would carry her off without the blessing of his reverence.

"There's plinty av hope yet, Ma'am," said Brian confidently. "Wait till I see ye later on. I'll bring all the resoources av science to

bear on the case. All that's in the power of human man to do will be done. If I fail, thin ye may call in his rividence."

"God bless ye, Brian," cried the grateful Katty, "an' whin ye come bring somethin' for poor Paddy, who has a thievin' tooth that does be throublin' him."

Brian promised, and the two took their several ways.

Later in the evening Larry sauntered into Katty's kitchen for a chat. He was startled to find his rival sitting beside Paddy Tracy, who was holding his head in his hands and moaning with great vigour. Brian turned to give a jeering nod to Larry and then resumed his professional duties.

"Och, melia," cried Paddy, swaying woefully from side to side, "I'm kilt wid this thievin' rogue av a tooth. Saw me head off any av yez that wants to."

Nobody responded to this invitation, but Brian took a phial from his pocket and poured something out of it on to Paddy's finger.

"Rub that on the tooth, an' put plinty av elbow grase into it."

"Don't be thryin' to pizen the man," said Larry.

"Don't be interferin' wid my perfessional juties," cried Brian haughtily; "don't mind him, Paddy, rub it in, avick, rub it in."

"He might as well rub it into his big toe for all the good it'll do him," said Larry sneeringly.

"Ye have no manners, Larry. It's the very worst av perfessional eticket to disturb a docthor, an' he attindin' to his patients."

Hearing Brian call himself a doctor provoked Larry to merriment, in the height of which he reproduced his excellent imitations of duck language. Of this Brian took no notice, but turned his attention to Paddy, whose mouth was watering, and whose face was screwed up into an expression of unspeakable anguish.

"How d'ye feel afther that, avick?" he said, with affectionate solicitude.

"Divil a worse ivir I felt in me life," roared Paddy. "It must be the divil himself that's got into me poor unfortunate gob."

A hearty burst of derisive laughter from Larry greeted this testimony of his rival's failure. This was interrupted by a loud groan from the little room just off the kitchen.

"Musha, take this musthard plaster off me. I'm sufferin' martyrdom," cried Katty.

"Heavens above," ejaculated Larry. "Is it into a hospital or a slaughter-house I've come be mistake?"

Brian replied with a look of scorn, and hurried up to his other patient.

"It's the one on the back av me neck that's hurtin' me," complained Katty. "The others isn't burnin' me yet."

"Let me at that tooth," said Larry, when Brian had become busily occupied with the sufferer in the next room.

"I don't care what ye do wid me. Saw me head off, av ye plaze. Divil a hair I care," said Paddy despairingly.

"I'll do nothin' av the soort, Paddy. Ye'll see I'll have that rogue av a tooth out av yer head before ye can say Jack Robinson."

Larry unearthed a piece of twine from his pocket, and having formed a noose slipped it round the offending molar in Paddy's jaw.

"Are ye ready, Paddy?" queried Larry.

"Saw me head off, I don't care," cried Paddy, apparently under the impression that no relief could possibly be obtained in any other way.

"Now stand up," commanded the dentist.

Paddy stood up. Larry, holding the cord in one hand, smote Paddy vigorously in the kingdom of indigestion with the other. The result was extraordinary. Out sprang the tooth. Simultaneously its owner hurled himself at the dentist and bore him to the ground.

"Ye blaggard," he cried, "what d'ye mane by takin' a mane advantage av me in that way? Take that, to sthrik me that way; och, ye murtherin' rogue, take that."

"But, Paddy, I was——"

"Hould yer tongue. Ye thought I had no sperrit in me, an' me wid the toothache on me, an' so ye choose this time to bate the breath out av me. But ye're mistook, me boyo, ye're mistook. Take that."

Brian deserted his professional duties to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. When he saw his rival in the vigorous grasp of the irate Paddy, he grew ebullient.

"Go it, Paddy, give it to the rogue, he deserves it. It's long ago he should have had it, killin' an' pizenin' the people through the country."

Paddy suddenly ceased. He had caught sight of the string and the tooth on the floor of the kitchen. He released the dentist and took up the molar, a look of wonderment in his eyes.

"Ye don't mean to say it's out?" he said.

"Aye, indeed," rejoined Larry, who had risen to his feet and was ruefully rubbing the back of his head. "That's the villain that was painin' ye."

Paddy, overcome with repentance and gratitude, sank down on a stool.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

“I ought to be skint,” he said. “Shure, Larry, whin ye
k me——”

was part av the purfessional thratement, Paddy,” said

“I was that now, but I didn’t then, bad luck to me thick head.
I thought it was takin’ a mane advantage av me wake con-
ny a thrick on me ye wor. I hope ye’ll forgive me, Larry ;
I don’t deserve it, but I hope ye will.”

“I don’t mintion it,” said Larry, too rejoiced that his treat-
ment succeeded to bear resentment. “Shure it was nothin’, I’ve
worse thumpin’ in me day.”

“I’m too forgivin’, Larry. Och, it’s ye that’s the fine docthor,
ye take the whole av thim. As for that Brian Cooney,” look-
ing for the other physician, “oh, he’s gone. Well, it’s just as
well as ye has, or he might hear a bit av my mind about himself
docthorin’. He’s only an ould quack, that’s what he is, wid
no pizens, an’ his possets an’ pizens. You’re the boy for me,
Larry, any docthorin’ that’s to be done from this out in this house
I’ll do it. Hi, Katty, d’ye hear me? throw off thim
polthogues that that thievin’ vagabone put on ye, shure
I’ll tear the pelt off ye. Larry here ’ll see an’ get ye out av
the sint ye have. Larry, me boy,” slapping him on the back,
calling him as physician in ordinary to the Tracy family,

TABLE TALK.

A PRIMITIVE STAGE REPRESENTATION.

DURING the past season the Elizabethan Stage Society, a body the inception and conduct of which are due to Mr. William Poel, gave within the picturesque and venerable walls of the Charterhouse a presentation of two works belonging to the infancy of dramatic art in England. These consisted of the anonymous morality of "Everyman" and the scene of the interrupted Sacrifice of Isaac from one of the Chester Miracle Plays. Not the first interesting production was this of the same body, to which are owing a performance of Mr. Swinburne's "Lochrine"; one, in the ecclesiastical palace at Fulham, of Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd"; and other quaint and curious experiments. It is, however, by far the most picturesque and instructive of the series. So striking, indeed, was it that I can recall no entertainment of the class, and few theatrical exhibitions of any kind, that have impressed me to the same extent. I was far from alone in my opinion as to its merits, and an audience including the Masters of the Charterhouse and the Temple, and the most distinguished Professors of the various universities, was held spell-bound by the most primitive show that for four hundred years has been seen in public in Great Britain. The scene of performance added unquestionably to its attractions and gave a surprising air of realism to the whole. It was, indeed, difficult to resist the feeling that one was assisting at a true and not a mimic show, and participating in a genuine action.

"EVERYMAN."

WITH every allowance, however, for the influence of environment, I cannot resist the conviction that the moralities which we have regarded as pale and colourless allegories may well have impassioned our forefathers, and had in some cases at least a distinctly dramatic grip. With the origin of "Everyman" I am not greatly concerned. The Master of Peterhouse (Dr. A. W. Ward), who

was a spectator, in his "History of Dramatic Literature,"¹ suggests a Buddhist source, and points out resemblances or parallels in "Barlaam and Jehoshaphat," an eleventh-century work ascribed to the Patriarch of Antioch—and elsewhere. Mediæval literature, indeed, abounds in works similar in character or teaching. "Everyman" stands, however, on its own merits, and the number of imitations by which it was followed after its first appearance early in the sixteenth century shows that it was at the time regarded as having much freshness. The work which it is most apt to recall to the general reader is "The Pilgrim's Progress," with some ideas in which it may well have furnished Bunyan. No very deep exploration is necessary to trace the idea of a man having to abandon friends, family, and possessions, and proceed, alone and trembling, at the bidding of Death, into the presence of his Maker, to render an account of his actions. It needs only to be added that the spirit of the play is distinctly Roman Catholic, and that no Wickliffian or Lollard "heresy" is perceptible in its teaching.

STORY OF EVERYMAN.

GOD the Father, who is introduced in person, contemplates the neglect of His worship and the general depravity of the world, and bids Death summon Everyman—that is, man—into His presence. Occupied wholly with his amours or the acquisition of wealth, Everyman protests, and seeks to bribe Death into giving him a respite. Though willing enough to accompany him to fray or revel, neither Fellowship nor Kindred will accompany him on the dreary road he has to travel. Riches mocks him openly, and the only serviceable friend he finds is Good Deeds, who is too weak to be of much service. She has, however, a sister, Knowledge, who takes him to Confession. When due penance has been made, Everyman receives the Sacrament, and accompanied only by Good Deeds, and deserted by Beauty, Strength, Discretion, and Five Wits—otherwise his faculties—he descends into the grave and is pardoned. I have given the bare outline of the story, dwelling upon none of the details quaint or edifying. In presentation, this primitive piece, presenting as it does the great recurrent tragedy of existence, met with a success beyond the reach of the more garish and elaborate spectacles that have been seen in these later days. It brought the tears into the eye and the sob into the throat. It was beautifully dressed from Flemish tapestries; and though the figure of the Almighty with a flowing grey beard and Death as a mincing

¹ Macmillan, 1899.

musician come with something of a shock, the whole was impressive and reverent. Not less so was the Sacrifice of Isaac, the dresses for which were lent by Mr. Holman Hunt. I have a faint hope that the performance, exhibited as yet before a select few, will in time be set before a larger public. Nothing more instructive concerning stage conditions in the days of the liturgical drama and the "morality" has been given to the world.

LANCELOT DU LAC.

MY remarks upon the Arthurian Legends had the good fortune, a few months ago, to elicit from Miss Jennie L. Weston a few authoritative utterances upon the subject of which I gave my readers the benefit. That eminent and erudite lady, who had previously dealt with the "Legend of Sir Gawain," has now issued a second work, entitled "The Legend of Sir Lancelot du Lac: Studies upon its Origin, Development, and Position in the Arthurian Romantic Cycle."¹ I cannot deal at any length with her treatment of her theme, which, as she is one of the first of authorities, is likely to arrest the attention of all students of Arthurian Legend. I may, however, mention at second hand some delusions of the general reader of which she now disposes. With such, Lancelot of the Lake is the most popular hero of the Arthurian cycle. To his guilty love for Guenevere most have attributed the calamities with which the closing years of the King's life were clouded, and even the "Passing of Arthur." Had the strong arm of that champion been there to support the aged monarch, Mordred's raid would never have been attempted. This is certified in the "Mort d'Arthur" by Sir Gawain, himself in the end Lancelot's relentless enemy. The guilty love of which I have spoken has stirred deeply the public pulse, and Lancelot and Guenevere, in public estimation, rank with Romeo and Juliet, with Paola and Francesca, and with Abelard and Héloïse.

POSITION OF LANCELOT IN ARTHURIAN LEGEND.

IN fact, Lancelot is a comparatively late addition to the Arthurian Legend. The earliest poems know him not, he is not to be traced in Welsh Arthurian stories, and is not to be found in the English vernacular romances. Even when he appears he is assigned no such importance as attaches to him in later days, and notably in the "Mort d'Arthur" of Malory, and in the "Idylls of the King" of Tennyson; Sir Gawain, Sir Eric, and afterwards Sir Perceval being put before him. The despatch of Lancelot to fetch Guenevere

¹ D. Nutt.

and the consequent growth of love between the pair, is due to Tennyson, being unmentioned in the early poems. According to the dates, if we can deal with such in a matter that is so nebulous, so far from being sent to fetch Arthur's bride, Lancelot at the time of the marriage had not even been born. Tennyson took the idea from the older and worthier story of Tristram and Yseult. Lancelot is just mentioned by Christien de Troyes, a twelfth-century poet, in his "Eric," presumably the earliest of his numerous romances of chivalry. In this, Lancelot comes third in respect of prowess. No mention is there made of him as the lover of the Queen, though in the "Chevalier de la Charrette" of the same author he is depicted as such. Christien subsequently allows him to disappear, and omits all reference to him in his last poem, "Perceval." Lancelot is not to be taken as a hero of prehistoric myth, solar or other, as Gawain and Perceval may well be.

THE "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

CONCERNING the value of the "Idylls of the King" as poetry Miss Weston seems to have doubts. They may "perhaps," she says, be considered "an English classic," a position unhesitatingly assigned Malory. They are at least "*entirely* outside the range of critical Arthurian scholarship, and should *never* be quoted as evidences for the smallest tittle of Arthurian romance." The italics are the lady's. By his juxtaposition of half a dozen different romances, Tennyson, it is held, succeeded in making confusion worse than confounded. Reading the tales of chivalry, of

Faery damsels, met in forest wide
By knights of Logres or of Lyonesse,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore,

and accepting the guidance of Miss Weston into this land, I quote what Spenser in the introduction to the sixth book of the "Faerie Queen" says of a similar world :

The waies through which my weary steps I guide,
In this delightful land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet varietie
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby ;
And when I gin to feele decay of might
It strength to me supplies, and cheares my chilled spright.

I am fond of early editions, and I quote these ravishing lines *literatim* from the "Faerie Queen" of 1609.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1901.

AT THE DENTIST'S.

ADAPTED BY H. MACKENZIE FROM THE DANISH OF E. HÖYER.

CHARACTERS :

A YOUNG LADY.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

AN ELDERLY LADY.

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

THE DENTIST.

SCENE :—*A Dentist's Waiting-room. In the background folding-doors leading to the Consulting Room. In the centre of the stage a round table covered with papers, illustrated éditions de luxe, &c. Red velvet upholstery. A couple of pictures on the walls. On the left the entrance door. On the wall in the background a large pendulum clock.*

(YOUNG LADY enters hurriedly from the left, shuts the door, looks at the clock, and after comparing it with her watch, puts it on fifteen minutes; takes off her lace mantle and hat, listens at the door of the Consulting Room, goes to the table, and, taking up a newspaper, seats herself to read it facing the entrance door, but with her face concealed by the newspaper from anyone entering.)

(YOUNG GENTLEMAN enters from the left, places his hat on the table with his gloves inside, lays down his stick, sits at the table opposite the YOUNG LADY, and begins to read; now and again he puts up his hand to his cheek as if in pain.)

(YOUNG LADY lowers her paper, peers curiously over the top of it at him and rises cautiously to look over his paper, but seeing that he is lowering it at the same moment, quickly reseats herself and continues reading.)

(YOUNG GENTLEMAN goes through the same manoeuvres. When

at length he catches sight of her, he starts to his feet in amazement, throws down the paper, and takes a step towards her.

YOUNG GENT. No ! I'm not mistaken ! Elma—it is you !

YOUNG LADY (*rises in surprise, not unmixed with embarrassment*).
Mr. North !

YOUNG GENT. (*bowing*). Pardon me, Miss Black.

YOUNG LADY (*putting out her hand*). How funny that we should meet here !

YOUNG GENT. Funny ? Well, I can easily manage to think of a more amusing meeting-place than a dentist's.

YOUNG LADY (*smiling*). Yes, of course ; I didn't think of that.

YOUNG GENT. You didn't think of it ? But, unfortunately, I am under the confounded necessity of remembering it.

YOUNG LADY (*pointing to a chair*). Shall we sit down ? (*They do so, she in the chair in which she was previously sitting, he by her side facing the audience. A pause.*)

YOUNG LADY. Well, and how are you getting on now, Mr. North ?

YOUNG GENT. (*a little distant at first*). Well, of course, I've got toothache, or else, by Jove, I shouldn't be sitting here !

YOUNG LADY. Yes, but leaving that out of the question ?

YOUNG GENT. Do you really think one can leave toothache out of the question ?

YOUNG LADY. Still the same hair-splitting ! You have certainly not changed one bit.

YOUNG GENT. (*looking meaningly at her*). Neither have you, I am happy to say.

YOUNG LADY. And, pray, why "happy to say" ?

YOUNG GENT. Because you were the most—most—charming of all—

YOUNG LADY (*laughing*). And am I that still ?

YOUNG GENT. (*moving his chair closer and lowering his voice*). I'm quite sure you are.

YOUNG LADY (*pushing her chair back a little*). Tell me, Mr. North, are you still the same you were when—I mean do you still—

YOUNG GENT. You mean do I still do nothing ? No, for I'm no longer a Nobody ; I'm a Somebody now.

YOUNG LADY (*laughing*). Somebody at—

YOUNG GENT. No ; Somebody *in*—in a Government Office.

YOUNG LADY. Then I suppose that may mean a good billet in the future ?

YOUNG GENT. By Jove, yes ; most certainly it may. There's no need to insure one's life before embarking in that line of business.

YOUNG LADY. So it will really lead to something ?

YOUNG GENT. Of course ! We are just like boats on the river ; we lie still in the lock and are raised aloft : some fine day we may find ourselves up in the giddy heights without having stirred from our places.

YOUNG LADY. But now, what kind of appointment is likely to come your way ?

YOUNG GENT. Well, for instance, I might possibly be made head of a Government Department ; that is to say, not all at once.

YOUNG LADY. And what are you now ?

YOUNG GENT. Oh, now I'm a supernumerary.

YOUNG LADY. Yet all the same you are going to make your mark ?

YOUNG GENT. Make my mark ! Yes, you bet I shall. Only, by Jove, you mustn't think that things move at railway speed.

YOUNG LADY. Probably the duties are not very onerous ?

YOUNG GENT. Do you imagine that I would accept a post I was not perfectly competent to fill ?

YOUNG LADY. Then, in other words, you are busy loafing, just as in the old days ?

YOUNG GENT. I beg your pardon ! I'm doing something much better. For four or five hours a day I and a large office staff sit together and perfect ourselves in Order and Punctuality. It really does one good to watch that office work. You ought to see how carefully we pull down the blinds to keep out the sun, tidy up the writing desks and change our frock-coats ; or how we choose out a pen, experiment with it, and reject it ; cut paper, write a few words just to try the surface, and then—with a graceful movement—pitch it into the waste-paper basket. Well, when we have got so far, we perhaps have a little chat, and arrange a supper at the Criterion or something of that sort ; then we sink into a reverie and dream of old times and vanished pleasures, and a peaceful hush and drowsiness settles down over the old office, sleeping so softly behind the down-drawn blinds, far away from the bustle and noise of life. Suddenly one of the most industrious—very possibly it may be myself—says " Now then, we ought to be doing something," and so—

YOUNG LADY. And so you begin to test the pens again ?

YOUNG GENT. Exactly !

YOUNG LADY (*laughing*). That is just the sort of life to suit you !

YOUNG GENT. Yes, I really believe it strengthens the nerves. Oh, yes, work is a great blessing.

YOUNG LADY. And rest is sweet after the day's drudgery—don't you find it so?

YOUNG GENT. Yes, doubly so.

YOUNG LADY. I'm really quite pleased to meet you in such a contented mood about everything.

YOUNG GENT. About everything! I never said that. For instance, there's my toothache, (*hesitatingly*) and then—(*with a sudden change of tone*) did you get engaged or married over in Ireland?

YOUNG LADY (*embarrassed*). Oh, let us talk of something else. (*Tries to rise.*)

YOUNG GENT. (*restraining her*). No, not a bit of it! Conversation always runs smoothest when people talk of what occurs to them at the moment (*examining her more closely*). So you are neither engaged nor married (*coming nearer*). Then everything is just as it was when we parted. Now I call that fate.

YOUNG LADY (*with a smile*). And no one can escape their fate.

YOUNG GENT. No, luckily—for you see, you are my fate!

YOUNG LADY. I really believe you are beginning again at the beginning.

YOUNG GENT. Great Cæsar! Why, I'm forced to. You wouldn't have me begin without more ado just where I left off?

YOUNG LADY. You mean—

YOUNG GENT. I mean (*in an undertone*) with my arm round your waist. That evening when we two were alone in the boat gliding along in the moonlight down the placid, dreamy river—don't you remember?

YOUNG LADY (*pushing her chair a little to one side*). I remember that you were absolutely irrepressible that evening!

YOUNG GENT. Yes, of course, like all men when they are in love; and you were so sweet and tolerant about my—my—irrepressibility!

YOUNG LADY (*springing up*). No, this is too much!

YOUNG GENT. There, you see! You can't even bear the recollection of it, so I really *am* obliged to begin at the beginning.

YOUNG LADY (*half seriously*). To tell the truth, Mr. North, it would be more chivalrous of you to forget all about that summer—and particularly about that evening.

YOUNG GENT. Forget that evening ! How can I ?

YOUNG LADY. Oh, just in the same way that you have forgotten so much else.

YOUNG GENT. By so much else you probably mean yourself ?

YOUNG LADY. Possibly.

YOUNG GENT. (*looks at her more attentively—comes nearer. Seriously and with some difficulty*). I really did *not* forget you.

YOUNG LADY (*with a forced laugh, trying to turn it off*). There, that will do. You were really under no obligations.

YOUNG GENT. (*continuing to be serious*). No, and consequently I have no rights either. I know that ; but now you must hear my confession. There really has not a day passed that I have not, at some spare moment or other, called up some recollection of you. I immersed myself in the remembrance of all those small incidents that then had a significance for us, and for us *only* ; I thought of so many a lightly spoken word, intended only for me ; I recalled so many a shy smile that only beamed for me ; I heard again the slight intonation, which accentuated a meaning for me and concealed it from others. Yes, they were nothing but trifles, unseen and unheard by the rest, and yet they bound us together.

YOUNG LADY. Why did you ask for my address when you left ? It never occurred to you to write to me !

YOUNG GENT. On the contrary, it often occurred to me—only——

YOUNG LADY. Only you didn't *want* to !

YOUNG GENT. I'm afraid—(*quickly and self-exculpatingly*) I'll tell you. I never could bring myself to write letters. I never can find the words I want to use. I had such an awful lot to say to you if we had met ; but when I took a pen in my hand—I don't know how it was—I never got any further than the address. It was beyond my power.

YOUNG LADY (*sadly*). You were really *too* lazy !

YOUNG GENT. (*raising his head*). That sounded like a sigh. So if I had been more insisting—if I——

YOUNG LADY (*turning it off*). Let us talk of something else. That was four years ago !

YOUNG GENT. Four years ! What of that ? We are not old fossils yet !

YOUNG LADY. What a time that patient is staying in there !

YOUNG GENT. Yes, thank Heaven ! I hope he will have all his thirty-two teeth taken out.

YOUNG LADY (*laughing*). And thirty-two new ones put in, I suppose ?

YOUNG GENT. Of course. But I do wish you would sit down. (*She sits.*) Here we certainly lack the river and the moonlight and midsummer weather, and now even your soft white hand is encased in a stiff, formal glove; but, all the same— (*Takes her hand, which she immediately withdraws.*) Good Lord! Elma—mayn't I even touch your hand? Must you have the surroundings to put you in the mood?

YOUNG LADY. You are an extraordinary being. One never knows what is jest and what is earnest.

YOUNG GENT. Perhaps I scarcely know myself.

YOUNG LADY. And yet you think that I—

YOUNG GENT. Oh no, that was not what I was going to say. I mean that *then* I scarcely knew it. But tell me, if I had spoken that evening—

YOUNG LADY (*half to herself*). Yes, then perhaps so much would have been different. (*Rising, and changing her tone*) But whatever is—is best, they say.

YOUNG GENT. (*delightedly snatching her hand*). No, now you shall not escape me!

YOUNG LADY (*dragging away her hand*). Hush! Someone is coming!

YOUNG GENT. The devil there is! (*Both reseal themselves and take up a paper.*)

(*An ELDERLY LADY enters by the door on the left.*)

ELDERLY LADY. Good afternoon! (*No one replies.*) Good afternoon! (*To YOUNG GENTLEMAN*) This is the dentist, is it not?

YOUNG GENT. (*curtly*). No!

ELDERLY LADY (*taken aback*). No? Well—but—

YOUNG LADY. Yes, it is; but at present the dentist is busy with a patient.

ELDERLY LADY (*reassured*). Oh, thanks; I thought it must be. Still, this gentleman—

YOUNG GENT. (*as before*). I am not the dentist. (*Continues to read.*)

ELDERLY LADY (*with a conciliatory laugh*). No, of course not! Why, no, scarcely! No—I can see at once that you are both patients.

YOUNG GENT. (*curtly*). Pardon me, you cannot possibly see it. Neither of us has a gumboil.

ELDERLY LADY (*rather confused*). Ha—ha—ha! Certainly not—no. I only meant—that—er— (*As he continues to stare at her*)

without helping her out, she relapses into embarrassed silence, whereupon he at once turns round and continues to read.)

(ELDERLY LADY *seats herself and turns over the illustrated papers.*)

YOUNG LADY (*softly, to YOUNG GENTLEMAN*). You are really too horribly rude to the poor lady.

YOUNG GENT. (*in a low voice*). But what the devil does she want here?

YOUNG LADY (*smiling*). Why, naturally, she wants a tooth taken out—or stopped.

YOUNG GENT. She wants stopping herself—talkative old cat!

YOUNG LADY (*laughing*). She is not uttering a word!

YOUNG GENT. No, not now; that is the result of my successful stopping. But you have only to look at her to see—

ELDERLY LADY (*turning to YOUNG GENTLEMAN*). How terrible this railway accident is!

YOUNG GENT. (*loudly, turning hastily towards her*). I beg your pardon?

(YOUNG LADY *turns away to hide her amusement.*)

ELDERLY LADY. I was saying how dreadful those railway accidents are.

YOUNG GENT. Yes, for those who are in them.

ELDERLY LADY. Good gracious! yes, for those who are in them, and for their relations and—and—

YOUNG GENT. Friends!

ELDERLY LADY. And their friends—yes, you are quite right there. But the pictures of them are gruesome to look at, aren't they?

YOUNG GENT. Yes, but there is no necessity to look at them.

ELDERLY LADY. I beg your pa— Oh—er—yes, you are quite right. One really ought not to pander to one's taste for the morbid; only it is so intensely interesting.

YOUNG GENT. (*to YOUNG LADY*). Shouldn't she be stopped now? (*To ELDERLY LADY*) Is that the "Strand"?—may I see? Yes, here we have it. This story is so gruesome, you ought to read it.

ELDERLY LADY (*in surprise*). Gruesome?

YOUNG GENT. Yes, horribly gruesome! But so intensely interesting. I am sure it is quite in your line.

ELDERLY LADY. Oh, thanks, it is very kind of you—many thanks. Ah, but first I must put on my glasses.

YOUNG GENT. (*half aloud*). Oh, don't mind me.

YOUNG LADY (*nudging YOUNG GENTLEMAN*). You really are too bad.

ELDERLY LADY (*puts on her glasses*). Is this the one you mean? Thank you. (*Begins to read.*)

YOUNG GENT. (*atches her until she is engrossed in the paper, and then turns to YOUNG LADY*). There, now I think we shall have some peace. Elma, now we must whisper and speak softly just as we used to in the old days. Don't you feel in the same mood as in the garden-room at the Rectory? Do you remember, we generally chose the midday heat, and whilst the others were at lunch we two sought the shade in the garden-room? We sat in front of the open door and whispered, whilst the bees hummed and droned out in the garden; everything else seemed so noiseless and sleepy, and your old aunt, who was supposed to keep an eye upon us, sat and nodded over her "Guardian" just like that old woman over there! And do you recollect how Fido used to lie dreaming in his basket, snapping at the flies in his sleep, and your pet cat Princess Bianca—

YOUNG LADY. Why will you keep going back to that time? Now that I have at length managed to forget it!

YOUNG GENT. How unchanged you are! Even now I am obliged to gather up your admissions in bits and scraps, to interpret them from the tone of your voice or the unpremeditated turn of a sentence. You say "at length," so that after all you did not find it so easy to forget our beautiful summer. But why should you want to forget?

YOUNG LADY (*much embarrassed*). Because—ah, no, I would rather not say!

YOUNG GENT. (*earnestly*). Please do say—for the sake of all those dear memories.

YOUNG LADY. Well, but then you must remember that four long years have elapsed since then. I *wanted* to forget because—

ELDERLY LADY (*interrupting, to YOUNG GENTLEMAN*). Do you think this story can be by Camembert?

YOUNG GENT. (*turning to her, brusquely*). I do not. Camembert is a cheese!

ELDERLY LADY (*laughing*). Good gracious, so it is! I have such a bad memory for names. But all the same the story *is* by a Frenchman. One can tell that at once; only I cannot hit upon his name. The fact is I am so fond of French books.

YOUNG GENT. Really!

ELDERLY LADY. Yes—that is to say, not real French ones—

YOUNG GENT. (*curtly*). But probably translated ones!

ELDERLY LADY. No, that is not what I was going to say: I mean that I really do not care to read French—

YOUNG GENT. (*curtly*). Because you don't understand it very well?

ELDERLY LADY. Oh, indeed, I do. No, what I meant to say was, that these horrid modern French authors, those are what I——

YOUNG GENT. (*shortly*). Those are what you like to read!

ELDERLY LADY. Goodness me, no! That is to say, I just read them so that I may know what they are like: but I cannot endure them. No, no, it is the good old authors, or rather the modern ones, who are—who are——

YOUNG GENT. (*curtly, trying to bring the matter to a conclusion*). Who are like the old writers!

ELDERLY LADY. Yes, in a way one may so. For instance, writers like George Ohnet——

YOUNG GENT. (*shortly*). And Zola and de Maupassant!

ELDERLY LADY (*delightedly*). Yes, exactly—those are the kind I like. This story that you kindly pointed out to me is exceedingly pretty. It is about——

YOUNG GENT. (*hurriedly*). Oh, won't you read it through first? Then if we should chance to meet again, perhaps you would kindly relate it to me.

ELDERLY LADY (*nodding*). Certainly, you are quite right. (*Continues to read.*)

YOUNG GENT. (*to YOUNG LADY*). What dreadful fates there are in this world! However, as long as that old woman is not my fate! Elma, we must meet elsewhere. Of course you still live with your aunt?

YOUNG LADY (*in confusion*). No.

YOUNG GENT. (*amazed*). No? But——

YOUNG LADY (*inquiringly*). But?

ELDERLY LADY (*gives a little shriek: explains apologetically*). Oh, it did hurt me so! Just fancy, it was my teeth!

YOUNG GENT. (*springs up impatiently, and begins to pace up and down*). Probably that is why you come to a dentist.

ELDERLY LADY. Yes, exactly: that is to say, there is really nothing *wrong* with my teeth, you know.

YOUNG GENT. How extraordinary!

ELDERLY LADY. You see, they are quite good and—and—look nice. Only the pain is so dreadful! I wonder if it can be influenza?

YOUNG GENT. (*reassuringly*). Probably it is.

ELDERLY LADY. But, good gracious! that would be far worse! Influenza is such a terrible complaint. Just imagine, my nephew my brother's son—my brother is a clergyman over in Jersey; he

married a daughter of Captain—now what was his name? Such a well-known name too—

YOUNG GENT. Smith?

ELDERLY LADY. No. Oh, dear me—er—er—well, I can't recall it. But I was going to tell you about my brother's son. He suffered so frightfully from influenza, he—

YOUNG GENT. (*interrupting*). Ah, quite so! However, yours is only ordinary toothache, you know.

ELDERLY LADY. Yes, one ought never to take the blackest view. (*Slight pause. The YOUNG GENTLEMAN is about to turn to the YOUNG LADY again, but starts suddenly.*) All the same, it is horrible to wait so long in suspense.

YOUNG LADY. You need not count me, because I— (*Breaks off suddenly.*)

ELDERLY LADY. Many thanks; then I may really go in before you?

YOUNG GENT. (*whispers quickly to YOUNG LADY*). Thanks, Elma! (*Aloud*) You may have my turn too, if you like!

ELDERLY LADY. Ah, how very kind of you! A thousand thanks! (*Sighs.*) If only he is not going to pull a tooth out or put in stopping; that does hurt so.

YOUNG GENT. Ye-e-es; but then what do you expect him to do?

ELDERLY LADY. Oh, of course I shall leave that to him.

YOUNG LADY. It seems to me that stopping is a splendid invention; you keep your teeth, and—

ELDERLY LADY (*concluding the sentence*). Yes, you keep your teeth, and that is always a good thing. Yes, certainly, stopping is an excellent invention.

YOUNG GENT. (*close to YOUNG LADY*). If a tooth hurts, it ought to come out with one wrench; it is stupid and cowardly to go about in long-drawn agony. We English are too apt to—

ELDERLY LADY (*interrupting*). Yes, we are too apt to shrink from a great wrench; better a short, sharp pain than to suffer day and night. Oh, particularly at night, when one cannot sleep! I never do sleep—scarcely ever!

(*ELDERLY GENTLEMAN comes out of the Consulting Room holding a handkerchief to his mouth.*)

ELDERLY LADY (*rises and goes towards ELDERLY GENTLEMAN*). Why, how do you do? Is it really you? How did it go off? Did you have a tooth out? Did it hurt very much? Or—

ELDERLY GENT. (*holding out his hand*). Um—um! (*Shakes his*

head and makes signs that he cannot speak; again takes the lady's hand to say good-bye.) Um—um! (*Goes out.*)

DENTIST (*in the doorway*). The next! (*Fails to perceive the young couple.* ELDERLY LADY has followed the ELDERLY GENTLEMAN to the door on left, with her back towards the DENTIST, turns round startled.)

ELDERLY LADY. Oh, good gracious, now it is my turn! Good afternoon! (*Advances slowly.*)

DENTIST. This way, if you please.

ELDERLY LADY. Yes—well—it is really nothing very wrong. I suffer scarcely any pain. There is decidedly nothing to pull out nor to stop. I even fancy it may just be a little influenza!

DENTIST (*rather impatiently*). Well, well, we will take a look at it. (*Motions her to the door, and lets her go in first.*)

ELDERLY LADY (*scared*). Don't you think some anti-pyrine might do good, for you see it must be influenza? (*During the foregoing she goes in and the DENTIST shuts the door.*)

YOUNG GENT. Once more—thanks for letting her go first into the torture chamber!

YOUNG LADY (*rather coldly*). Yes, that was meant as a politeness to her.

YOUNG GENT. Well, I was only thinking of myself in the matter!

YOUNG LADY. That is the person who chiefly occupies your thoughts.

YOUNG GENT. Perhaps. (*Coming nearer and lowering his voice*) But I should like to learn to be able to think of another.

YOUNG LADY (*rising*). How time runs on! Half-past three!

YOUNG GENT. (*also getting up and looking at his watch*). That clock is fast; it's only a quarter-past three.

YOUNG LADY (*laughing*). No—really? Ah, then we shall have plenty of time. The fact is, I have to leave by the four train.

YOUNG GENT. Do you live in the country, then? Whereabouts?

YOUNG LADY (*walks up and down a little, then suddenly stops and looks at him significantly*). Tell me—do you really believe that an aching tooth should be pulled out with one wrench?

YOUNG GENT. (*amazed*). Of course I do—at any rate, as far as my own teeth are concerned. I don't believe in slow torture. But why do you ask?

(*A piercing shriek is heard from the Consulting Room.*)

YOUNG LADY (*smiling*). That was the influenza patient. (*More seriously*) Now comes your turn, Mr. North.

YOUNG GENT. No, it is your turn next, for you arrived first.

YOUNG LADY (*embarrassed*). I will spare you all slow torture. I am not a patient. I am only waiting for the dentist, because, in fact, I—I am going into the country with him.

YOUNG GENT. I—beg—your—pardon? Going—with him?

YOUNG LADY. Yes, and that is why I put on the clock a quarter of an hour. I often do that to get him to leave off a little earlier.

YOUNG GENT. (*bewildered*). Often? Then do you often go with him—(*another shriek from the Consulting Room*)—with that torturer? (*She does not answer, but looks down.*) Elma! I beg your pardon, Miss Black—please look at me. Did you get engaged over in Ireland after all? And to him?

YOUNG LADY. No, I only made his acquaintance over there; but—

YOUNG GENT. (*breathlessly*). But—for Heaven's sake—but—

YOUNG LADY (*raises her head and looks at him steadily*). But I married him over here.

(*The ELDERLY LADY comes from the Consulting Room. The door is left open, and the DENTIST is seen within rinsing his hands, &c.*)

ELDERLY LADY (*pleased and proud of herself*). There now, it really was two teeth. Oh, now I am quite a different being! It was positively nothing: it scarcely hurt at all! Just one wrench, and then it is all over. Good-bye! (*Goes out on the left.*)

YOUNG LADY (*tranquilly to YOUNG GENTLEMAN, who stands deep in thought*). Just one wrench, and then it is all over!

DENTIST (*appears in the doorway, and sees YOUNG LADY for the first time*). Good-day, my dear! Now I shall soon be finished. (*To YOUNG GENTLEMAN*) This way, if you please; you are the last.

YOUNG GENT. (*glancing at him*). I don't know about that; (*looks fixedly at YOUNG LADY*) for I was the first.

DENTIST (*curtly*). Sorry; then you have missed your turn.

YOUNG GENT. (*as before*). Quite right; and therefore I am still in pain. You will see that it lasts no longer than necessary? (*Bows to YOUNG LADY.*) Till we meet again then, Mrs. Foster—when the operation is over.

(*Goes in with the DENTIST. YOUNG LADY watches him go, sits down lost in thought.*)

CURTAIN.

THREE YEARS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

ON November 26, exactly three years will have elapsed since the representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia met at the Palace at Athens and offered to Prince George of Greece the appointment of High Commissioner of the four Powers in Crete. The memorandum, in which they formally acquainted the King of Greece with the terms of their offer, stated that the appointment would be for three years; that, although Crete would now be autonomous, the suzerainty of the Sultan over it would be maintained, in token whereof the Turkish flag would be kept flying over one of the fortified points of the island; and that each of the four Powers would advance the sum of £40,000 for the initial expenses of the new Administration.¹ The offer was accepted, and on December 21, 1898, Prince George landed at Suda and was solemnly installed at Canea. The long-drawn agony of "the heroic island" seemed to be at last over, and after the storm and stress of the past few years the Eastern question retired into the background, while other and more pressing matters in South Africa and China took its place. Since that date the near East has been comparatively quiet, and Turkey, that fruitful source of blue-books in previous sessions of Parliament, has been represented by only three of those volumes in the same number of years. But, as Prince George's original term of office draws to a close, there are signs of a revival of interest in the Cretan question, while all the time the South-East corner of Europe has justified the saying of the late M. Ristich, *pays balkanique, pays volcanique*. The volcano has been merely smouldering, but it remains a volcano all the same, and, in view of its next outburst, it may be of interest to describe what has happened in that part of Europe since the public last devoted its attention to the subject.

The entry of Prince George into Crete was an unqualified success. Popular with the Christians before he arrived, his tact and

¹ *Turkey*, No. 1 (1899), pp. 37, 41.

obvious desire to be fair soon won him the respect and confidence of many Mussulmans. One of his first acts was to visit the chief mosque at Canea ; and, when he went to Rethymno, the effects of his pilgrimage to the historic monastery of Arkadi, the centre of successive Cretan risings against the Turks, was counterbalanced by his attendance at the Mohammedan place of worship. With the departure of the admirals five days after his arrival, he became the sole responsible authority in the island, and, though the troops of the four Powers still remained in the five zones into which Crete had been divided, Greek had been proclaimed the official language, and the new Cretan flag was flying. Nothing could have more plainly shown the desire of the islanders to respond to the Prince's appeal for peace and harmony than the surrender of arms which had done service against the Turkish authorities, and even the chiefs of Sphakia were induced by his remonstrances to give up their weapons. As for the Mussulman refugees in Candia, a proclamation gave them the option of returning to their homes in the interior or of leaving the island. Meanwhile, true to his promise to make no distinctions of creed in the government of the country, the Prince had appointed a Commission of twelve Christians and four Mussulmans, under the presidency of Dr. Sphakianakis, the head of the former executive committee, for the purpose of drawing up a Constitution ;¹ a second Commission of three Christians and one Mussulman was nominated for the compilation of projects of laws. The next step was the Convocation of the first Cretan Assembly, a body fixed at 138 Christian and fifty Mohammedan representatives, of whom the former were to be elected by the deputies to the Assembly of 1897-8, and the latter by the electors of the Mussulman deputies to the General Assembly of 1895. The elections, held in February 1899, passed off without incident, and the Assembly was opened by the Prince. After the election of Dr. Sphakianakis as its President, the draft constitution prepared by the Commission was laid before it. This draft was not only examined in detail by the members of the Assembly, but was also submitted to the representatives of the four Powers in Rome, and, after some emendations, finally adopted. In its final form it provided that the autonomous state of Crete should be governed by the Prince, assisted by councillors and a Chamber of deputies ; ten of the latter were to be nominated by him, and the rest elected in proportion to the population every two years. The session of the Chamber was to be held every other year, and while it lasted 10 frs. a day was to be paid to each member. No councillor

¹ *Turkey*, No. 1 (1899), p. 136.

could remain a deputy, but the councillors had the right of speaking without voting in the Chamber.¹ In accordance with this provision of the Constitution, the Prince appointed five councillors, four Christians and one Mussulman, while he engaged a Swiss, M. de Blonay, as Financial Adviser—a post which that gentleman held till his death in the present year. Dr. Sphakianakis, who had played such a large part in the emancipation of his native country, declined to hold office in the new combination. To complete the work of pacification, Prince George granted an amnesty for all political offences committed between the date of the Sultan's last amnesty in 1896 and that of his own arrival. The past was to be forgotten, and Crete, endowed with the machinery of government, was fairly launched on its new career. "For the first time for 1,900 years, since the Roman conquest by Metellus," wrote the enthusiastic Athenian paper *Ἄστυ*, "Crete possesses a completely autonomous government."² To make a clean sweep of the old order of things, Sir A. Biliotti, the British Consul-General, who had represented this country in the island throughout the troubled times that were now over, was transferred to Salonica, and Mr. Graves came from Armenia to take his place. Finally, the Russian authorities retired from Rethymno and the British from Candia, where Prince George was well received by the Mussulmans, and expressed his profound appreciation of the way in which the British had done their work there. The disarmament of the most dangerous district of the island, the organisation of a force of Cretan *gendarmérie*, the complete extinction of crime, the institution of a postal service, and the increase of the provincial revenue had all been achieved at Candia by Sir H. Chermiside and his assistants.³

The two main problems which next faced the Prince were that of the Mussulman emigration and that of the organisation of a *gendarmérie* all over the island. In spite of the confidence inspired by his administration, the Mohammedans had gone on leaving the island in large numbers. The departure of the British from Candia gave a further impetus to this movement, which was encouraged by the Sultan and stimulated by the discussions of the Assembly on the amnesty question. Moreover, funds were urgently needed for the homeless refugees, and the fear of being compelled to serve in the new Civil Guard, possibly against their own co-religionists, caused something like a panic. To obviate these unfortunate difficulties,

¹ *Turkey*, No. 1 (1901), p. 54.

² *Ἄστυ*, 21 April, 1899.
3 May,

³ *Turkey*, No. 2 (1899), p. 1.

the Prince exempted from service those who had suffered loss during the disturbances, and offered to place money, timber, and flour at the disposal of the returning refugees. These measures and the distress of their fellow-countrymen who had emigrated to Asia Minor had their effect upon the Cretan Mussulmans, who expressed to the Queen of Greece during her visit to Crete their gratitude for her son's impartial administration. But the census of June 17, 1900—the first held since 1881—showed what a number of Mussulmans had left the island. It then appeared that the total population had reached 301,577, a considerable increase, but that while the Christians had risen to 267,562 the Mussulmans were only 33,432, instead of 73,234. This Mohammedan element is now mainly confined to the three chief towns, and at the time of the census still numbered about half the population of Candia, more than half of that of Rethymno, and nearly half of that of Canea.¹ The second difficulty, that of organising a *gendarmerie*, was solved by the kind offices of the Italian Government, which put ninety-two officers of the carabinieri at the disposal of the Prince in place of the Montenegrins, who returned to their mountain-home soon after his arrival.

A period of deep calm then ensued, and Crete was almost forgotten by Europe. Complaints were occasionally heard from the Porte that the Vakouf estates of the island were being injured by the new Government, and that the customs' policy of the Cretans treated Turkey like a foreign state. In both these questions the Turkish authorities were worsted, and a further step towards independence was taken by the issue of Cretan postage-stamps, and the admission of the island to the Postal Union. Small coins were also minted, and a "Bank of Crete" was established, while a satisfactory arrangement was made for the payment of the Cretan share of the Ottoman public debt. So quiet was the island that the murder of a Mussulman last year was regarded as an extraordinary event, and even that crime was due to private motives. Archaeological research was encouraged, and Mr. Arthur Evans and Prof. Halbherr made remarkable excavations in this land of Minos. In fact, all was quiet until in the autumn of last year Prince George set out on a European tour with the object of inducing the Powers to consent to union with Greece. This journey was not successful; the Powers stated that they could not "in present circumstances sanction any modification of the political situation" in that sense; but they were willing to prolong the Prince's mandate indefinitely.

¹ *Turkey*, No. 1 (1901), pp. 180-1.

One of the Prince's councillors, M. Venizelo, then suggested the creation of an independent principality at the end of the Prince's term of three years. This proposal at once aroused a storm. The Athenian press, foreseeing that the Cretans, having once tasted the sweets of complete independence, would not desire union with the mother-country, bitterly attacked the presumptuous councillor, who was dismissed from office. The Cretan elections, which closely followed his fall last April, resulted in a large opposition majority; and, as soon as the new Assembly met, a motion in favour of union with Greece was passed, in spite of the protest of the four Mussulman deputies. This motion was handed to the Consuls by the Prince, and their action in returning it led to great friction between them and him.¹ But Lord Lansdowne stated in July that the Prince had consented to remain on as High Commissioner for a further period, the extent of which has not yet been fixed. Finally, difficulties have arisen between the Assembly and the Prince over the election of mayors and the censorship of the press, both of which the High Commissioner wished to have in his own hands, and it is said that he is too much under Greek influence.

In Greece the first elections held since the war took place early in 1899, and returned a large majority against the party of M. Delyannis, the author of the Turco-Greek conflict. Thessaly, which had suffered most, elected only one of his followers, and the once popular General Smolenski was defeated at Athens. The Zaïmis Ministry, which had been reconstructed in November, 1898, but had gained little support at the polls, resigned in the following April, and M. Theotokis, the favourite lieutenant of the late M. Tricoupis, whose party had obtained the largest number of seats of any of the Greek factions, became Prime Minister. Although new to that post, he has managed to remain there ever since, and under this abnormally long tenure of office, Greece has had a quiet time, with the exception of the opposition of the Thebans to the new scheme of local government, which reduced their ancient city to the level of a subordinate provincial town. Besides this measure of decentralisation, M. Theotokis has suppressed the military police and transferred the administration of the army, which will be reorganised by foreign officers, from the Minister of War to the Crown Prince. The navy is to be increased, and Greek officials have been given leave to serve in Crete—a measure which may damp the zeal of the educated classes in that island for union, especially as Cretan salaries are on a higher scale than Greek. A

¹ *Times*, July 6, 1901.

law was passed for the construction of the long talked-of line from the Piræus to Demerli in Thessaly, with a subsequent extension to the Turkish frontier, and with branches to Chalcis and Lamia. This line, 348 kilomètres in length as far as Demerli and about 100 more on to the frontier, will ultimately give Greece that connection with the European railway system which she still lacks, while another new line from Pyrgos to Meligala and Kyparissia will open up the Peloponnesos.¹ Meanwhile in her external relations, Greece obtained from the ambassadors of the Powers a decision in her favour in the dispute with Turkey which had arisen about the consular convention between the two countries, but she was less successful in her appeal against the huge increase of the Turkish customs' duties on articles imported from all the Balkan states except Bulgaria. The Greek Government had to remonstrate with the Porte on the frequent murders of Greek subjects in Macedonia, but at his "Jubilee" the Sultan was specially cordial to the members of the Greek Legation. The meeting of the Kings of Greece and Roumania at Abbazia last May, following the conclusion of a commercial convention, and followed by the visit of Roumanian students to Athens, not only emphasised the excellent relations between states, which had formerly been estranged, but was hailed in Vienna as a counterblast to the Slav influence in the Balkan Peninsula. One of its results will doubtless be the co-operation of the Hellenic and Roumanian elements in Macedonia. Towards England Greece has shown her gratitude on the occasion of the Boer war, by the erection of a statue to Mr. Gladstone at Athens, and on the death of the late Queen. "There is no Greek," said M. Theotokis, himself a Corfiote, "who can forget England's kindness," and his sympathy with the British arms in South Africa was re-echoed by M. Delyannis, and has been translated into acts by the thoughtful care of the Greek ladies for our soldiers.

Bulgaria has had to contend with greater difficulties than Greece, and has undergone several political changes which afford a striking contrast to the stability of her ministries in previous years. Early in 1899 the Stoïloff Cabinet, which had been in office for nearly five years, resigned in consequence of dissatisfaction with its financial and railway policy. As a part of the Turkish railway system passed through Bulgarian territory, Dr. Stoïloff had made an arrangement for the transfer of this piece of line to the principality, and this arrangement was exceedingly unpopular with all those who had property in that part of the country, through which the Government

¹ *Diplomatic and Consular Reports: Finances of Greece.* July 1900.

had originally intended to construct competing lines. M. Grekoff, who succeeded as Premier, annulled this railway convention for the lease of the Turkish line to the Bulgarian Government, and, finding himself faced with a debt of nearly £2,000,000, chiefly due to the railway extensions and the harbour-works at Varna and Bourgas, resolved to cut down expenses. But that year saw the opening of the long-delayed line—204 miles in length—from Roman to Shumla, *viâ* Plevna, with a branch from Plevna to Sâmovit on the Danube. This important railway has opened up North Bulgaria, and placed the capital in direct communication with Varna. In 1900 the network of lines in the north was completed by the opening of the railway—84 miles long—from Rustchuk to the old Bulgarian capital of Tirnovo, which thus became accessible by rail. These two lines have given Bulgaria speedier access to Roumania and other countries north of the Danube in summer, when the river is navigable.¹ South of the Balkans a line, fifty miles in length, was last year opened between Stara Zagora and Chirpan. Though the Grekoff ministry was successful at the elections in 1899, it fell at the end of the year owing to internal dissensions, and M. Ivantcheff, the new Premier, had to grapple with the previous financial difficulty, still further aggravated by another bad harvest. Efforts to raise a loan in Vienna having failed, the Prince resolved to surrender half his Civil List for the next year, and 7 per cent. was deducted from the salaries of all public functionaries. Still the financial crisis continued, and the imposition of a tithe, intended as a remedy, provoked in the spring of 1900 a serious peasant revolt near Rustchuk, in which ninety persons were killed. Early this year a purely military Cabinet, under General Petroff, was formed for the purpose of holding the elections; but the chaos of parties was rather increased than diminished by the indecisive results of the polls, and finally the Prince turned to M. Karaveloff, an extreme democrat and Russophil, who, after a lapse of fifteen years, became Premier in face of a situation which was officially described as "serious."

Even before his accession to power, Bulgaria had been becoming more and more Russian. In 1899 a Russian officer arrived to inspect the Bulgarian army, and the Muscovite press hailed this event as a return to the days of Kaulbars. Delegates from Bulgaria, as from other Slav lands, attended a Pan-Slavist Archæological Congress at Kieff; and, in spite of the scarcity of cash, the *Sobranje* voted £12,000 for a monument to "the Tsar Liberator." Officers appointed under the anti-Russian *régime* were removed, and the

¹ *Diplomatic and Consular Reports: Bulgaria.* 1898, 1899, and 1900.

Bulgarian Minister of War visited Russia, where he announced that all military men would now be sent for training, after being encouraged to study Russian literature and to speak Russian at home. A Russian emissary was sent to investigate the Bulgarian finances; a Russian military *attaché* and a Russian admiral visited Sofia, thus reviving the story that, as the price of his recognition as an independent sovereign, and in return for financial assistance, the Prince was about to let Bourgas to Russia as a naval station. Finally, for the first time in the history of the Principality, a member of the Russian reigning house, in the person of the Tsar's brother-in-law, came to stay in Bulgaria. As the Princess had died in 1899, there have even been rumours of a Russian or Montenegrin matrimonial alliance. Meanwhile, the reception of the Prince by the Austrian Emperor, who, for the first time, accorded to him sovereign honours, and the separate representation of Bulgaria at the Peace Conference have increased the status of the Principality. Yet, except for an occasional complaint of the maltreatment of Bulgarians and the undue protection of Serbs in Macedonia, the Prince has remained on good terms with his suzerain, with whom he has made a new commercial arrangement on a free-trade basis. Even the violation of the Bulgarian frontier by Turkish troops last August has not endangered the peace.

The Macedonian question has been, however, the greatest difficulty with which Prince Ferdinand has had to cope, and at one moment, in 1900, it seemed likely to provoke a war with Roumania. Macedonia has continued to cause alarm every successive spring, and the agitation, for which the terrible condition of the country has afforded ample grounds, was sedulously fanned by the Macedonian Committee which had its seat at Sofia. The object of this body was to have "Macedonia for the Macedonians," and its means were not over-scrupulous. Beginning by pacific measures, it addressed a memorial to the Powers in January 1899, advocating the formation of an autonomous province of Macedonia with Salonica as its capital, comprising the three *vilayets* of Salonica, Monastir, and Uskub, the new province to be placed under a Governor-General "belonging to the predominant nationality" who should hold office for five years. As this memorial proved to be waste-paper, and the Macedonian Congress at Geneva came to nothing owing to internal dissensions, the party of action took the field. Bulgarian bands crossed into Macedonia, and conflicts took place with the Turks. But the climax was reached in August 1900, when a Bulgarian named Dimitroff, proved to have been an emissary of the Committee,

shot, at Bucharest, a Roumanian professor who edited a paper opposed to the Bulgarian, and in favour of the Roumanian, claims in Macedonia. It was clear that the crime was political, and public opinion in Roumania, already agitated by a dispute with Bulgaria about an islet in the Danube, demanded vigorous measures. The Roumanian Government demanded the punishment of the Committee, which had exercised a reign of terror and blackmail on the Roumanian residents at Sofia. For Prince Ferdinand, thus placed between the devil and the deep sea, the position was most unpleasant. The Roumanian Government followed up its notes by the expulsion of many Bulgarians, and Bulgaria began to arm. The trial of the assassin brought still more damning evidence against M. Sarafof, the President of the Committee, and it was proved that there had been a plot against the King of Roumania. The Powers and the Porte, too, pressed the Bulgarian Government, and at last it decided to act. A strong circular against the Committee was issued, a copy of the rules of its organisation was discovered and published, military men were forbidden to belong to Macedonian societies, and last April the world was startled by the news that M. Sarafof and the other leading members of the Committee had been arrested. A large meeting was held to protest against their arrest, and the court has acquitted them. Unfortunately, there are now no Stambuloffs in Bulgaria, and death has this year removed his two successors, MM. Stoiloff and Grekoff. On its side Turkey has taken up a strong attitude in Macedonia. Many arrests have been made there this year, there have been trials of Bulgarians suspected of belonging to the Committee at both Salonica and Uskub, and a large force of troops has been placed near the Bulgarian frontier. But as the soldiers are often unpaid, they are apt to desert and become brigands, preying upon Mussulmans and Christians alike. In July, however, the Sultan recalled the *Vali* of Kossovo and promised to reform the *gendarmerie* in the *vilayet* of Salonica.

Servia, like Bulgaria, has come under the influence of Russia. In 1899, it is true, the departure of the Russian Minister, M. Jadovski, from Belgrade, in consequence of ex-King Milan's punishment of his ostentatious incivility, led to an estrangement with the Tsar. The attempt upon Milan's life by Knezevich, it was said in the interest of the Karageorgevich pretender, was seized by the Servian Government as an excuse for a wholesale proscription of the Radical party, which is also Russophil, and the way in which this Servian "Dreyfus case" was conducted aroused general indignation.

But, in spite of his warm reception by the Austrian Emperor, King Alexander, by his sudden marriage in August 1900, with Madame Draga Maschin, a lady-in-waiting of his mother, considerably older than himself, threw himself into the arms of Russia. While his father, who was abroad at the time, gave up his post of Commander-in-Chief as a protest, and the Georgevich Cabinet, which had been in office for three years, at once resigned, the Tsar hastened to congratulate the King and was a witness by proxy at the wedding. The death of Milan at Vienna last February removed Russia's greatest enemy from Servian politics; but even his foes might have felt a pang of sympathy for the first King of Servia, dying alone in a strange land, and buried in the Serb Monastery of Kruschedol, near Karlovitz, instead of at Belgrade. The next proof of the friendly relations between Russia and Servia was the statement that efforts were being made to bring about a secret military convention between the two States. According to this statement,¹ since denied by the Servian Premier, M. Vuich, Servia was to mobilise at Russia's bidding and, in return, was to have part of Macedonia and part of the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, in the event of a partition of Turkey. Meanwhile the ancient Serb Patriarchate at Ipek, in Old Servia, was to be revived. Between Russophil Servia and Russophil Bulgaria the relations have naturally improved. Ex-King Milan went to the Princess of Bulgaria's funeral, and the two neighbouring rulers have met at Nish. But with Turkey there have been several difficulties owing to the unsettled state of Macedonia. The most serious of these arose out of an encounter between Serbs and Albanians, supported by Turkish troops, on the frontier, in 1899, and out of the Servian persecutions in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar this summer. The death of M. Ristich removed the best-known of Servian statesmen, who had twice been Regent. The King promulgated, on April 19 of the present year—the anniversary of the evacuation of the fortress of Belgrade by the Turks in 1867—a new constitution, which endows the country with an Upper Chamber, and is described as a compromise between the reactionary constitution of 1869, and the Radical constitution of 1888. Thus Alexander has kept his promise to restore constitutional government, and he has himself called this new charter “the result of an understanding between the Sovereign and the leaders of the three political parties.” The first elections under this new constitution aroused quite unusual interest; over 91 per cent. of the electors expressed the desire to vote, and the result was a great ministerial majority.

¹ Published in the *Times* of May 2, 1901.

In the Palace, however, the scandal connected with the Queen in the summer proved that the domestic difficulties of the Obrenovich house did not cease with Milan and Natalie.

Montenegro's history has, as usual, mainly centred in the doings of the Prince and his family. The marriage of the Crown Prince Danilo, on July 27, 1899, to the Duchess Jutta, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, continued the series of unions between the Petrovich dynasty and foreign Courts, and it was, perhaps, as much in virtue of his exalted connections as to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of his accession that Prince Nicholas assumed the style of "Royal Highness" at the close of last year. The Crown Prince's marriage has led, however, to considerable expenditure, and the finances of the country have been in a very bad state; no one has had anything but debts, though a bank has recently been started. Montenegro thus was unable to pay to Austria the balance of £40,000 due on the postal-order business between the two states, and this led the latter to denounce the postal convention. Efforts to raise money in both London and Paris failed, but Russia, which has provided every Montenegrin with two modern rifles and cartridges, sent an expert to Cetinje, who discovered that the revenue was really as much as £100,000. Another discovery, that of iron ore, in the principality may, however, prove a larger source of revenue, and it has been officially announced that, for the benefit of the mines, a small-gauge railway—the first line in the country—will be constructed from Nikshich to the port of Antivari, a distance of 100 miles. The relations between Austria and Montenegro, never cordial, were further embittered by the attacks of the inspired Montenegrin paper, *Nevesinje*, which advocated the union of the Serb race under Prince Nicholas, and claimed the Bocche di Cattaro as an outlet for the new state.¹ Soon after this the journal was suspended, and in his latest public utterance the Prince has asserted his liking for the Austrians! But his eldest son is reported to have said that Austria, in the pursuit of her Albanian aspirations, believed it possible "to march across Montenegro as if it were a carpet." With Turkey, in spite of an occasional disturbance on the frontier, he has been on good terms, as was shown by his visit to Constantinople in 1899, his congratulations on the "Jubilee" last year, and the Sultan's despatch of a special envoy to the Crown Prince's wedding. The dependence of Montenegro on Russia was further proved by the fact that the Black Mountain was represented at the Hague Conference by the Russian delegate; still, as a

¹ *Times*, Feb. 9, 1899.

Montenegrin remarked to a friend of the writer: "If Russia won't give us any money, we will turn our backs upon her." The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Turco-Servian war of 1876 has led to the mutual greetings of the two Serb sovereigns. What the Prince's real views are with regard to the Servian throne remains, however, a mystery; but rumours of late have designated his second son, Mirko, as a possible successor to Alexander. Having married his daughters well, he is anxious to provide professions for his sons. Possibly the Prince's forthcoming historical novel may throw some light on the Balkan situation. He has categorically denied that he possesses any political influence, or ever talks politics, with his son-in-law, King Vittorio Emanuele III., but he has certainly become a person of more importance since his daughter became Queen of Italy.

In Albania, at any rate, the Italians have developed a much greater interest than before. The late Signor Crispi, himself of Albanian origin, protested vehemently in a Palermo paper last year against an annexation of Albania by Austria, claiming for it the right to autonomy.¹ An Albanian congress, held at Naples under his honorary presidency, took the same line, and begged the Italian Parliament to protect the Albanians of Macedonia. The Marchese Visconti-Venosta, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, stated that both Italy and Austria desired the *status quo* in Albania,² and in this he was confirmed by Count Goluchowski. At the same time a weekly Italian steamer has been started from Bari to Scutari-in-Albania, two new Italian vice-consulates have been created in that country, and the demand for Italian post-offices at Valona and Durazzo has been backed by Italian ships at those ports, while a fleet is to be kept in the Adriatic. On their part, the Albanians have shown an activity which recalls their action in 1880. While milder mannered Arnauts founded a paper, *L'étoile albanaise*, at Bucharest, a large meeting of Mohammedan Albanians was held at Ipek in January 1899 for the purpose of counteracting the movement among their Christian fellow-countrymen. The presence of two delegates from the Sultan proved that the meeting had been organised at Yildiz, and an offensive and defensive alliance between Abdul Hamid and the Albanian Mussulmans appears to have been arranged. An increase of fanaticism in Albania was the natural result, which has since manifested itself in numerous disturbances, sometimes directed against the Servians, as recently at Kolashin, sometimes against the authority of even the Sultan's representative. The so-called "Slav railway" scheme, which aims at connecting the Albanian

¹ *L'Ora*, May 4, 1900.

² *Corriere della Sera*, Dec. 16, 1900.

port of San Giovanni di Medua with the Servian railway system, would develop, and perhaps pacify Albania; but politics and lack of funds have so far prevented its accomplishment.

In sharp contrast with Albania, Bosnia and the Herzegovina have continued to enjoy their usual quiet, disturbed by a religious question alone. Owing to the intrigues of the Vali of Scutari, two deputations from the Orthodox Bosniaks proceeded to Constantinople in 1899, and urged the Œcumenical Patriarch to revoke the Concordat made with Austria-Hungary twenty years earlier, by which the Emperor was accorded the right of appointing bishops to the three Orthodox Sees of the occupied provinces, subject to a merely formal ratification by the Patriarch. The deputations pretended that a Catholic propaganda was going on, and they were, of course, supported by the Russian Embassy.¹ But the Patriarch and the Sultan both took the Austrian view, and the Emperor subsequently showed his impartiality by severely snubbing the Catholic Archbishop of Sarajevo for interfering in politics. As regards the charge of proselytism among the Mussulmans, it was officially stated that sixty out of sixty-two municipalities had Mussulman mayors, and that in twenty years there had been only thirty-three cases of conversion. Even though the King of Servia visited all the towns along the Bosnian frontier, there was no alarm at Vienna, and the army of occupation has been still further diminished. A graver difficulty, the mutual claims of Austria and Hungary to benefit by the occupied provinces, arose last year over the proposals to extend the railway from Sarajevo to the Turkish terminus at Mitrovitz past the Austrian outposts in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, to connect Doboï with Shamatz on the Save, and to give Bosnia her long-projected outlet on the Dalmatian coast at Spalato. While the last of these projects was opposed in Hungary, the first naturally met with opposition from Montenegro and Russia. Two new outlets were, however, obtained by the completion of the line from Gabela to Castelnuovo, on the Bocche di Cattaro, with branches to Gravosa and Trebinje. The Dual Monarchy is thus in direct railway communication with its great naval station, and will the better be able to keep Montenegro in order. The line, which was opened by Baron von Kállay on July 15 of this year, provided the *Pester Lloyd* with an opportunity for saying that "the occupation" of Bosnia and the Herzegovina "signifies possession."

Roumania's dispute with Bulgaria and friendly relations with Greece have been already mentioned. Two socialistic risings of the

¹ *Times*, July 13, 1899.

peasants near Krajova and a great exodus of Jews have marked this State's recent career, while finance has here, as in the other Balkan lands, been a crucial question.¹ An accusation against M. Sturdza of having made a pact with Hungary for crushing the Roumanian movement there caused that experienced statesman's fall in 1899, but he is once more in office; and while a Russian Grand-Duke has visited the country, and the King has written about "the brotherhood existing between the Russian and Roumanian arms," he has maintained his connection with the Triple Alliance, and is even reported to have concluded a military convention with Austria-Hungary. Further desire has been shown for good relations with the Dual Monarchy in consequence of the alarm excited by the appearance of Russian torpedo-boats in the Roumanian waters of the Danube, and by the publication of a new paper at Bucharest, called the *Orthodox Orient*, for an union of the Orthodox Balkan nations under Russian auspices. Something has been done for the Roumanians of Macedonia by the foundation of fresh schools there and the issue of new school-books for them; but this will now cease.

While the Powers have been mainly occupied elsewhere, the Sultan has had a comparatively quiet time. But his own subjects have given him several qualms. Besides the lawless Albanians, he has had to deal with seditious Softas at the Capital, with a rebellion of the students of the military school of medicine against the spy system, and with the manifestoes of the "young Turkish" party against himself. His own brother-in-law, Mahmud Pasha, and many other prominent persons have fled from his dominions, and one Turk was arrested because he had presented to the British Ambassador an address of sympathy with England in the war. Samos, too, hitherto a model of what an autonomous island should be, demanded the recall of Musurus, its Prince, and his successors have not given satisfaction to the islanders. To set against these discomforts, and the loss to the Empire by the death of Osman, the defender of Plevna, Abdul Hamid's so-called "Jubilee" last year went off well, although it was immediately preceded by further massacres of Armenians at Spaghank, near Sasun, the scene of the horrors of 1894. The remission of arrears of taxation on that joyful occasion was a pure farce, for the Sultan remitted what he would never have obtained. But he received the congratulations of a special British delegate, and repaid the compliment by telegraphing his congratulations on Cronje's surrender. Yet he still favours German enterprise

¹ Benger: *Rumania in 1900*, pp. 197-8. Damé: *Histoire de la Roumanie contemporaine*, p. 399.

at our expense. Thus the Germans have got an Iradé for the construction of a harbour at Haidar Pasha, while Krupp was awarded an order for naval armaments, though Armstrong had made a far lower tender. The application of a German firm for leave to lay a cable from Constanza to Constantinople was deferred owing to vigorous British protests, but the results of the German Emperor's visit three years ago have been obvious. Moreover, by the gift of a fountain to Constantinople and by frequent telegrams to the Sultan, William II. has kept up the memory of his presence there. At last, however, some compensation was paid to the families of the two murdered *employés* of the British post-office at Constantinople who perished in the massacres; and, largely owing to the efforts of Lord Newton, a British post-office was opened at Salonica last year. But this spring a determined effort has been made by the Porte to suppress the foreign post-offices altogether. The bags were actually violated and opened by Ottoman officials, but the strong attitude of the Powers, with the notable and easily explicable exception of Germany, forced the Porte to yield. Two similar incidents with Italy—one due to the detention of an Italian girl in a harem at Brûsa, the other arising out of the arrest of an Italian postal agent at Prevesa—were quickly settled by the threat of active measures. The United States, too, have intervened in the Eastern question with a vigorous and successful demand for the payment of compensation to their missionaries for their losses during the Armenian massacres. France, unable to obtain payment of debts due to two French subjects and the settlement of the Quays question, has broken off diplomatic relations with the Sultan altogether.

Thus the principal features of the last three years in the Balkan Peninsula have been the quietude of Crete and the establishment of autonomous government in that sorely-vexed island after more than two centuries of Turkish misrule; the continuance of the same Ministry in power in Greece for far longer than the average length of Administrations, coupled with the absence of any bellicose agitation; the financial distress of practically every Balkan state; the chronic misgovernment of Macedonia; the spread of an Albanian movement; and, above all, the revival of Russian influence in the three Slav states. Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro may not be able, owing to mutual jealousies, especially between the two Serb peoples, to form that much discussed Balkan Triple Alliance which was to form a counterpoise to the Greco-Roumanian *entente*; but they all three take their cue from Russia. As her interest in the Far East lessens, Russia is certain to return to her first love, and we may see

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another instance of that "Punic faith," in dealing with the Russian agreement of 1897, which has characterised the policy in regard to treaties. At present, it is true, the near Eastern question continues; but the time will come when that eternal problem will once again vex the diplomatists of

W. MILLER.

A GREAT BELGIAN ASTRONOMER.

ALTHOUGH perhaps unknown to the general public, one of the greatest Belgian astronomers of the nineteenth century was Jean Charles Houzeau. He accomplished much excellent work in astronomy, which has rendered his name for ever immortal in the history of the "sublime science." Houzeau was born in the suburb of Havre, near Mons, on October 7, 1820, on a small property owned by his parents. He was the elder of two sons, and his brother, M. Auguste Houzeau, became professor at the School of Mines at Mons, and a member of the Chamber of Representatives.

Like many other great men, Houzeau was a precocious child. Before he could read or write he showed an evident taste for astronomy, and it is said of him that with the sweetmeats given him by his parents and friends he used to make figures representing the constellations on a table! In his studies at the college of Mons he achieved a brilliant success, and was awarded a silver medal for his zeal and hard work. He entered the University of Brussels in 1837. Here he was not so successful, either from his indifference to honours and distinctions or on account of his taste for original investigation. Disappointed by his want of success at the University, his parents brought him home to Mons, and here he was free to follow his astronomical studies. He built with his own hands a small observatory on a hill called Panisel, situated near his father's residence. It merely consisted of a wooden hut, and contained a mural circle, a transit instrument, and a telescope mounted equatorially. The tubes of these instruments were of zinc, and the lenses, which were purchased in Paris, were not even achromatic! This equipment, although a very imperfect one for the study of astronomy, shows the taste and aptitude of the young astronomer, who was then only eighteen. A little after this, in the years 1838-41, Houzeau became a journalist, and wrote a considerable number of articles in a Brussels paper called "Emancipation." The papers were on various subjects, such as the conservation of woods, the use of air as a motor, the application of geology to agriculture, civil architecture, steam-engines,

navigable canals, the improvement of railways, artesian wells, &c., a remarkable series of articles for so young a man. He also wrote a small work on turbines, their construction and application to industrial purposes, but this is now lost.

During the years 1840 and 1841, young Houzeau studied a course of science at Paris. He returned to the country in 1842 and resumed his astronomical studies, in which he was encouraged by Quetelet, then Director of the Brussels Observatory, who permitted him to act as a voluntary assistant in certain observatory work.

About this time Houzeau sent a communication to the "Astronomische Nachrichten" on the Zodiacal Light, and this note was referred to by Humboldt in his famous "Cosmos." Up to this Houzeau was quite unknown in the astronomical world. During the years 1843 and 1844 Houzeau paid many visits to Paris, and studied astronomical works in the National Library. In 1844 he published an important paper in the "Astronomische Nachrichten" on the binary stars 61 Cygni and 70 Ophiuchi. With reference to the latter star he showed that there was an irregularity in its apparent motion which seemed to indicate that either the component stars did not follow Newton's laws of gravitation, or else that the centre of motion is not the centre of gravity of the masses. This irregularity in the motion of 70 Ophiuchi is now well known, but has not yet been very satisfactorily explained. Houzeau ascribed it to an effect of the aberration of light, but this view was contested by Sir John Herschel in the "Astronomische Nachrichten" (No. 520).

From the year 1844 Houzeau made meteorological as well as astronomical observations at the Brussels Observatory. On August 3 of that year he presented to the Belgian Academy of Sciences an important paper on the August meteors, and showed how to determine the "radiant" point. In the year 1845 Houzeau sent some papers on comets to the Belgian Academy, but for some reason these were not published. About this period Houzeau seems to have first thought of compiling an astronomical bibliography. His idea was to continue the work of Lalande, which stopped in 1802. This great work, on which he spent an enormous amount of labour, was completed and published in Brussels in 1887, the year before his death.

On September 30, 1846, Houzeau was appointed assistant astronomer at the Brussels Observatory, on the small salary of 1,400 francs, or about £56 a year. He occupied this position for about three years, and during that period he communicated no papers to the Academy, his whole time being devoted to the duties of his office.

His labours and zeal were much thought of by Quetelet, who speaks highly of Houzeau in the "Annales de l'Observatoire de Bruxelles" (1851). During his stay at the Observatory, Houzeau observed the transits of Mercury across the sun's disc, which took place on May 8, 1845, and November 8, 1848. He also observed a comet discovered by Colla at Parma, and computed its orbit. In October and November 1846, Houzeau undertook a series of observations of the planet Neptune, which had then been recently discovered. In 1848 and 1849 he published a number of articles of a democratic and republican character, and on account of his political sentiments he was dismissed from his post in the Observatory on April 6, 1849, notwithstanding Quetelet's efforts on his behalf.

In September 1849 Houzeau left Belgium, accompanied by two friends, for an excursion in Germany, Switzerland, and France. They travelled partly on foot and partly by railroad and diligence, and visited several places of interest. In May 1850 he went to Paris and remained there till 1855. During this period he had no regular occupation, but studied at the National Library and accumulated an enormous number of notes on all sorts of subjects. He then went to England, and, assisted by his brother, made some experiments on the possibility of optical telegraphy by means of lights, but his labours ended in no practical result.

In the years 1851-54 Houzeau wrote several papers on physical geography and geodesy.

In November 1854 he was appointed astronomer to the Belgian War Department, to assist in the topographical survey of the country. This work was carried on in summer in the field, and Houzeau passed the winter in Paris, reducing his observations and, in his leisure hours, studying in the School of Mines. His work on the survey of Belgium was continued until May 1857, when, from want of funds, the work was stopped. Notwithstanding his arduous work in these years he still found time to write newspaper articles on various subjects, some astronomical. In 1857 he published an important work on physical geography, entitled "Histoire du Sol de l'Europe." In maps illustrating this volume he shows the varying heights of the ground by "contour lines" or lines of equal height and by tints, and this method of map-making, now frequently employed, seems to have been invented by Houzeau.

After losing his post in the War Department, Houzeau returned to Mons, and prepared for a visit to America, a journey which he had long contemplated. On June 21, 1857, he started for Brussels, and on July 1 he proceeded to London, and resided there for two

months in order to improve his knowledge of English. On September 10 he sailed from Liverpool on board the sailing ship *Metropolis* for New Orleans. The voyage lasted seven weeks, and after some rough weather and rather scanty fare the ship arrived at New Orleans on October 28. Although his intention was, on leaving England, to spend only a few months in the United States, his visit to America was extended to a period of twenty years! During this period of his life a large portion of his astronomical work was done. He also wrote a number of papers on the manners, customs, and institutions of the United States. These accounts were communicated to a periodical called "Revue trimestrielle" during the years 1858-68, and included a discussion on the abolition of slavery, a subject in which he always took the deepest interest.

After spending a short time at New Orleans he proceeded in company with a caravan of farmers to Texas, a country at that time almost absolutely unknown. After numerous adventures on the prairies, Houzeau arrived on May 21, 1858, at the small town of San Antonio. While here he was employed by a company to do some survey work for irrigation purposes. He then joined another caravan and proceeded on an excursion to the Rio Grande, the large river which forms the boundary between Texas and Mexico. The journey there and back lasted from September 1 to October 15, 1858, and during that time Houzeau made some interesting meteorological observations. It was then that the famous comet of Donati shone so brilliantly in the evening sky. It was first seen by Houzeau on September 19, and he remarked that it passed over the stars Sigma and Rho Boötis without obscuring their light. A little after his return to San Antonio Houzeau was again employed by the company mentioned above to make some explorations to the west of Texas. This work occupied him for nearly four years, during which he passed a wandering life, living chiefly in the open air, investigating the climate and the mineral and other resources of a country as large as France.

At the beginning of the year 1861, the war between the Northern and Southern States broke out. At this time Houzeau was about to undertake a geological excursion to the most distant part of the prairie, and on the completion of this work he returned to San Antonio. After a short rest he proceeded on a second geological expedition to the Rio Pecos, but owing to the political state of the country he was obliged to return.

After a little Houzeau left San Antonio and returned to Austin. Some of his friends there tried to induce him to join the staff of the Confederate Army in the capacity of an engineer, but he firmly

refused to have anything to do with upholding the cause of slavery. After a short residence at Austin he returned to San Antonio and occupied his time with his intellectual labours. But owing to his sympathy with the negroes he was not long permitted to remain in peace; and, as the authorities tried to compel him to join the militia, in spite of his protestations, made through the Belgian Consul at New Orleans, he determined to leave San Antonio and proceed to Mexico. After several adventures on the journey, he arrived safely at Matamoros, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, on March 20, 1862. Here he remained for some months, and supported himself by gardening and architectural work on buildings in the town. Wishing to visit the United States, he succeeded, after some difficulty, in obtaining a free passage on an American warship bound for New Orleans, and arrived in that city on January 31, 1863. Here he lived for five years—with the exception of a visit of four months to the city of Philadelphia. During his sojourn in New Orleans he wrote many articles, under the name of Dalloz, for a journal called the "Union," published in the interests of the negroes, for whom Houzeau always had the greatest sympathy. He soon became editor of this paper; and during his absence in Philadelphia its name was changed to the "Tribune." On his return to New Orleans he was appointed director of the journal, and for over three years he continued to champion with energy the cause of the negroes. The number of articles he wrote for the "Tribune" was prodigious, and sufficient to fill several large volumes. His labours in the negro cause aroused the animosity of the planters, and he experienced much persecution on account of his views. Some disagreement between Houzeau and the administrators of the "Tribune" led to his resignation, which was accepted on January 18, 1868, and on April 25 of the same year the journal ceased to exist.

During his residence in America Houzeau wrote several astronomical papers for European journals. Among these was one "On the determination of the radius vector of a new planet," in which he showed a new method of finding the distance of a planet from the sun and calculating the elements of its orbit. He also wrote papers on the parallax of the planets and on the proper motions of the stars.

His connection with journalism in New Orleans having come to an end, Houzeau resolved to proceed to Jamaica, an idea which he had long entertained. On May 17, 1868, he left New Orleans, and on June 5 arrived at Kingston, one of the principal ports of that island. Houzeau lived in Jamaica for about six years, and employed his time in the pursuit of his favourite studies. He would probably

have remained here for the rest of his life had not the death of Quetelet in 1874 recalled him to Brussels to undertake—at the urgent request of his friends—the Directorship of the Brussels Observatory. Some of the most important work of Houseau's active life was accomplished during his residence in Jamaica. Soon after his arrival at Kingston he rented a farm a few miles from that town. Here he remained only a year, and in 1868 he removed to a place a few miles farther away, called Ross View, at the foot of the Blue Mountains. His new residence was a small house, to which was attached a garden of about two and a half acres, containing cocoa-nut palms, mango trees, guavas, pine-apples, &c. Here, again, Houseau found himself in the midst of a negro community, who at first showed symptoms of hostility, but, finding that Houseau was in sympathy with them, they soon became his friends. In this beautiful climate his life seems to have been a happy one, free from the cares and excitement of more civilised regions. For servants he had a young mulatto named William Lang, who came with him from New Orleans, and a young negro named Georges Hall, and they both seem to have been devoted to his service.

While in Jamaica Houseau made several excursions into the interior of the island, and one expedition—undertaken in 1875—to the summit of the Blue Mountains seems to have been almost a "voyage of discovery," as in those days these mountains were comparatively unknown to travellers.

By the aid of a small printing press, and with the help of his two attendants, Houseau printed several small works during his stay at Jamaica. These were chiefly on mathematical subjects; and, as only a few copies were printed, they are now extremely rare. While in Jamaica he wrote many other papers on subjects connected with astronomy and natural history. For the study of natural history he seems to have always had a great aptitude; and, indeed, his work "*Études sur les facultés mentales des animaux comparées à celles de l'homme*" would alone have been sufficient to establish his fame as a great philosopher and naturalist. Some authors have even placed his writings on this subject in the same rank as those of the illustrious Darwin.

Among his astronomical labours at Jamaica may be mentioned his observations on the Zodiacal Light, and his "*Atlas of Stars visible to the naked eye.*" The latter work is one of considerable importance, executed as it was in a beautiful climate like that of Jamaica, and at a station situated not far from the equator, a position which enabled this eminent observer to see nearly all the stars in *été*

hemispheres. About thirty years before Houzeau commenced his survey of the heavens, the famous Argelander had published maps of the northern hemisphere and a portion of the southern. This work was afterwards revised by Heis ; and Behrmann had published a similar work for the southern hemisphere. Houzeau's work has, however, the advantage of having been accomplished by *one* observer for both hemispheres. This work was commenced on February 25, 1875. At first Houzeau feared that it would be an undertaking of great magnitude and labour, but after a few days' experience he came to the conclusion that it would be a comparatively easy task. Before three months had elapsed he found that one-third of the work was done. It has been estimated, from Argelander's observations in the northern hemisphere, that the total number of stars visible to the naked eye in *both* hemispheres would be about 4,200. Houzeau's maps show nearly 6,000, an increase partly explained by the clearer skies of Jamaica, and partly, Houzeau thought, by the difficulty of seeing southern stars near the horizon of Argelander's station.

To enable him to see the stars round the southern pole, Houzeau went to Panama on October 16, 1875, and having there completed his maps he returned to Jamaica on December 16 of the same year. Here he found a telegram awaiting him, announcing his appointment as Director of the Brussels Observatory.

Before relating Houzeau's subsequent career, let us further consider his star atlas. In addition to all the stars visible to the naked eye, he added a drawing of the Milky Way, shown blue on a white ground. His drawing is somewhat diagrammatic and deficient in detail. The method of delineation adopted by Houzeau was to trace the lines of equal brightness (or "isophotes" as he terms them) of the various portions of the Milky Way. These somewhat resemble, he says, the "contour" lines on terrestrial maps, and are filled in with a blue tint, the washes of colour being placed one over the other, so that "plus il y a de courbes, plus l'espace renfermé dans la dernière est brillant." As in Heis's drawing of the Milky Way Houzeau shows five gradations of brightness, and these he determined by comparing the brilliancy of different portions with neighbouring stars of magnitudes 6-7, 6, 5-6, 5, and 4-5. In making this comparison he was guided by the appearance or disappearance of the luminous patches of Milky Way light in the twilight or moonlight simultaneously with the stars of comparison. It seems doubtful, however, whether this method is susceptible of any great accuracy, the comparison of a bright point like a star with a nebulosity extending over a considerable area being evidently a matter of much

difficulty and considerable uncertainty. The visibility of the star and the adjoining nebulosity might not, in all cases, be equally affected by varying atmospheric conditions, and the gradations of light in the different portions of the galaxy are so gradual, numerous, and complicated that many of the smaller details would unavoidably be lost. Houtman seems to have been conscious of the uncertainty of his method, for he says: "Cependant il ne serait pas exact d'en conclure que ces plaques brillantes donnent autant de lumière qu'une nappe continue d'étoiles d'un 5m. ordre, il est incontestable que leur étendue aide à les apercevoir, et que leur visibilité ne repose pas uniquement sur leur éclat spécifique." The drawing, being, however, the work of a single observer and so accomplished an astronomer as Houtman, and moreover executed from observations made in a favourably situated station like Jamaica, possesses a value to which it might not otherwise be entitled.

As has been said, Houtman was, in December 1875, offered the appointment of Director of the Brussels Observatory. But some of the Belgian Ministers had opposed his nomination, owing to his well-known republican opinions. They even induced the King to cancel his nomination. However, these difficulties were surmounted by his friends, and in the beginning of 1876 his appointment to the Observatory was definitely decided. Houtman left Jamaica on March 25, 1876, and on June 17 of the same year he took over charge of the Observatory. He at once commenced a thorough reorganisation of the establishment, which had for some years become much out of date both as to its instruments and its management. During the six years he remained in charge of the Observatory he made many changes. On his arrival there were only four assistants, but when he retired in 1883 the number was sixteen. In the way of instruments he added equatorial telescopes of 6 and 15 inches aperture, constructed by Cooke, of York, a meridian circle of 6 inches, the work of Repsold, and other instruments. During his superintendence of the Observatory he laboured as usual with great zeal, and the amount of work accomplished was very considerable. Many works were published during this period, including the star atlas already referred to.

In 1881, Houtman, accompanied by two assistants, went to his former residence, San Antonio, in Texas, to observe the transit of Venus which took place in December of that year. His observations were only partially successful, owing to the presence of clouds during the early phases of the phenomenon. On his return to Europe he remained for some time at Orthez, near Pau, and afterwards at Blois.

In November 1883 he resigned the directorship of the Brussels Observatory, and in 1886 he returned to Brussels and resided there until the day of his death.

After his retirement from the Observatory his time was chiefly devoted to the completion of his "Bibliographie Astronomique," a work already referred to in the beginning of this paper. His health, never very robust, became much impaired, and after considerable suffering he expired on July 12, 1888. His remains were conveyed to his native place, Mons, and there interred on July 15. He was twice married, but left no children.

Houzeau possessed many noble traits of character. He was charitable, honourable, just, modest, and frank. Outwardly he was somewhat reserved in manner, but he had a warm heart and was a good and constant friend. He was held in high esteem by the members of the Observatory. His object in life seems to have been to help in the cause of humanity and science.

Houzeau's studies included almost all branches of human knowledge. He was a veritable encyclopædia. During his active life he gave his attention to astronomy, meteorology, geography, geodesy, philosophy, literature, political economy, &c. Although he made no great discovery in astronomy, his published works show great knowledge and judgment, and an original treatment of his subject which renders them very interesting and instructive, not only to scientific students, but also to the general reader. The famous French astronomer, Flammarion, said of him, "Houzeau was a laborious student, an independent man, a noble heart, and a grand character. He always placed the love of science and truth above personal interest and the vain ambitions to which many students sacrifice their lives. His name will remain nobly associated with the history of contemporary astronomy, of which he was one of the most genuine representatives. His beautiful career, alas! too short, was wholly devoted to the cause of Progress."

J. ELLARD GORE.

*LOOKING BACKWARD IN
HERTFORDSHIRE.*

THE County Councils of this country are the custodians of important old-time documents which throw much light on the condition of the people of bygone ages. Not the least important deal with cases tried at the quarter sessions. Crime, of course, by no means represents the chief interest of the ancient records. It is satisfactory to find that not a few Councils are having their valuable manuscripts arranged for ready reference, which is a boon to the local historian, and to the national historian, for the stream of local history swells that of the nation. The side-lights obtained from the county records are of the greatest possible value to real students of the past, and afford not a little entertainment to the general reader. The new light on local history is spreading through the land from sunny Cornwall to bleak Northumberland; the county documents are attracting more or less attention, depending greatly, perhaps, on the scholarlike attainments of the chief officials of the respective districts.

The manuscripts in several instances are being published. Those relating to Hertfordshire, from 1620 to 1800—an extended period replete with historical importance—are printed in an octavo volume of about two hundred pages. The book does not contain a title-page, not even the name of the printer and the date of publication. It is to be presumed it is issued for private circulation. On the opening page it simply states: "Notes from the Hertfordshire County Records." Then follow a series of valuable extracts from the original documents, which cannot fail to interest the antiquary and historian. The notes treat of many themes. We see how, for slight offences in not by any means remote times, men were hanged, women whipped, men fined for presuming to commence a trade without first serving a seven years' apprenticeship; not a few imprisoned for neglecting to attend church on saints' days and Sundays. We find much precaution taken to keep streams clear and protect *fish*, which must have been an important article of food when it was

impossible to bring it fresh inland from the sea, on account of the slow mode of transit in the olden times. Burning the hands, putting people in the pillory, and sending prisoners to the hulks, considering cases of witchcraft, are a few of the many subjects included in the work before us.

Cases of brawling in church are somewhat numerous ; in the earlier days of the Quakers it was by no means an uncommon practice for disturbances to be raised in the sanctuary. It appears on Sunday, February 14, 1657-58, Henry Feast, of Roydon, Essex, entered Hunsdon Church; the minister, having finished the prayers, was about to preach, when Feast called out in a loud voice, "The prayer of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord!" The minister asked if he applied the Scripture to him, but his answer could not be heard by reason of the tumult in the church. At Thorley, about the same time, a clergyman was requested publicly in church to give an account of his "call" to the ministry. The zealous Quakers sometimes met with their match. On a certain occasion, relates Leyland in his "Yorkshire Coast," at Orton in Westmorland, the then vicar, Mr. Fothergill, had on a particular Sunday exchanged pulpits with Mr. Dalton, of Shap, who happened to be possessed of but one eye. However, a Quaker, presumably hatted, stalked into Orton Church during the sermon, and in a loud voice called out to the preacher: "Come down, thou false Fothergill!" "Who told thee," asked the minister, "that my name was Fothergill?" "The Spirit," quoth the other. "Then that spirit of thine is a lying spirit," exclaimed the minister conclusively, "for it is well known that I am not Fothergill, but peed Dalton, of Shap." At Nottingham, in 1649, George Fox interrupted the minister in the course of his sermon, and for this offence was put into prison. A keen eye seems to have been kept on the Quakers. Under the year 1662 we find it stated in the Hertfordshire records that the Quakers and others buried, contrary to the law, an old man in an orchard. We find in the documents for 1685 a list of twelve Quakers in prison for not conforming to the usages of the Church of England.

In the past the Church exercised a great power in respect to the education of the land. If a man presumed to open a school without a licence he was brought before the justices. On April 24, 1682, there is a record of the presentment of John Savil, of Hoddesdon, for keeping a school in that place without a licence. Twelve years later is a notice of the presentment of Jonas Trayhearne, of Stanstead, for a similar offence. In the bundle of papers for 1720 is the "Indictment of John Owen, of Hemel Hempstead, schoolmaster, for keeping

a private school for boys without being licensed by the archbishop, bishop, or spiritual guardian of the diocese."

From an early period in our history we may trace the bold the clergy had in respect to education in this country, but we may regard Owen's case, occurring in 1700, as a late instance of maintaining it.

Fining persons for swearing is frequently named in the Hertfordshire records. During the Commonwealth the laws against swearing were severe. Not a few Acts of Parliament have been passed relating to the use of profane language. In 1650 a law was passed, called "An Act for the better preventing and suppression of the detestable sin of prophane swearing and cursing." It directed that a record of all convictions be kept by the Justice of the Peace, and the names of the offenders convicted be published quarterly. The amounts of the fines were graduated according to the rank of the offenders. The fines for the first offence were: a lord, 30s.; a baronet or knight, 20s.; an esquire, 10s.; a gentleman, 6s. 8d.; all inferior persons 3s. 4d. For the second offence, double the aforesaid. For the tenth offence, "he or she be adjudged a common swearer, or curser, and be bound with sureties to the good behaviour during three years." If the offenders failed to pay the fines they were put into the stocks. Later the fines were reduced, but for a long period an attempt was made by law to check swearing. On April 24, 1682, William Bennett, of Stockford, was presented as being "a common swearer." Coming down to the reign of William III., and in the year 1702, among the documents is a certificate setting forth that "Richard Rowland, of Potten, petty of chapman, who swore God damn him, three times, was fined 3s. That Mary Stratten, wife of George Stratten, of Ware Upland, who swore By God several times, was, for default of distress, set in the stocks three hours; and that Thomas Phip, of Ware Upland, victualler, being convicted of swearing By his Maker, paid 1s. to the poor of Ware Upland."

Prior to the foregoing, Philip Dugard, of Bishop's Stortford, in 1697, was convicted of swearing two oaths, was unable to pay the fine, and was placed in the stocks. Many entries relate to swearing, and the stocks often have been put into use. Henry Lamb, of Bishop's Hatfield, in 1712, for speaking disrespectfully of the justices and swearing, was fined 40s.

Alehouses appear to have met with little favour in Hertfordshire in the olden time. There are copies of petitions for closing them. One, presented to the justices from Much Hadham in 1664, states: "The poor labouring people of the said parish spend their

livelihood in these houses, and leave their 'charge' to penury, or to the relief of the petitioners." The following is a copy of a rather interesting document bearing on this theme, and we think it well worth reproducing. It belongs to the year 1668, and runs as follows: "Petition of the inhabitants of Tutteridge, that in the said parish there never had been in the memory of man any common Alehouse allowed or licensed to be set up amongst them, there being no usual road through the said village to any place or market town whatsoever. Nevertheless a license has been lately granted to one John Benion to sell ale and beer, who is, by profession, a tailor and clerk of the parish, and able to get a competent livelihood thereby if he would apply himself to his calling, his wife also is a lusty young woman able to work for her living. The said Alehouse is of no other use than to 'debauch' the poor of the neighbourhood and servants of the parish, being a disorderly tippling house, receiving and entertaining idle persons, and suffering them to continue and sit drinking there, not only on ordinary days but on Sundays also, many times at unreasonable hours in the night, and is a harbour for vagrants and vagabonds, to the great prejudice and endangering of the said neighbourhood." It would appear from the following document of 1686, that a magistrate sometimes performed the duties which are now regarded as the special work of the policeman. The following is a copy of the "Information against Joseph Bangham, of Bishop's Stortford, for making a disturbance at the White Lion at Bishop's Stortford, and when John Yardley, Doctor of Physic, a Justice of the Peace, came over to where he was drinking and singing at 10 at night and told him it was time to go home, and it was not fit to make such a noise, the said Joseph but just stirred his hat and clapped it on again, 'sitting on his tail,' and replied to the Justice he would go home when he had made an end of his drink. And when the Justice had gone, he went to the rest of the company and said: 'Zounds! what, were you all fools, to stand with your hats off to the Justice? What, is he a King? You see I kept my hat on.'" We see from the removing of the hat a recognition of the high position of the Justice of Peace in the past. In modern times not a few try to maintain the ancient traditions of the office. In North Britain the attempt gave rise to a rather amusing story. A woman was driving home a cow, and it attempted to run away. She called out to a man to stop it, but with dignity he said: "I am not a man, I am a magistrate!" Ten appears rather late to keep open an alehouse in the country. Times, however, had greatly changed since the year 1390, when a by-law was passed

at Tamworth, which provided that no man, woman, or servant should go out after the ringing of the curfew from one place to another unless they had a light in their hands, under pain of imprisonment. For a long period it was the signal for closing public-houses.

Drinking the health of the banished Stuarts often led to trouble, and the Hertfordshire manuscripts supply instances. In 1715, there are the "Depositions of George Priest, of Ashwel, a Quaker. That he, being in a room in the Royal Oak in Ashwel, drinking with others, heard John Langthorne drink a health to the Pretender by the name of King James the Third, but believes that at the time the said John Langthorne and most of those in his company were greatly in drink." Another document tells us that Langthorne denied the charge. At this we are not surprised, for had it been proved his punishment would have been severe. We find in *Adams's Weekly Courant* for Wednesday, July 20, to Wednesday, July 27, 1757, the following item of news: "Friday last, a dragoon belonging to Lord Cadogan's Regiment, at Nottingham, received 300 lashes, and was to receive 300 more at Derby, and to be drum'd out of the Regiment with halter about his neck, for drinking the Pretender's health."

Whipping in public and private has been a popular mode of punishment from the time of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors down to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The records of Hertfordshire include a great many notes bearing on this subject. An indictment of John Badcocke, a labourer of Ware, occurs in 1693, for theft, and he was to be whipped at the cart's tail at Ware, from the Crown to the Great River. A man in 1701, for stealing from some ponds and rivers six trout, value 10*d.*, was ordered to be whipped at the market place, Hertford. The next case brings into use the pillory as well as the whipping-post. It is the "Indictment of Matthias Nixon for delivering a counterfeit note from John Eldridge, chief constable of the Hundred of Edwin's Tree, to Valentine Lee, chief constable of the same Hundred, and upon which the said Matthias received £2 12*s.* 6*d.*" This document is endorsed: "Ordered that the said Matthias be whipped on Tuesday, 12th July, 1709, at the public whipping-post at Hertford, and to stand on the pillory at Hertford the Saturday following, and at Royston the next Wednesday seven-night for two [*sic*] hours between twelve and one." In 1732 a labourer was tried and found guilty of stealing an iron tobacco box, valued at 10*d.*, and was ordered to be whipped at Hertford till his back was bloody. A labourer in 1741 pleaded guilty of stealing two pounds of bacon, valued at 10*d.*, and was ordered

to be publicly whipped. In 1742 Sarah Ashby, of Hemel Hempstead, was found convicted of stealing one salt fish and a pint of beans, valued at 10*d.*, and was sentenced to be whipped in the house of correction. Four years later Susannah Perkins, of Hoddesdon, spinster, was tried and found guilty in 1746 of stealing several pieces of salted pork, of the value of 10*d.* She was ordered to be whipped at Hoddesdon till her back was bloody, and then be discharged. In several places in this country the whipping-post still stands, and serves to remind us of bygone ways and days. The old town of Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire, in bygone times was a place of importance, and among the names of those who have held the manor is that of Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II. Near the modern police station is a post on which are irons, enabling it to be used as a whipping-post and stocks. No reference relating to it can be found in the old-time accounts or other documents. Old folk say that in years ago people were detained to the post by means of the irons, but no instances can be remembered of a whip being employed.

At Coleshill are still standing the pillory, whipping-post, and stocks, and, as might be expected, attract much attention from visitors to this old Midland town. Parts of the whipping-post and stocks, bearing the date of 1598, still remain also at Waltham Abbey, Essex. When John Taylor wrote his rhymes, engines of punishment appear to have been somewhat plentiful. In one of his books issued in 1630 he says :

In London, and within a mile, I ween
There are jails or prisons full eighteen,
And sixty whipping-posts, and stocks, and cages.

Warrants, we learn, were issued in 1677 against carriers for having six horses in their waggons, contrary to Act of Parliament. It is not surprising that so many horses were employed and laws disregarded, as the roads were so cut up and almost impassable. In the papers for 1697 light is thrown on the dangers of travelling at that period. We find a copy of a writ dated 21st October, 1697, issued by the Chief Constable of the county to the constables of St. Andrew's, Hertford. It is stated : "That whereas it is manifest that the roads are so infested with robbers that it is highly dangerous for persons to travel with any sum of money, he is to provide five or six able bodied men without horses, and cause them to be well armed with muskets, carbines or guns well loaded and fit for execution, and cause them to be ready in the market-place at Hertford to-morrow

morning at half-past six." A document of August 18, 1733, details information given by Thomas Lewis, of Lime Street, in the City of London, sugar refiner; it is stated "that about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, 18th August, as he was coming up to London by the Lincoln coach between Welwyn and Hatfield, he was robbed of eight guineas, two moidores and 5s. in silver, by a single highwayman in a dark coloured coat upon a brown bay horse." At the same time Jane Stourton says she was robbed in a like manner. We are surprised at a highwayman being able so easily to commit a robbery, and are tempted to ask if those in charge of the coach had any connection with highwaymen. From far distant times "Hue and Cry" was heard in England. It was customary to pursue all robbers, felons, &c., from hundred to hundred, from county to county, with "horn and with voice." Formerly the hundred had to make good all loss occasioned by robberies therein committed unless the felons were taken. We find the constable at Ware in 1678 neglected to raise hue and cry after John Kenmare, a soldier in Captain Lawder's Company who murdered John Williamson, drummer in the same Company, at Ware.

The wail of the cock-fighter attracts notice in 1666; a letter dated February 22 of that year, from Richard Browne to Lord Grandison, draws attention to the fact that divers men have stolen cocks from Lord Grandison's Cock-walks, being instigated thereto by "the one-eyed knave Garrett," who wanted cocks to fight his match at Thame, Oxfordshire, where already he had some of Lord Coleraine's cocks.

Burning the hand was a common mode of punishment, and mention is made of it in many places in the Hertfordshire records. We read in 1772: "Indictment of Thomas Hobbs, of Whitehampstead, labourer, for stealing a riding jacket value £1 1s., to be burnt in the hand and imprisoned one month." In 1773 a labourer of Standon was tried and found guilty of stealing a bushel measure of wheat worth 6s. His sentence was to be burnt in the hand in court and imprisoned one month in gaol. The particulars of the other cases are similar to the foregoing. In the Lancaster Criminal Court is still preserved a branding iron.

Notices of persons being hanged occur frequently in the records, and statements similar to the following are given: "Disbursements attending keeping the gaol from Easter 1778 to Easter 1779." Amongst the items are: "For whipping John Kensey, 5s.; for burning William Freeman, 5s.; for whipping Elizabeth Edwards, 5s.; paid for halters, 2s.; cart and horse to attend execution, 10s.; paid

executioner, £1 1s. ; wine for Sacrament, 1s." Next year we find a record of the following payments: "For whipping Thomas Cooke, 5s. ; for whipping Benjamin Dorman at the cart's tail, 10s. 6d. ; for burning Thomas Coleman in the hand, 5s. ; for executing William Childs and Thomas Chitwynd, £1 1s. ; for halters, 2s. ; wine for the Sacrament, 1s. 3d. ; cart and horses to attend the execution, 10s." Prisoners often suffered much from sickness caused by unsanitary condition of the gaol. In 1774 is an account of Cornelius Wilson as follows : "For clothing the prisoners for their trials on account of the distemper—22 prisoners, £26 14s. 9d. Paid for shaving them, and vinegar to wash them with, 11s. Paid for a tin pot and vinegar and charcoal to fumigate the courts and gaol, 10s. 6d." We find further payments : "Paid for setting Vaux in the pillory, 5s. ; paid for half a hogshead of vinegar to wash out all the walls and dungeons, £1 12s. 6d."

It will be gathered from our gleanings amongst the records of Hertfordshire that they are full of historical value and antiquarian interest, and that the County Council have done a great service to students and others in publishing a carefully compiled volume of the more interesting facts drawn from the local manuscripts entrusted to their keeping, and we hope others will follow their example.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

TALES OF AMBASSADORS.

IT is curious to think of Bentham and Talleyrand being boon companions. The hard-headed English political economist and the brilliant versatile French diplomatist do not seem specially well matched. But they had a great regard for one another. Some one remarked once to Talleyrand that people were always stealing from Bentham's writings. "That is true," replied Talleyrand; "but although he is robbed by all the world, he still remains rich." Bentham asked Talleyrand to dine with him one day alone. This was when they were both old men and had known each other forty years. Bentham wrote: "As to wine, I have nothing better than some tolerable St. George; so if this drug is a point with you (I only use it for medicine, as I belong to the sect of the Rechabites), you will do well to follow what a wicked wit called the example of Pitt the Second, and come to dine with your friend—a bottle of Port in each pocket."

To this epistle Talleyrand replied:

"To dine with Bentham: to dine alone with Bentham: that is a pleasure which tempts me to break an engagement I have been under for several days. To-morrow (Thursday) I shall come to him: he will tell me the hour. I shall be punctual."

Talleyrand liked England, and his keen wit made him a popular diner-out at an advanced age. He was quite the centre of the little society of refugees at Mickleham in the years following the Revolution. Madame de Staël spoke of him as "the best of men," and Fanny Burney, who was not prepossessed in his favour, writes: "It is inconceivable what a convert M. de Talleyrand has made of me; I think him now one of the first members and one of the most charming of this exquisite set. . . . His powers of entertainment are astonishing both in information and raillery." When, about a year later, Talleyrand was ordered to quit England within five days by the English Government, he expressed a hope that he might come again to Surrey, and to see Madame d'Arblay, whose books he held in the most flattering esteem: "J'espère savoir assez d'anglais pour

entendre madame d'Arblay ; d'ici à quatre mois je ne vais faire autre chose que l'étudier : et pour apprendre le beau et bon langage c'est 'Evelina' et 'Cecilia' qui sont mes livres d'étude et de plaisir."

Unfortunately these happy relations did not last. Four years later Madame d'Arblay speaks of "that wretch Talleyrand," whom she believes to be plotting against England in conjunction with Barras. In the Waterloo year they met once more, at Meaux. No greetings were exchanged, and Madame d'Arblay remarked afterwards: "M. de Talleyrand m'a oublié : mais on n'oublie pas M. de Talleyrand."

He adopted English habits even in France, and followed very much the life of a man about town, rising late to toy with a light breakfast, spending much time and care over his toilette, playing cards after dinner into the small hours of the morning and for high stakes. His appearance was not prepossessing : he was fat, and had a weakness of the ankles which gave him a bad carriage ; his face was dull and heavy and did not betray any of the keenness of his intellect. Talleyrand was quick at repartee, especially when he desired to administer a rebuke. An officer whom he had invited to dinner committed the offence of being late, and then excused himself by saying he had been detained by a *péquin*—a nickname for a civilian. Talleyrand, being himself a civilian, was not disposed to let this impertinence pass, and asked the meaning of the word *péquin*. "Everyone who is not military," replied the officer. "Ah," said Talleyrand, "that is like us ; we call everyone military who is not civil."

No one understood etiquette better than Talleyrand, or could be more punctilious on occasions of ceremony. Louis Philippe came to see him on his deathbed. "It is the greatest honour my house has received," said Talleyrand ; and then, mindful of the rule that no one should be in the presence of royalty who had not been properly introduced, he added: "I have a duty to fulfil—it is to present to your Majesty the persons who are in the room, and who have not yet had that honour" ; and he introduced his physician, his surgeon, and his *valet de chambre*.

Metternich said of Talleyrand : "My long-continued relations with him made me aware that his whole character more adapted him to destroy than to create. A priest, his temperament led him to irreligious courses ; of noble birth, he pleaded for the uprooting of his class ; under the Republican rule he foreswore the Republic ; under the Empire he was constantly inclined to conspire against the Emperor ; under the Bourbons he laboured for the overthrow of the

legitimate dynasty. To hinder any definite course from being taken—for that Talleyrand was always ready. In the contrary direction I could never discover equal ability.”

That very astute diplomatist, Pozzo di Borgo, was chiefly impressed by Talleyrand's rapid changes of mood and many-sidedness: “C'est un homme qui ne ressemble à aucun autre; il gâte, il arrange, il intrigue, il gouverne de cent manières différentes par jour.”

Pozzo di Borgo was dining one day in the year 1814 in Paris, in company with Talleyrand and Madame de Staël. In the course of conversation Madame de Staël remarked to Pozzo that she had once looked upon him as a celestial being, but that he had quite deteriorated; to which the diplomatist replied that he had been made man for the sins of others.

Talleyrand and Metternich had only one thing in common with regard to appearance: neither of them looked the diplomatist; there was no air of astuteness about them. Metternich's manner was very simple and earnest, and he had the faculty of appearing deeply interested in any subject that happened to form the topic of conversation. He had good features and a very erect bearing. One of his hobbies was phrenology. He said: “I was one of the first to appreciate Gall's discoveries and to encourage him to pursue his investigations. I lived much with him, attended his lectures, and watched his progress. Having myself studied every branch of science necessary to qualify me to become a medical man, I was the better able to understand Gall and the value of his doctrines. . . . I have never since I became acquainted with Gall's discoveries employed anyone confidentially or about my person without reference to the shape of his head.”

Metternich was most methodical in his work. He had two desks in his room, one for public and the other for private business. If an official letter were handed to him at his private desk, he would walk across the room to read it at the other desk.

It is curious that Metternich did not in the least foresee the storm that burst over Europe in 1848. On New Year's Day he held a levee, as usual, in Vienna, and was perfectly calm, even cheerful, over the political outlook. He did not perceive a single cloud. Two months later he was forced to fly from his home, and leave his pictures and other art treasures to be burnt by an infuriated mob who regarded Metternich as the great upholder of monarchy. Metternich came to London, where he jokingly compared himself to “the occupant of the largest central box of a theatre, being in the best position to survey the European stage.” He had a great

contempt for *parvenus*, being on intimate terms with the oldest reigning families. When he heard of the marriage of the King of Portugal, who had been a lieutenant in the Austrian army, he said to the King's father: "I am happy to hear of your son's promotion and marriage, but I hope he got the formal consent of his colonel." In Austria young officers cannot marry without the consent of their commanding officer.

Metternich was a great favourite at the court of Napoleon. His distinguished appearance made him very acceptable to the ladies, and the Emperor's sisters were ready to smile on the first noble of the Austrian Empire. He was very wide in his tastes, and always cultivated the society of men of science and letters in his own home. Great travellers, great writers, great scientists, great artists, frequented his house. He was a delightful host, and no one was more genial and animated in hours of relaxation.

Metternich used to say of the English that there were no people in the world who were such horror-mongers.

Lord Aberdeen had a very high opinion of Metternich, and during a debate in Parliament, in 1828, said: "Metternich's school is a school of truth, which has the votes (voices) of the people with it; while his opponents' school is one of lying, and the opinion of the nations is against it."

Metternich was looked upon as the strongest bulwark in Europe against the tide of revolution by the Southern Princes. He persuaded the allies of Austria to unite in resisting to the very utmost all constitutional innovations. When thrones were shaking, and no person or office was sacred, the man who so stoutly upheld inherited rights and traditional privileges was clung to with affectionate tenacity by trembling potentates who felt that any moment they might be swept away by the sea of democracy. Metternich thus became the object of an embarrassing amount of attention. His lightest word was treasured up and acted upon. So anxious was the Papal Court to forestall his fancied wishes that he was very nearly made a cardinal. He happened once to be in conversation with the Pope's Prime Minister, Cardinal Albani, and, his mind being pre-occupied, he suddenly left off talking and sat staring absently at the Cardinal's red stockings. After a little while, the Cardinal's embarrassed manner roused Metternich to a sense of his duties, and he seized upon the first thing that occurred to him by way of apology. The colour red, he explained, had always had a fascination for him. "I really think," he added, "that if, when I was young, a prince whose uniform was red had offered to take me into his service, he

might have tempted me from my Austrian allegiance." The Cardinal received this speech with an air not merely of relief but of delight, and presently bowed himself out, suave and smiling. In a short time he called again, and addressed Metternich thus: "Prince, you may imagine that I did not permit what you told me at the last audience to drop; his Holiness is delighted at the opportunity afforded of expressing his gratitude for your invaluable services. In future you will have the right to dress in red—indeed, you are already Cardinal *in petto*, and you will be proclaimed at the next Conclave."¹ By what arts of diplomacy Metternich contrived to escape wearing a cardinal's hat, history does not relate.

Metternich narrates that during a journey with his physician, Staudenheim, when he was taking a "cure," he was present at an interview between the doctor and the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg, who was suffering from what Staudenheim called flying gout. "The point on which the negotiation between the doctor and the sick man was broken off was that of the sick man's breakfast. The Prince did not wish to be deprived of half a yard of sausage with which he was accustomed to begin the labours of the day. Staudenheim got into a rage, the Prince began to swear, and they seemed to have the sausage by the two ends and to be struggling who should wrench it from his adversary. Staudenheim ended by carrying off the sausage, and the cure is about to commence under the auspices of the Princess Elizabeth of England."

A very popular ambassador in Paris in the reign of Louis XV. was the fat and witty Neapolitan, the Marquis Caraccioli. He was said to be a remarkably ugly man, but his countenance became quite transformed in speaking. His knowledge of French was limited, and he was in the habit of patching his conversation with striking Neapolitan phrases which added piquancy to his humour. In 1769 he was appointed Viceroy of Sicily, and so compelled to resign his post as ambassador to the French Court. When the King congratulated him on the new honour and the splendour of the place he was about to fill, the Marquis replied: "Ah, sire, I am obliged to leave the finest place in the world, the Place Vendôme."

It was the Queen of Louis XV. who put the embarrassing question to the wife of the English ambassador: "De quelle famille êtes-vous, madame?" "D'aucune," was the reply. Horace Walpole, our ambassador at that time, uncle of the more famous Horace, had married the daughter of a tailor whom the old Duchess of Marlborough used to call *her* tailor. It was an odd freak, as the

¹ *New Monthly*, 1845.

tailor's daughter had the misfortune to be of the most repulsive appearance. Horace Walpole aroused a good deal of antipathy by the perversities of his character, but he was often useful to his brother Sir Robert, the Minister, being, as Lord Hervey used to say, "a good treaty dictionary."

Lord Ponsonby, an ambassador who achieved much success owing to his excellent tact and admirable manner, used to say, after a long experience of diplomatic life, that the chief advantage an ambassador enjoyed over other men was that he generally got the liver wing of the chicken at dinner parties. He was considered the handsomest man of his time, and when he was a youth of twenty his good looks undoubtedly saved his life. It was during the stormy events of 1791, and young Ponsonby was in the streets of Paris when the mob suddenly discovered the presence of an Englishman. He was seized with cries of "Voilà un agent de Pitt ! un sacré Anglais ! à la lanterne." The lamp was taken down, and he was actually hanging when some women rushed up and cut the cords, crying "C'est un trop joli garçon pour être pendu." He was carried off by his protectors and revived.

The Duc de Morny, half-brother to Louis Napoleon, was ambassador extraordinary to the Emperor of Russia during the coronation festivities, and wrote home that the French might learn something from the Russians, if it were only how to light ten thousand candles in five minutes. De Morny was in Paris the night before the Coup d'État and spent the evening at the opera. Between the acts he went into one of the boxes to speak to a lady of his acquaintance. "What shall you do, M. de Morny," asked the lady, "if the National Assembly is swept out of doors as threatened?" "Madame," he replied, "I shall try to be on the side of the broom-handle."

One of the Italian ambassadors accredited to the Court of St. James during the reign of George III. had an ingenious method of composing his despatches. He used to take an English newspaper and translate a couple of columns into Italian, prefacing his translation with the words "Ho penetrato." His Government were highly pleased with the despatches, and congratulated themselves on having a minister so skilful in getting on the track of State affairs. On his return, to show their appreciation of his services, they made him Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

M. de Luzerne, French ambassador to England in 1787, laboured under the triple disadvantage of being unmarried, nearly blind, and unable to speak English. In spite of these drawbacks, he

used to give magnificent dinner parties, at which his niece did the honours of his house. He very nearly made his *début* at court with the Order of Cincinnatus pinned on to his coat. This decoration had been given him when he was Ambassador at Washington. Fortunately one of his acquaintances met him going into the Palace and induced him to take off his republican favour. Poor M. de Luzerne was greatly puzzled some time after at receiving an invitation card for a play at Richmond with the admonition that high head-dresses and hoops were not allowed. It turned out that a lady's card had been sent to him by accident.

M. de Guisnes, ambassador from Louis XV. to Frederick the Great, was an exceedingly splendid personage and excited much jealousy by his display. He would have a separate attendant to wait on each guest at his dinner parties, and two for himself, while quite a staff of carvers stood at the sideboard. The other ambassadors at court had a spiteful desire to do something to annoy M. de Guisnes, who was popular with the King on account of his ability as an officer. It happened that a certain Russian diplomatist, accredited to another court, was passing through Berlin with his wife, and a great dinner was given at the Russian Embassy in their honour. M. de Guisnes was invited and placed next the lady, who had been duly initiated into the court gossip. The lady possessed a curious ring, which contained a tiny syringe which she filled with water. The ring itself was of great beauty, and the lady, feigning to show it to M. de Guisnes, squirted the water into his face. He only laughed, so she did it again while leaning across to speak to some one else. Addressing the lady with perfect good-humour in his tone, M. de Guisnes said: "These kind of jokes, madam, on the first experiment may be laughed at; on the second we may be inclined to consider them as the thoughtless act of youthful gaiety, particularly in a lady; but, madam, the third time could be deemed nothing less than an affront, and you would at the very instant receive in exchange this goblet of water that stands before me. I have, madam, the honour to give you proper notice." The lady, not thinking M. de Guisnes was in earnest, again squirted him, when he at once threw the glass of water over her, saying, "I had given you notice, madam." The lady was obliged to quit the dinner-table to change her clothes, but her husband, although he was but newly married, applauded M. de Guisnes' action, and thanked him for it.

At that period the Prussian Government were most unscrupulous in breaking open letters sent by ambassadors through the post-office. M. de Guisnes was quite aware that his despatches were

intercepted; so one morning he sent them in cypher, very early, addressed to the postmaster, with the following note: "I send the enclosed despatches as early as seven in the morning instead of waiting till the regular hour that the postmaster may have time to get them copied early enough to go by the mail of to-day. The reason of my using this precaution is that the despatches are important, and it is essential that they should not be delayed; consequently I should feel great uneasiness at their being kept till the next post, as has been the case with some of my despatches." This put a stop to the tampering with letters at the Berlin post-office, and in future the authorities took care to send to some small town at a distance from the capital when they wanted to intercept letters.

The strictest economy prevailed at the court of Frederick the Great, who might be seen at a State function directing the servants how to light the rooms in order to spare the candles as much as possible. No one else dared to give any orders, not even the Queen, and until the King appeared the guests would have to remain in darkness. At a court ball to celebrate a royal wedding the English ambassador, Lord Malmesbury (then Mr. Harris), tried to get some wine and water after he had been dancing, but was told the wine had run out and he must be content with tea.

The Empress Catherine II. gave the French ambassador, M. de Saint-Priest, a quantity of jewels as a reward for his political services. When he was in Stockholm, in 1792, he thought he would sell some of these jewels, and inserted an advertisement in the papers stating that he had diamonds to sell to the value of fourteen thousand rix dollars. In answer to this advertisement, Stockholm was placarded with bills announcing: "Political forfeits to be sold, to the value of 14,000 rix dollars. Inquire of the Comte de Saint-Priest."

When Fox sent Mr. Adair on a diplomatic mission to Russia the Empress Catherine was a little puzzled, apparently, at receiving a simple English gentleman whose name was unknown to her. Adair was the son of a surgeon. Under Fox's ministry he became rather a well-known figure in English politics. Lord Whitworth, a very showy, extravagant man, was then resident English ambassador at the Russian Court. "Est-ce un homme très considérable, ce M. Adair?" asked the Empress of Lord Whitworth. "Pas trop, madame, quoique son père était grand *seigneur* (*saigneur*)," was the reply. This same Lord Whitworth, not finding his salary enough for his wants, cast about for some means to increase it.

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ived to obtain such an influence over a certain wealthy
in the court circle that she kept him well supplied with
In return for this bounty he made her a promise of
although she had a husband living. The Countess
ely set about obtaining a divorce. In the meantime Lord
h left Russia (the Empress dying in 1800), and found in
a better prize in the person of the widowed Duchess of
who was enormously rich. The Countess was at Leipsic
heard of the marriage of her faithless lover. She came
peed to London, and, like a practical woman, claimed the
the money she had given under the promise of marriage.
ter ended by the Duchess of Dorset paying off her rival
0,000.

Russian ambassadors at the court of Poland always gave
es airs of great importance and went about in magnificent
uring the reign of Stanislaus Augustus, who came to the
n 1764, there was one particularly ostentatious Russian.
e Thugut used to be much laughed at by his friends for
o the Ambassador in mistake for the King. However, one
got his revenge on the Russian who had made him appear
There was a whist party including the King, the Baron,
Ambassador. Thugut's partner complained of his careless

*AN OLD-ENGLISH BALLAD OF
ÆLFRED.*

(Supposed to have been written for one of the Chronicles by a monkish annalist at the time of Ælfred's death. The style, diction, alliteration, rhythm, &c., of the ballads in the Old English Chronicles have been imitated. Of the best of these ballads, "The Fight at Brunanburh," Tennyson has given us a spirited version.)

A.D. 901. In this year :

ÆLFRED the West-Saxon, lord of the Angle-folk,
Scourge of the sea-rover, Æthelwulf's son,
Left this vain life for a life that is winsomer,
Faring to God, the Father of all.

Sad were to say and sore were to hear it,
How homesteads were harried from harvest to harvest,
Cities and burghs and many fair abbeys
Flared into flame in the wake of the foe,
Since first the sea-rover set foot in our island,
Till all things were ordered by Æthelwulf's son.

Ne'er was a warier than our war-leader.
From the hand-play of heroes, higgling for weapons,
Clash of corslet and glaive, and clamour of onset,
He brake to the woods, as a boar from the hunter ;
Lay in his lair, lay close at Athelney,
Biding his chance ; then crashed into the open,
Strewed o'er his tracks, as a token of soldiership,
Shipmen and strangers, sweetest of carrion
For those that were waiting, the wolves of our land.
Rested not, wrathful, our ruler unwearying ;
Buidled sea-swimmers,¹ swan-winged, foamy-necked ;

¹ Ships.

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Many earls manned them, mighty war-doers,
Heroes who hurled o'er the hiss of the waters
Armfuls of arrows, sharp-stinging, adder-toothed,
Till asleep sank the pirate-brood, sated with war,
Weary of weapons, weak at the spear-play ;
They who had thought to out-tire us in battle,
Bear away booty, bracelet and armlet,
Got of us javelins, gifts that they prized not,
Lance-heft and spear-head, gem-hilted sword.

Never a king, for a country sore craving it,
Peace for his people won timelier, or gave to it
Letters and laws, when learning lay lower.
Monks and mass-priests, rune-writers many,
Wise and word-skilled, Werferth and Asser,
He gathered together, guides that were trusty
To lead men to book-lore, to the great Father's love.

Never since God set His sun in the firmament,
The lustrous light-bearer, to illumine His handiwork,
Was ruler so righteous, prince so revered.
Never till earth and the air-roof arched over it
Shiver in splinters and splutter to darkness,

THE SIDDONS.

IT is something—nay, it is a very great thing—to be the greatest representative of any art or craft. The essence of any noble art is a thing so subtle and so great, and there are so many competitors for supremacy and for the high glory of being distinctive in any such art as, for instance, acting, that the one soul which, star-like, dwells apart in regal supremacy above all rivalry is at once a pride, an honour, and a joy. It is an error to maintain that the master actor, who achieves such instantaneous and intoxicating reverberation as a reward for the exercise of his talents in an art which speaks so irresistibly to the intellect and the heart of masses of entranced spectators, retains no permanent fame. The reputation of a distinctively great actor does not die with the subsiding echoes of the applause which he extorts; nor is it correct to say that those who have not actually seen a mighty actor or actress have no means of estimating or enjoying the magic power of his acting. Those who love and know the drama, those who have long experience of the stage and of the effects that can be produced from it, are able to realise the talents and even the personality of the glorious player who has left—as such a man does leave—a reputation which is at once vivid and powerful. The evidence of competent contemporaries is sufficiently clear and descriptive.

Of Burbage we know little; but it is certain that the man who had such magnificent chances, the man who was the original representative of the greatest characters of the drama, and who studied and played such parts under the direction of Shakspeare himself, must have been an entirely mighty actor. A photograph of Burbage, say in Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Richard, would be almost as valuable as a photograph of Shakspeare himself. Burbage is almost prehistoric, nor has any contemporary left much record of his acting; but we can fairly well realise to our charmed imaginations the images of Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready; nor is there wanting an adequate presentment of the body, form, and pressure of our

Mrs. Siddons in all her greatest characters. We can call up a distinct and speaking vision of her, and can see her moving the cunning of the scene, as she thus revisits the glimpses of the extinct lamps. The evidence about her acting is complete, and the recorders are very eminent.

Acting is an art which—and this distinguishes it from all other arts—is expressed through the body of the artist; through eye, voice, figure, gesture; and through these subtle vehicles of expression shines the magic and magnetic gift of the genius which animates the kings and queens of the wonder-working stage. This indescribable and mystic quality of genius is the most rare and precious of all gifts, and is the most difficult to describe, the hardest to realise.

Of it the Siddons is a transcendent example; but even the best in this sort are but shadows if our imagination piece them not forth. Still we can, I venture to maintain, succeed in reproducing to our thought the true effigy of the dead actor as he lived, and moved, and had his dramatic being; and we can even recognise the mysterious power which rendered the bygone artist so powerful and so effective. We must try to evoke these qualities in our present essay.

It is unnecessary—as, indeed, it would be impossible—to criticise our immortal actress in all the many parts that she played, some of which were unimportant. For instance, to serve her brother Charles she condescended to enact Millwood in "George Barnwell" but I do not find that her admirers even mention her performance of the ignoble part. And yet she refused to play the imperial wanton, Cleopatra—a case of inconsistency explained by sisterly devotion.

I already realise that our present enterprise will not be an easy one. To summon up the true and faithful image of such an actress is like trying to grasp the *Schwankende Gestalten* which perplexed great Goethe; and I can only cry, in depression, if not in despair—

Versuch ich wohl euch diessmal fest zu halten?

However, the effort must be made, and I must risk the difficulties and dangers of a task which, as I fully recognise, is by no means an easy one. Still, it is worth doing.

She was born, 1755, in a little inn, called the "Shoulder of Mutton," in Brecon. Her father was Roger Kemble, and her mother's maiden name was Sally Ward. Her parents were comedians, and were at the head of a provincial strolling company. She was almost born upon the stage, and her childhood was passed

in the midst of rehearsals and performances, and all the surroundings of wandering theatricals. In this her youth resembled the early experiences of Mrs. Kendal and of Miss Ellen Terry. Her youth was passed amid the occurrences and in the atmosphere of the boards, upon which, when she was a mere child, she had to appear; and she grew up, as a matter of necessity rather than as the result of choice, an actress. She was the senior of her two most eminent brothers, John and Charles, who were in later life so closely connected with her splendid career. Thus Sarah Kemble during childhood and youth existed in the environment of the playhouse and became familiarised with those methods of dramatic expression which were to become the means and vehicles for the sway of her matured genius over the intellects and the hearts of sympathetic and enthusiastic audiences. She managed, despite the opposition of her parents, to get herself married in 1773 to one William Siddons, a small actor in the Kemble company; and the union would seem to have been on the whole a fairly happy one. Siddons was a weak, conceited man, with an unfortunate propensity to injudicious investment, but he was wise enough to leave acting to his wife. He died March 11, 1808. Meantime, despite its roughness and want of all teaching, her real training for the stage was perhaps almost as good as it could have been. She outgrew the old parental strolling company, and her first great successes were made in the West of England, in Cheltenham and Bath, and her triumphs—particularly in *Belvidera* and *Calista*—were so distinguished that her fame reached London, and the Rev. Henry Bate was sent down to see and to report upon the rising actress. His report was so favourable that it led to an engagement to act with Garrick at Drury Lane. She gave up such parts as *Hamlet*, followed by *Widow Bray*, and took the serious and anxious step of trying her fortune in London—and with Garrick. The result of her first campaign was failure. She seems to have been struck, in spite of her experience, with a sort of stage fright—or rather, perhaps, of Garrick fright. She had to play *Lady Anne* to the terrible *Richard of the Roscius*, and she produced no effect. Her *Portia* was tame and colourless. Her *Mrs. Strickland* fell flat. Her first season in London ended in failure and bitter disappointment. Her salary in London had been £5 a week, while in Bath she had only received £3; and she returned discomfited to the provinces. We find her playing *Hamlet* in Manchester and Liverpool. Garrick should have brought her out as *Juliet*.

In 1782 Mrs. Siddons was once more summoned to London, and again to Drury Lane. On October 10 she appeared there as *Isabella* in

"The Fatal Marriage," and there was indeed a difference between this triumphant and her former disastrous appearances. A merely accurate description of her astounding victory must almost seem exaggeration, and her success was as deserved as it was overwhelming. Genius found, for once, its full and due reward, and its promising opening.

Mrs. Siddons was pleased and grateful; but she was probably not very much surprised, and she was certainly not intoxicated. Far different from vanity is the consciousness that genius must feel of its own transcendent gifts—for what hast thou, O man, that thou hast not received?—and she, as an actress, was reserved for the highest, for loftiest tragedy only; but in that she was supreme, without rival, without equal. Her art dower comprised passion, power, pathos. Her beauty, both of figure and of face, was noble and was great. Her wondrous voice could express every inflection and fluctuation of human feeling, in power, sarcasm, or in sorrow. Her gracious stateliness was heroic—the type of a godlike woman of rare mark and of lofty dignity, who yet was full of womanly tenderness and of royal love. Her acting was inspiration, ideal and sublime. Her incommensurable gift could not be analysed by dissection, but could be felt in its mystic life. Her style and essence were chaste and elevated as is the Lady in "Comus." She was a vision of queenly sorrow or of womanly suffering, and in anguish itself showed that swell of soul which in lofty natures rises in moments of emotion. She could not stoop to commonplace parts; the ideal *diva* of the dagger and the bowl cannot subside into petty life or mean occurrences. She could "hush the tumultuous shouts of the pit in breathless expectation, and could quench the blaze of surrounding beauty in silent tears," or in breaking sobs. She was limited—yes, but to the noblest and loftiest in her art; and in that region she was unsurpassable. Her sway over an audience was the mighty power of true genius shown in the magic art and power of the enchanted and enchanting stage, and the totality of her bearing and expression were sublimed to the loftiest dignity of classic art. At her command were the tears and sobs of deeply moved audiences. She had the spell o'er hearts which only acting lends. It seemed to spectators as if the Tragic Muse herself had descended to the boards of Drury Lane. She was "lovelily dreadful," and the power of her splendid dark eyes remains indescribable. I have seen and spoken to persons who had seen her in the days of her most perfect power, and the criticism which one heard amounts to rhapsody. Her face was instinct with majestic

refinement. The greatest passionate actresses have always been distinguished by the eloquence of their repose when repose is needed, and Mrs. Siddons was a mistress of this as of all faculties of her art. The effect which she produced upon those acting with her is an extraordinary tribute to her electric influence. Players and public alike recognised her singular power. To have seen the Siddons but once in a lifetime was an event that could never be forgotten. Her fiery energy never relaxed its strain of effort. She never forgot her duty to audiences. "I never saw an indifferent performance from the Siddons," says Boaden. He adds, "Never did I see her eye wander from the business of the scene. When Mrs. Siddons quitted her dressing-room I believe she left there the last thought about herself." She took the most genuine delight in the noble exercise of her most noble art.

Among the many eminent men who have left records of their admiration of this greatest actress may be cited Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Johnson, Reynolds—that Reynolds who was inspired to depict the very "Muse of Tragedy" through the likeness, in modern attire, of an idealised Mrs. Siddons—Byron, Walter Scott. Byron would not see Miss O'Neill lest he should weaken the impression made upon him by the glorious queen of tragedy; Scott consoled himself for growing old by considering that he had seen the Siddons at the zenith of her matchless power. Cooke, Kemble, Kean—"Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together." We are fortunate when we can refer to the dramatic records of Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. Both were her fervent admirers. Hazlitt says, with, for him, unusual warmth of laudation: "The homage that she has received is greater than that which is paid to queens. The enthusiasm that she excited had something idolatrous about it. She was regarded less with admiration than with wonder, as if a being of a superior order had dropped from another sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. She raised tragedy to the skies, or brought it down from thence. It was something above nature. We can conceive of nothing grander. . . . She was not less than a goddess or than a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine. She was tragedy personified. She was the stateliest ornament of the public mind." On October 27, 1783, the Siddons paid a visit to Dr. Johnson. He records: "Mrs. Siddons, in her visit to me, behaved with great modesty and propriety, and left nothing behind her to be censured or despised. Neither praise nor money, the two powerful corruptors of mankind, seem to have depraved her. I shall be glad to see her

again." The thunderous old moralist seems to have been surprised that an actress should behave with "modesty and propriety." Yet he was certainly polite and friendly to the Tragic Muse.

There is a continuity in the careers of the great actors, and they are linked together in the long procession of time. Mrs. Siddons, in her younger years, acted with Garrick, and later in her life she played with the then young Macready. This meeting of the young and old stagers took place at Newcastle in 1811. The pieces were the "Gamester" and "Douglas," Macready playing Beverley (for the first time) and young Norval. At rehearsal, in the Queen's Head Hotel, he met her for the first time, and was awed by her stately presence. She made some remark upon his being a "very young husband," and said, "I hope, Mr. Macready, you have brought some hartshorn and water with you, as I am told you are terribly frightened at me." The young actor showed, no doubt, his awe of the great actress very clearly. It is probable that no finer judge of acting than Macready ever lived, and it is delightful to recall his record of these two memorable performances.

He says of the Siddons: "What eulogy can do justice to her personations! . . . She stood alone in her height of excellence. Her acting was perfection, and, as I recall it, I do not wonder, novice as I was, at my perturbation when on the stage with her. . . . In the last scene, as she stood by the side wing waiting for the cue of her entrance, in my utterance of the words, 'My wife and sister! Well—well! there is but one pang more, and then farewell world!' she raised her hands, clapping loudly and calling out 'Bravo, sir, bravo!' in sight of part of the audience, who joined in her applause." Macready's eloquent descriptive criticism of the Siddons in Mrs. Beverley and Lady Randolph is too long to quote; but he lays delighted stress upon her last scene in the "Gamester," when, as she is led to the prison door, "she stopped, as if awakened from a trance, uttered a shriek of agony that would have pierced the hardest heart, and, rushing from them, flung herself as if for union in death on the prostrate form (of her husband) before her." When Glenalvon has killed her son, Lady Randolph spoke out in heartrending tones the lines:

My son! My son!

My beautiful! My brave!

Then "the anguish of her soul seemed at length to have struck her brain. The silence of her fixed and vacant stare was terrible, broken at last by a loud and frantic laugh that made her hearers shudder. She then sprang up, and, with a few self-questioning

words indicating her purpose of self-destruction, hurried in the wild madness of desperation from the scene."

It is invaluable to get from Macready such vivid glimpses of the tragic effects which the Siddons could conceive so nobly and execute with such pathos and such power. She took leave of the then young actor with a few wise and kindly words. "You are in the right way," she said, "but remember what I say, study, study, study. . . . Keep your mind on your art, do not remit study, and you are certain to succeed. . . . Do not forget my words; study well, and God bless you." She was well able to recognise the promise of dramatic excellence in the young actor. Seven years later, after her retirement from the stage, Mrs. Siddons played one night for the benefit of Charles Kemble, and the play was "Douglas." Macready acted Glervalon, and Charles Kemble Norval, but, as regards Lady Randolph, "her powers were no longer equal to those bursts of passion in which, with unrivalled skill, she had formerly swayed at will the feelings of her audience." Alas! ruthless, inexorable time will not spare the beauty, power, passion, of even the greatest actress; and those who saw Mrs. Siddons on this night of her return could form no adequate idea of what she had been in her perfect day.

"In no other theatrical artist were, I believe, the charms of voice, the graces of personal beauty, and the gifts of genius ever so grandly and harmoniously combined," adds Macready. An English lady in her home; on the stage the greatest actress that ever adorned it; irreproachable as mother and as wife, Mrs. Siddons, as woman and as artist, remains an image, an ideal, that we need our best powers to fully realise; and she is worth all those powers. Nor need our efforts be in vain. Due study and sufficient imagination will raise a superb figure of glory, worth, and grandeur. She rejected with scorn the advances of lovers, though there were adorers who boasted of favours never received. She lived down the Galindo libellous slander; and never gave one chance to the voice of scandal—to that voice ever so ready to traduce an actress. She was exposed to an incredible amount of impertinent intrusion, but she knew well how to resent and restrain it. She never wanted womanly dignity or worth. Her look or gesture could express much, and she could awe impertinence or assurance in a quiet but efficacious way.

It is a little singular that no dramatist ever wrote a great play or created a great character for Mrs. Siddons. What a chance was lost! She acted frequently, sometimes to serve or to oblige friends, in quite dull and worthless plays, which were unworthy of production. Her kindness may have overcrowded her judgment; and she was a

warm and faithful friend. As an actress she was sometimes cruelly misused, but she had always her splendid list of great parts to fall back upon.

Not willingly can a great artist retire from the practice of an art which has been the occupation and delight of so many years of glorious life, and Mrs. Siddons certainly felt a deep regret at quitting the magic stage. She called such retirement mounting the first step up the ladder which leads to another world; and she records, pathetically, her sorrows of reminiscence when the hour came round which had been the one in which began her real life of triumph and of joy. She remembered, about six, that that was the time at which she used to start for the theatre; then came dressing for her part, then preparation—and then the glory of acting it. Many a blank night must have sadly suggested to her the time of her ideal life of art, and home even must have seemed tame compared with the brilliant theatre, and with the transport of stirring and swaying so many human hearts. The actor's art produces the rapturous intoxication of *reverberation*, and the great efforts of the mind, expressed through its servant the body, produce the instantaneous reward of shown sympathy, and the stimulant of thunders of loud applause. The relation between a great actor and masses of his impressed fellow-creatures is singular and most exciting; and the exercise of the great many-sided art of acting is a delight which covers the whole range of nervous and mental sensibility. Actor and audience react upon each other; and the two must be united in close and eager sympathy before the full effect of stage magic can be produced. There is ecstasy in the exertion of noblest or most delicate and strongest dramatic powers.

The prime favourite of the Muse of Tragedy, the Siddons, was not equally honoured by the Muse of Comedy. She played several leading high-comedy parts, but it was generally held that she acted them only judiciously. "Judicious" is an epithet which is, no doubt, very properly applied to Hooker; but it is not warm praise for a magnificent actress in fine comedy characters. Her supreme excellence was restricted to the very highest, that is, to the greatest tragic characters. Mrs. Oakley was held to be her best comedy part, but in comedy acting Mrs. Jordan was doubtless her superior. Take, as an instance, Rosalind. Mrs. Siddons played the great and graceful part with all its tenderness and much of its charm; but how could the Siddons be arch? How could she represent the sprightliness, the wit, the romantic coquetry of the character? In Rosalind Mrs. Jordan was nearly perfect. She was a full-blooded Shak-

spearian actress, and Charles Lamb, in his fine rapture about this delicate, tender, mirthful woman, says, speaking of her Viola, that "her voice sank, with her steady melting eyes, into the heart. There is no giving an account how she delivered the disguised story of her love for Orsino." She was not only a mirthful and joyous actress; she could be unspeakably tender, if never tragic. Tragedy was forbidden to her even more than comedy was withheld from Mrs. Siddons. Indeed, that which Mrs. Siddons was in tragedy Mrs. Jordan was in comedy. Macready acted Don Felix to Mrs. Jordan's Violante, and speaks with the most fervent admiration of her comic genius.

The actress who, in later years, most nearly approached Mrs. Jordan—though not in full rivalry—was the lovely Mrs. Nesbitt, whom Douglas Jerrold called that "peach-blossom of a woman." It is not necessary for our present purpose to give a complete list of all the parts, great or commonplace, that the Siddons played. She never "strutted" or "fretted" her royal hour upon the stage. All that she did was stately and was great. A "heroine," and she was that, means a godlike woman—and she was *that*, as an actress. Associations and memories render it a delightful task to enumerate her leading characters. In that day the tone and aims of plays written may have been better than those of our day, but the bad plays then written were very bad. The temper and the moral condition of a nation are reflected in the dramas played and written. A bottle-nosed man may be a teetotaler, but no one will think so. When an able dramatist of the passing hour stoops to an ignoble theme he reflects the tone current in society. True it is that the body, form, and pressure of a time, things which vary with the times, must produce a change in the spirit of drama; a change which specially affects realism and idealism; and, in our day, both in essence and in form, the poetical or ideal drama seems to have lost its hold upon audiences. Our present stage heroines often remind us that there is a shade of bad difference between Aholah and Aholibah. There is always change—if not always growth—in the development of the drama, which alters with the times. Even fifty years make a great difference. "Venice Preserved" is not an Elizabethan play. Congreve, Wycherley, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, do not suggest Ben Jonson; and our own day produces plays which, often unworthy, express the manners and ideas of the passing hour.

Let us look for a moment at the Siddons, as painted for us by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence; and then, calling to mind the descriptions of her acting given to us by so many great critics, let us piece forth in our imaginations the splendid *diva* in Lady Macbeth,

Queen Katharine, the Lady Constance, Belvidera, Calista, Mrs. Haller, Hermione, Volumnia, Isabella, Euphrasia, Jane Shore, Lady Randolph, Imogen, Ophelia, Cordelia, the Lady in "Comus," Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, Mrs. Beverley, Camiola, Queen Elizabeth ("Richard III."). I do not much care to summon up her image in comedy. Let us leave her always in the very highest range of dramatic supremacy; but in the characters just enumerated it is, I think, easy to recall her appearance and to feel the might and magic of her inspired acting. Nature had given her everything—beauty, eyes, voice, figure, natural dignity—that could be desired to express her great ideal and tragic conceptions. Body was the fitting exponent of mind. She was perhaps too noble for foul or base parts. In Mrs. Haller her chaste and lofty manner was at variance with her wretched, impure disclosure; but then, who could render the pathos of the part as she did? Her Lady Macbeth may perhaps be ranked as one of the very greatest and most perfect embodiments ever seen on the stage. "Her genius was at least equal to her art." "Criticism, and envy, and rivalry sank at once before her." Foreign actresses, as Ristori and Bernhardt, make of the Thane's dread wife an Italian criminal woman of the Renaissance, super-subtle, glozing, serpentine; whereas the Titan character contains something of the rough-hewn suggestive grandeur of Michael Angelo's unfinished figures, which so grandly stir imagination as they recline around the tombs of the Medici. The Siddons seems to have subtly felt this rough grandeur, and her Lady Macbeth was perhaps the most perfect impersonation ever known, and quite unsurpassable in its terror and its lofty ideality.

In Constance, the Siddons herself tells us, "I never, from the beginning of the play to the end of my part in it, once suffered my dressing-room door to be closed, in order that my attention might be constantly fixed on those distressing events which, by this means, I could plainly hear going on upon the stage, the terrible effects of which progress were to be represented by me. Moreover, I never omitted to place myself, with Arthur in my hand, to hear the march when, upon the reconciliation of England and France, they enter the gates of Angiers to ratify the contract of marriage between the Dauphin and Lady Blanche. . . . In short, the spirit of the whole drama took possession of my mind and frame, by my attention being incessantly rivetted to the passing scenes."

This is the true spirit of a great artist, and her observance of every precaution that could assist illusion in the part explains the majesty of her royal sorrows, and the scorn with which the widowed

mother treated the perjured kings who had betrayed her cause. "I cannot conceive," she says, "in the whole range of dramatic character, a greater difficulty than that of representing this grand creature." But that difficulty she overcame, and Constance became and remained one of the loftiest triumphs of her tragic creations.

It is a little singular that she should have postponed her appearance in Juliet until she was thirty-four years of age.

Within a year after the expulsion of Mrs. Siddons from Drury Lane, Henderson, the actor, declared that "she was an actress who never had had an equal, nor would ever have a superior."

She took great delight in playing Desdemona, a part which might not have been thought to be strong enough for her. She had been told that not very much could be made of Desdemona, but she thought differently, and put into it, with success, her full genius. Her art suppressed her grandeur where that was not wanted. It is thought that in this gentle character, which is only strong at the fatal end, she looked sligher and less tall than she looked in any other character; and the effect that she produced is another tribute to her conscientious art. She was lovely, though she had generally an heroic loveliness; but this attribute she finely subdued. "I never wondered at her in any character so much as in Desdemona," says Campbell. This "soft sweet creature could not be the Siddons," adds the poet, who was "for some time not aware that I was looking at the Tragic Queen." What a tribute to her dramatic genius! And yet, as Desdemona, she was never sentimental—as she never was in Lady Macbeth. In the scene in which she tried to win over the Moor to Cassio's interest, "it is my [Campbell's] belief that no other actress ever softened and sweetened tragedy so originally." And yet "her magnificence was inexpressible," says Godwin, speaking of her Zara. "Mrs. Siddons was peculiarly happy in Imogen," says Campbell; "she gave greatness to the character, without diminishing its gentleness." In this loveliest and most peerless of even Shakespeare's women she must have been distinctively noble and charming; and she could realise the full womanhood of Imogen, while she superadded the dignity of the princess, and the loyalty of the devoted and ideal wife. Her Imogen was flawless. Of her Volumnia, Young, the actor, records: "I remember her coming down the stage in the triumphant entry of her son, Coriolanus, when her dumb-show drew plaudits that shook the building. She came along, marching and beating time to the music; rolling (if that be not too strong a term to describe her motion) from side to side, swelling with the triumph of her son. Such was the intoxication of joy which flashed

from her eye, and lit up her whole face, that the effect was irresistible . . . I could not take my eye from her. Coriolanus, banner, and pageant, all went for nothing to me after she had walked to her place." We find that in 1792 she performed two-and-twenty times, in sixteen different and most powerful characters. No long runs then reduced the talent of an actress to mechanical weariness. She only once played a part for thirty-one successive nights, and that part was the camp-follower, Elvira, in "Pizarro." She says: "The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined, as it were, with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten." She had the true temperament and the modesty of a great artist; but she had what she terms her "desperate tranquillities," and her genius rose sublimed to the height of the great argument, and to the ideal requirements of the very loftiest acting.

Her Isabella ("Measure for Measure") was a glorious success. She was the ideal of the noble, chaste virgin sister; and it is recorded that, when the despairing Claudio suggests her yielding to save his life, her wonderful eye flamed amazement and horror. "Venice Preserved" is a most tragic and pathetic play, and the Belvidera of the Siddons was, and long remained, one of the most powerful and touching of her impersonations. In it she rose to the terrible, and softened to the tender; and I have heard the accounts of persons who had seen her in Otway's great character, and who could never forget the deep and awful impression made upon them by the Siddons in this tremendous and most moving tragic part. Boaden gives an able analysis of her great effects in Belvidera.

Mrs. Siddons was by no means a tricky actress. She did not reserve her power for great effects, or go out of her way to make "points." She acted the whole character, from beginning to end, with the devotion of her whole strength. Cordelia is not a strong enough part to call forth all her great qualities, and she acted it probably rather with a view to serve her brother, John Kemble, who was great in Lear, than to afford herself an opportunity for the display of her transcendent tragic power. John Kemble, to his lasting disgrace, played that vile and vulgar version of "King Lear," by Nahum Tate, in which Cordelia is retained in Britain in order that she may carry on a love affair with Edgar. We are naturally disgusted at the production, in 1788, of such a version of "King Lear"; but we must not forget the sin of which we have been guilty in the present day. "Faust" is one of the world's masterpieces, and

yet we, at a leading theatre in London, produced a vile and vulgar version of Goethe's immortal poem play in which a small playwright had adapted, altered, and added to the work of the great writer. If Germany produced a great play of Shakspeare mangled by a German Fitzball we should be very righteously indignant; but we must admit our shame in connection with Goethe's "Faust." The German stage has several good acting versions of "Faust." Dr. Johnson desired to see the Siddons in Queen Katharine, but his wish was never realised. This character was one of the noblest of the Siddon parts, and Boaden says: "I can hardly bring myself to believe that her Lady Macbeth was a greater effort." It is, I think, easy to realise the inspired actress in this great, sad, queenly part. We can well imagine how she looked and acted in her first scene, in the trial scene, and in that final passage through sickness to dissolution. Terry, the actor, in an able analysis of the Siddons in this character, maintains that "in the history of all female performances on the British stage, there is no specific tradition of any excellence at all approaching to her as Queen Katharine." In the last scene of fatal illness she succeeded in presenting that fine fusion of realism with the ideal which is so seldom realised: realism being employed not merely for its own sake, but as a prop and buttress to majestic idealism. "The most entirely faultless specimen of the art that any age ever witnessed," says Terry. Mrs. Siddons considered that she continuously improved in the rendering of her great parts; and, in characters not needing youthful appearance, she remained perfect up to the very close of her stage career. "The burthen of her inspiration was too weighty for comedy," says Bannister, the comedian; and as the long procession of her great tragic parts passes before our eyes, as do the kings in "Macbeth," we may leave comedy to Mrs. Jordan.

She played Cleopatra in Dryden's "All for Love," but refused to act Shakspeare's Cleopatra. Her Mrs. Haller was terribly pathetic, and her Mrs. Beverley was pathos shown through power. Before taking leave of the actress, we may return for a moment to Lady Macbeth; that character which, as personated by the Siddons, was perhaps the greatest and most noble piece of acting ever seen on the stage. The evidence of her inspired excellence is conclusive and triumphant. Campbell rises to unusual eloquence in his ecstatic record of her Lady Macbeth; a part which she first played in London on February 2, 1785. "It was an era in one's life to have seen her in it. She was Tragedy personified." As executant and interpreter she was equally sublime. She conceived the great

part as perfectly as she embodied it. Shakespeare himself might have triumphed to see his great creation so completely incarnated. Her stately beauty, her noble carriage, her splendid elocution, her glorious eyes, and her manly voice all rendered her a perfect representative of the character; and her intellect, passion, power, pathos, enabled her to realise it to a full and flawless ideal. Sometimes the Unseen Powers accord to humanity a perfect ideal in a noble art, and such an ideal was the immeasurably sublime Siddons. Of *Lady Macbeth* he says: "The terror, the remorse, the hypocrisy of this astonishing being, fitting in frightful succession over her countenance, and actuating her agitated gestures with her varying emotions, present, perhaps, one of the greatest difficulties of the scenic art." In the fifth act—"Behold her now, with wasted form, with sad and haggard countenance, her stary eyes glazed with the ever-burning fever of remorse, and on their lids the shadows of death." She could conceive finely the attributes of the grand complex character; and we know how she could execute that which she could imagine. She took her leave of the stage, in this character, on June 29, 1812. The performance was not extended beyond the scene in which she had appeared; and then, dressed simply in white, she, after the most fervent acclamations from the excited audience, delivered a farewell address, written by her nephew, Horace Twiss.

And so the curtain fell upon the career of the Siddons; though she afterwards returned to the stage—with diminished powers—on several occasions.

She retired in 1817 to a quiet little house, now marked with a memorial tablet, in Upper Baker Street. The "leading ladies" of the present day would look with scorn upon so modest dwelling; but Mrs. Siddons was not rich—indeed, the brilliant but unprincipled Sheridan had taken care of that—and the more results of her splendid exertions were not considerable. In this little house she resided, after her retirement from the stage, enjoying the society of intimate friends, modelling, and occasionally giving Shakespeare readings; and in this same house she died on June 18, 1821. She was interred, on June 25, in the New Ground of Paddington Church, but no national honours were rendered at her funeral.

We are fortunate in possessing the "Memoirs" of Siddons as the "Life" of her by Campbell. The great lyric poet's work distinguished by a sustained enthusiasm of righteous sympathy and admiration; though his publisher complained that he made but scanty use of the dramas and correspondence placed in his hands. Campbell knew Mrs. Siddons intimately in her ripe years, was

competent judge of acting, and regarded both the genius and the character of the grand artist with affectionate reverence. He was well fitted to be the biographer of this most highly gifted and most noble woman, and his work remains a guide and a delight.

The general public knows a good deal *about* the Siddons, but not perhaps very much *of* her ; and it is good now and then to recall to recollection the merits and the talents, the career and the character of so extraordinary a woman. Hence this little attempt to restore the splendid vision to the eye of human memory and regard.

With her passed away one of the greatest glories of the magic stage. Nature had cast her for her exalted part ; the sublimest exponent of loftiest tragedy was our English SIDDONS.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

THE BROKEN DREAM.

HE came and sat upon the middle of the stile, after a rough salutation to the young man who was standing there before he arrived.

His long black coat gave him a clerical appearance, but he had no white tie, and he lacked the inevitable umbrella of the parson. His face, too, had nothing spiritual about it; indeed, was brutally material—the face of a man in love with the baked meats and fermented drinks of the world. But it wore a pleasant, litting smile, indicative of a cheerful temperament and an easy-going wish to extract as much enjoyment out of life as it was possible to extract under the circumstances of his existence.

"'Tis forty year since I sat on this stile," he said, without introduction, without even looking at the person beside him; merely with his eye—literally he had only one eye, the other, as he afterwards said, being "bossed" through contact with a volatile champagne cork which shot him one evening when attending the officers' mess—lovingly fixed upon the cottage ends and yellow rick-corners of the back of Lynton village.

"Ah! forty year," he repeated, with a profoundly deep sigh, suggestive of early hopes and later failures. "But this Duffus Close hev altered to what it were. The brook yon were wider nor it is now. There were a plank over it where the bridge be, and a little further down a ladder were stretched over. Well, to be sure! Ah! this field were a field o' gold then; it were so, indeed."

He laughed a jovial laugh that was good to hear, and turned his weather-beaten and slightly world-weary face to the young man, showing a moustache and tuft almost as white as the last spring daisy in the Close grass.

"I were a little chap in pinna and pericuts. Ah! that mun be fifty year ago—quite. I mind it well as if 'twere only yesterday, 'cause it were mother's Mothering, and I, being the dilling, were put to bed and left under that straw roof-tree yander by meself till about two i' the mornin'. We were born and bred at Lynton. My feyther

were sexton at church for forty year. You can see his name on gravestone yon : 'George Somers, sexton o' this parish,' and so on ; and his feyther afore him were sexton too ; and I—well, I'm just nothing : only a bit of a rover with no rest for the sole o' me foot."

The man paused and wiped away a thin film which had grown over his eye. Then he sought to hide this small piece of feeling from his stile-fellow. He took a pipe and pouch of tobacco from his pocket, loaded the pipe, struck a match upon his nether garments, and speedily raised a cloud of smoke, behind which he recovered his self-possession.

"Yes," he continued, with a face shining once more like a bronze apricot polished with monkey soap, "I was a little kiddy in pinna and pericuts, but I mind it as well as if 'twere but yesterday, and, as I tell ye, it must be quite fifty year ago.

"I think a child never forgets any uncommon thing as falls to it. *J* hanna, that's for sure ; and I think all young 'uns are pretty near the same. There's some things I wish I could forget—for one, the warming I got from feyther for playing the wag one arternoon and goin' watercrossing i' the brook yon. But there's many as we never want to forget, and carn't forget, 'cause they be fixed in our minds like the skin on our own bodies ; and I mind that field o' gold as if 'twere yesternight ; I do that."

His one eye swept over the grass again with the sort of admiring glance which a lover gives to his mistress.

By that look could be read the heart of the man. He was a world-roamer. He had been on ship-board for forty years. He had seen the world in its many changing beauties, life in its ever-varying moods. But his heart turned to his native hill ; to the homely straw roof, beneath which he had often kicked his legs in the air with infantile violence ; to the Duffus Close, sprawling in golden sunshine, where he made daisy-chains before he was out of "pericuts" ; to the hollow tree, where the ring-dove and wood-pigeon built their nests when he climbed the tree in knickers.

Much travelled though he was, the look of his native meads and babbling runnels reopened the heart of the boy within him, and held him as in a spell. It was heaven to him just then to be far from the madding crowd—to exchange the din of the docks for the unbroken tranquillity of wide-stretching green lands, the strange oath of the seafaring man for the plaintive moaning of the wooded dove.

The man's face looked unutterable thanks for that period upon the stile.

"I were getting over the stile, you must know—ah! this very stile," he went on. "I were getting through the bars on it, that is; for, being such a lil kiddy, I could easily creep through the spaces. But lor! the hedges wern't like as 'em be now—cut lowish, like this 'en. Why, they were twelve or fifteen feet high, and elm trees growin' in 'em here and there.

"Old Tommy Court, as kep' the Farm yander, were as rich as a Jew—heaps o' money; but never a bill-hook in his fences would he hev then. But arterwards, though, when the Bank broke at Brookington, and he lost ten thousand pounds along o' it, he growed hungry and had 'em chopped down right and left, elm trees and all, and sold to the timber dealer at Cuddington.

"But when I came to this stile the fence were so high that it had growed right over and med a gret arch like the doorway to Arwick Castle. An', behold you, when I crept through the stile, and looked over the Duffus Close, my little heart jumped up so as I could scarcely hold 'en.

"The grass were covered wi' gold!—sovereigns and half-sovereigns all over the place, each side the pathway! Hundreds and thousands on 'em—cartloads!"

The man's one eye glistened like a gold coin itself with the excitement produced by the remembrance of the sight he was describing. Perhaps the thought, too, that at that moment he was not worth one single coin of all the golden harvest that he beheld that day in the Duffus Close operated to increase the excitement.

With a glib tongue, the outcome of his long residence on ship-board, he proceeded with his narrative.

"I couldn't tell what to think when I see'd all this gold sprawling about; but, mind ye, I were knowing enough to know that it *was* gold and that I mun hev some on it. Childlike, I were in a mortal hurry to pick up as much on it as I could. My parents were poor, hard-working folk, and it come into my little yed how nice a hundred or two sovereigns would be for mother and feyther.

"Sure, I thought, in my childish fancy, Tommy Court had been emptying his money-bags in the Close in one on them drunken fits as he were often hevin'. But I cared not a bit whose money it had been. There it was, lying in an open field, and I meant to hev some.

"Nobody was coming. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere, although it was a time and season when many folk used to stroll over these fields. Even the fat form of Tommy Court himself was to be seen standing between the two yew trees as used to grow

up by them iron railings yon. An' so I thought the gold were for me.

"I picked up the outside edges of me pinna and began to fill it like one o'clock. Soon I'd got so many sovereigns and half-sovereigns that the pinna wouldn't hold any more. An' then came the difficulty. You see I was on this side the bank—same as we be now. There was only a plank a foot wide to cross over by, an' the brook was full o' water. How to get to t'other side an' not lose any o' the sovereigns was what I didn't know.

"I can see meself now in the little red pericut, the blue biggen on me head wi' the fox-fur round it (med by me mother's own fingers, for she was a dab hand wi' the needle, poor soul), an' me white pinna bulging out like a loaded hammock wi' the gold as I'd got in it. I might hev saved meself that trouble, for there was heaps o' gold on the other side o' the brook; but, childlike, I never thought o' that, an' grabbed at the first as came to hand.

"How slow I moved along the first steps o' that plank! I went no faster nor the crawl of a house-a-back snail. When I got to the middle—plop—plop—plop! come a noise bobbing up from the brook. I looked down at me pinna, an', behold ye, the gold were running out at each side an' dropping into the water!

"I gripped me pinna like grim death, an' tried to stop losing the money. But ah!—I mind it as well as if 'twere but yesterday—in the excitement I missed me footing, an' fell i' the brook, gold an' all!"

The speaker's face passed through a variety of hues and shades. It was as though the possession of so much gold and the dramatic loss of it at so early an age had been the cause of the tosses and buffets of his after-life up to the hour of his sitting on the stile. His face certainly gave the impression of disappointment, even at that lapse of time; but the shade of disappointment was only momentary. It gave place to a smile, which broadened out to a cheerful laugh, as he said:

"An' when I woke I was yelling like a farmyard cock, just as mother came home from the Mothering; an' I was fund gripping the bedclothes tight in each hand, as if 'twere the pinna I were holding to keep the gold from falling out!"

"Then it was only a dream?" said the listener, with a touch of disgust at so tame a conclusion to what promised to be an exciting story.

"Ah! a dream it was," replied the man on the stile sadly, "an' I donna seem to hev waked out on it even yet. That golden Duffus

Close hev been afore me eyes wherever I hev been—in all parts of the world. I'm seeing it every night a'most in me sleep; an' coming here to-day, an' seeing you here, med me tell it out agen, same as I see'd it above fifty year ago. Strange, indeed, inna it?"

"Well, it is rather odd," returned his stile-companion carelessly.

The dream-teller sidled off the stile and walked a few steps into the Close. A pitchfork, forgotten by some of the late haymakers, lay under a stunted hawthorn bush that overhung the brook. The man picked it up carelessly and drove the prongs into the inner circle of what is known as a "fairy ring."

"Just about here," he said, turning his head over his shoulder, "was a gret heap. Hey, if I'd only a quarter of what was there, I should be a happy man. But Lord! I never was in luck; an' my brother Wag's got houses of his own."

The prongs struck some substance in the earth, and gave out a smart sound like a hammered tuning-fork. It made the man start; that sound at once opened up for him such magnificent possibilities. He struck the fork in again. It gave out a sharp, clear ring, conclusively establishing the fact that something—perhaps of value, perhaps only an old horse-shoe—lay embedded there.

"'Twere said as Tommy Court med away wi' his cash-box afore a died, for fear o' robberies. Belike 'tis here," cried the one-eyed man, with growing excitement.

Under the vigorous prods of the fork the turf flew up easily, as though it had lain there for days instead of decades. In a few minutes a box like a tea-caddy was torn out of the ground by the native fortune-hunter. He raised the lid with trembling fingers. The first thing that met his single eye was a slip of paper, upon which appeared the words—

"The finder can keep this.

"THOMAS COURT."

Beneath it was literally "a gret heap" of golden money in excellent preservation, though it had been buried more than forty years. The one-eyed man was "in luck" at last. He cried with joy.

"'Tis my dream broken arter all. The Duffus Close *is* golden."

GEORGE MORLEY.

THE OLD SCIENCE AND THE NEW.

THE five score years of the nineteenth century have rolled away. An age of light and thought, of marvel and discovery, it will be known to posterity as the "New" Age, the age of the New in science, in literature, and in art. The trail of glory which it has drawn after it is apt to blind the eye and obscure the vision when we would strive to pierce that splendour which hides the dimmer glories of a more distant past. For thought is not a monopoly of one age or race, it is the universal heritage of mankind. The parallels which may be drawn between the speculations of some of the old sages or mediæval thinkers and those current in our own day are sufficiently striking to merit attention, even though they have no more than a human interest. It may be granted that the ancients were deficient in that wise interrogating which Bacon claims is half a knowledge; that they lived in days when fact had not yet narrowed the limitless fields which lay open to imagination. True, too, is it, as has been well said, that they questioned their own minds rather than Nature. Even so; yet in questioning their own minds they were in no small sense questioning Nature also. It has been a characteristic of great minds in all ages to love harmony and abhor discord. The fascination of the rhythmic is not alone exerted on the musician; it is, in a sense, the fundamental basis of almost all human thought and endeavour. The first movements of the baby limbs are instinctively rhythmic. The scientist, when by the discovery of some great law he evolves order out of chaos, experiences in no less degree than the artist, though in a different form, the joy of harmony. Guided only by that sense of fitness, that love of harmony which led them to the simple and reverent conception of Nature as one great concord, these old-time workers have not altogether travailed in vain. We can see them in imagination, those far off great ones, as with earnest gaze and straining eye they strive to discern something of the calm and placid features of great Nature's face—she of the unlifted veil. Their only help the harmony of their own minds, they projected this forth, and so

became conscious of that outer harmony wherein is nothing capricious, nothing out of place, but all is order and law.

A thousand years, and yet one thousand more have passed since those busy brains thought and planned and wrote, and as yet we moderns have but raised one little corner of the veil. To man, strong and lusty in the springtime of the race, so gossamer appeared that thread, so lightly thrown, that he did not doubt his power to draw aside the disguise. Undeterred by failure, philosopher after philosopher with strong yet reverent grasp essayed the task, only to recoil beaten, they knew not why. Some have imagined the task accomplished; but they were the blind and the halt of the children of thought. With failure repeated came less confidence but none the less of hope. A greater reverence, a deeper awe came upon the latter race of men. Not in one lifetime, not in one age was the riddle to be solved. Who can read without a thrill those noble words of Seneca: "Who setteth one limit for the stars? Who driveth divine things into a strait? The time shall come when many things now hidden shall be discovered by time and the diligence of future ages."¹ Now we of the twentieth century, dimly conscious as we are of the radiance of the dark and glowing majesty which streams from behind that lifted corner, can as yet no shape or form discern. Perhaps one day we shall see and know. Meanwhile, before that Presence "the generations rise and pass away."

Bearing in mind some such considerations as these, we cannot fail to appreciate the many parallels which present themselves between ancient or mediæval and modern scientific thought, a few of which will now be more particularly considered.

In modern times a theory of matter has arisen which has appealed with peculiar force to some of the greatest minds, and this is that conception of it as essentially one and the same in all its different and apparently endless varieties. This hypothesis supposes but one form of primitive matter. Now this primitive matter is of the same essential structure in all its forms. It has, however, been subjected in different places and at different times to varying forces and influences, and its particles have as a result been endowed with dissimilar motions and capacities of arrangement. Consequently the external manifestations and properties of this matter differ as the forces and influences which have been at work thereon have differed.

Such, then, in outline is the modern notion.

We look into the writings of the Wise Men of Old and find that

¹ In the words of an old translation.

they, too, were attracted by the simple grandeur of such an idea. No new thing is this. If we trace its development, we shall see that the conception grows in beauty and profundity as philosopher after philosopher meditates upon it. The notion seems to have originated with Thales of Miletus, who maintained that the common basis of all matter was Water ; but he, again, was probably indebted to the seers of Egypt. Antidotal to this doctrine, Heraclitus of Ephesus held that Fire was the universal parent. This marks a great advance upon the teaching of Thales. Anaximenes, again, taught that all the existing universe rose from Air. Each element had in turn its champion, and it was left to Empedocles to reconcile every conflicting theory by combining them, he giving it out that Matter was composed of all four elements.¹

Now was ushered in a new phase in the development of the idea. The new departure was made by Democritus, or perhaps his teacher, Leucippus. What we know of the philosophy of Democritus we know mainly from the work of the Roman poet Lucretius, who adopted, as Epicurus, whom he followed, had done, the science of Democritus, and throwing around it an astonishing wealth of illustration and analogy has almost made the subject his own. The close likeness between the modern conception and this ancient one will readily be understood when we give the substance of two passages from Lucretius's work "On the Nature of Things."² After discussing the hypotheses of Thales, Heraclitus and others, he asks if it were not better to concede at once that the atoms as regards their ultimate essence be all alike, but that by virtue of differences in their mutual relationships and alterations in the motions with which they are endowed, the same atoms can at one time form Fire, and at another something totally different, *e.g.* Air? The atoms themselves he maintains are neither like Fire nor anything else appreciable by sense, but are all composed of the one primitive matter, mere changes in their connections, motions, arrangement, position and conformations being sufficient to explain the Protean forms which this matter can assume. In short, everything is "mutually interchangeable." Further comment is needless, and we pass on to another parallel of great interest.

Some of these old sages have in their speculations concerning geology occasionally anticipated some of the results popular at a much later date. For example, we find Anaximander, an old thinker born about 610 B.C., teaching that the earth in her development had passed through many distinct periods, and that her condition in each

¹ Then so called.

² *De Natura Rerum*, i. 798 et seq. ; i. 684.

of these periods varied greatly. He stated that during one period this planet was covered with water (asserting, also, that water had at one time covered the tops of the mountains), then a glacial epoch, or Ice Age, had been passed through, and so on. In the writings of this same philosopher concerning the early history of living creatures may be found a crude system of evolution, and one which in its main features bears some analogy to the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." Empedocles and Lucretius give a similar account. According to these the earth itself was the mother of all life, for from it sprung all living creatures by the help of the sun and rain. First were produced the winged creatures, then the higher types, lastly Man himself. Now the earth in her youth and inexperience brought forth at first a heterogeneous crowd of living creatures, many of whom were monsters or malformed. These, however, in the struggle for existence which then ensued, being handicapped by their imperfect reaction to their environment, were gradually eliminated and died out. On the other hand, those creatures which by their superior organisation were enabled to live, obtain nourishment and perpetuate their race, came off victors in the struggle. Thus far Empedocles and Lucretius. Anaximander, however, went farther than this. He taught that man came forth originally as a fish, living in the water, leaving this element only when he had progressed so far as to be fitted to develop himself on land. I believe that the teaching of modern biology upon this point is that all air-breathing vertebrates "came originally from aquatic ancestors." The scheme of a gradual change and progression from lower to higher forms in the case of man thus is indicated in an unmistakable manner in the writings of this old thinker.¹ We will not tarry to discuss the "magic of numbers" which led Pythagoras and Philolaus to anticipate Copernicus, nor will we more than mention the speculation of Democritus that matter is made up of indivisible leasts. To those, however, whom the subject interests, we would point out that in the work of Lucretius there is a fairly complete outline of the modern "kinetic theory" of matter.²

Passing by the work of Posidonius, the Stoic and friend of Cicero, whose theory of the tides as due to the moon's attractive force was long in advance of his time, we are arrested by another great name, that of Claudius Galen. So far we have dealt with the mind-questioners, who, objectifying their thoughts, came, as we have seen, in some degree to know Nature. But the Sage of Pergamus

¹ For Anaximander's theories I am indebted to Zeller's works.

² *De Rer. Nat.*, i. 62-117; ii. 297-299.

was cast in a different and finer mould. For he questioned both his own mind and Nature herself, and by observation and the scientific use of the imagination he has left us treatises which, together with those of Hippocrates, were long revered as the Holy Writings of Medicine, to dispute which was in no whit less grave an offence than to doubt Scripture, or worse still in the eyes of the Schoolmen—to be faithless to Aristotle. In the "De Usu Partium"¹ of Galen occurs an anticipation of a discovery of comparatively recent date. In 1661 Malpighi, by the aid of the microscope, then a fresh invention, found in the body certain narrow and fine tubes, by means of which the arteries everywhere communicate with the veins. These fine tubes from their extreme tenuity were termed capillaries, from "capillus," a hair. Now Galen, in the above-mentioned work, distinctly states that the arteries everywhere communicate with the veins by means of certain very fine and narrow passages. These sentences were written 1,500 years prior to the research of Malpighi.

More wonderful still is the hint which he gives of the pulmonary circulation in the same work.² Scarcely clearer is that famous passage in the "Restitutio Christianismi," which rescued the name of Michael Servetus, physician and theologian of the sixteenth century, from the oblivion which has overtaken his theology. Led thereto by a consideration as to the meaning of the cardiac valves, and postulating, as we have seen above, the existence of minute connecting tubes between arteries and veins, he described correctly, though with an unfortunate reservation, the course of the blood from the right side of the heart through the lungs to the left side. Servetus, writing 1,400 years afterwards, hardly supplements this, and no real advance was made until Realdus Columbus in his "Anatomy" announced the completed discovery.

Truly it is, as Huxley remarks, almost pathetic in some cases to behold the great mind of Galen lay hold of the skirts of some great truth to fail to grasp it in its entirety merely because he had not at his disposal those methods of research which can now be commanded by the merest student.

Before passing on to consider for a brief space some aspects of mediæval science we may take leave of the great ancients with Seneca.

¹ *De Usu Partium*, bk. x. 6. In an old Latin edition of Galen the passage begins: "In toto corpore mutua est anastomosis atque oscillorum apertio arteriis simul et venis, transumuntque . . . per invisibiles quasdam atque angustas vias."

² *Ibid.* vi. 10.

Nothing illustrates better the breadth of view and deep philosophic insight which characterises the tutor of Nero than his enquiry into the nature of those celestial visitants which have excited interest and speculation ever since the eye of man scanned the heavens. The comets,¹ says Seneca, are no chance fires, no luminous erratics, but are as much part and parcel² of the universe as the stars and planets, and are co-eternal with them. Moreover, no fortuitous accident drives them hither and thither in varied journeyings, no note of discord do they sound to jar the harmony of the spheres. Each has its own appointed orbit, its own appointed time, though that orbit, that time may be immensely great—so great that an age may be too short for one cycle. He prophesied that a future race would by actual observation prove this to be the case. His prognostications have been justified. To appreciate the full significance of these views we need only bear in mind that Bacon, writing in 1620, still speaks of the "discursus et irregularis motus cometarum per varia loca cæli."³

Reaching at length times more recent, yet sufficiently separated both as regards habits of thought and methods of investigation from our own, we meet with many interesting theories and much acute thought. Striking contrasts, and equally striking parallels to nineteenth century views present themselves. The old mind-questioning period was fast giving place to the experimental, yet in the darker years of the times known as mediæval, thought was held in a bondage so close as to cause those barren years to be so singularly unproductive that they remain a marvel to succeeding ages. The bondage was that of Aristotle and of authority generally. Not that the Stagyrite's teachings cramped or confined, but that his vast shade loomed so big in an age of pigmies. It were an unprofitable task to wade through the mass of dialectic and scholastic rubbish of that darkness in vain hope of securing some gem of thought to match another of a later day, nor have we essayed the toil. The few illustrations which follow will be found mainly to belong to a later and lighter period.

A most extraordinary forestallation of the doctrine of the universality of gravitation which was demonstrated by Newton in his famous proposition beginning "Gravitatem in corpora universa fieri . . ." is contained in a passage from Copernicus quoted by Hallam. In this he denies that gravity is merely a property of the earth as a whole, as was generally held at that time, but that it is a

¹ *Nat. Quest.* bk. vii. 23-30.

² "Incessos mundi."

³ *Nat. Quest.* bk. vii. 25.

property common to every particle of matter composing this planet, and that the same probably holds good of the matter composing the heavenly bodies. The notion which we owe to Newton is that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other, or in other words has gravity. Of course Copernicus could not in the then state of knowledge conjecture how this attraction varied with distance, but the coincidence is sufficiently striking.

Hallam waxes quite enthusiastic over the anticipations of later discovery which are contained in the fragments of Lionardo da Vinci, and indeed the enthusiasm is not misplaced. "These fragments," he writes, "are more like revelations of physical truth to a single mind, than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis." A long list of accurate notions in dynamics are contained in the unpublished works from which Hallam quotes. We may cull the following: He insisted that a body falling from the top of a tower would have a compound motion, one velocity being due to gravity and the other to the terrestrial rotation. Had the generality of mediæval philosophers possessed such clearness of thought the Copernican astronomy would have been an easier pill to swallow. He also maintained that a body having descended an inclined plane, will have exactly the same velocity as if it had fallen a distance equal to its height; that the time of descent on inclined planes of equal heights is as their length; and that a body descends the arc of a circle quicker than its chord—facts which were formally discovered (if we may use the term) much later. Of singular interest, too, is his statement that respiration and combustion are allied, remarking also that air which will not nourish a flame will neither support life. This, written in 1510, was rediscovered and finally proved by Black in 1757.

René Descartes, the glory of French philosophy, besides more solid work, has in some of his speculations approached very nearly some of our modern notions. One of the most striking instances of this is to be found in his theory of light. From various passages in his "Principles of Philosophy" and "Dioptrics"¹ I gather that his doctrine of light consisted of the following items: (1) That the particles of a luminous body are in a state of lively motion. (2) That there is a very subtle and fluid kind of matter which fills in the interstellar spaces and extends also to our own planet. (3) That the ardent motion, or tendency to motion, of the particles of a luminous body is communicated to this subtle matter. (4) And lastly that this motion is propagated in straight lines to our

¹ *Dioptrics*, cap. i. 1-8. *Prin. Phil.* Pars Quarta, &c.

eyes and excites the sensation of light. This as far as it goes agrees with the modern idea, and is an approximation to the wave theory of light.

Those whom the mechanical or automaton theory of the universe so strangely delights will nowhere find a more thoroughgoing champion of their views than Descartes. I quote two passages. "I frankly confess,"¹ he says, "that I acknowledge no other property of things corporeal than that divisibility, figure, and mobility which geometricians call Quantity, and which they take as the basis of their demonstrations, and that only; and also I consider that there is no property in a corporeal body beyond those divisions, figures, and motions; and I admit nothing as true concerning them but which arises from these motions . . . no other principle is to be admitted in physics nor even wished for." And again²: "There are no potentialities in stones or plants so occult, no wonders of sympathy or antipathy so stupendous, and lastly there is nothing in universal Nature which ought to be referred to other than such material causes destitute of mind or cognition, and there is no need to call in any other aid to explain these phenomena." Now all this is very modern indeed.

There is one author from whose works we might expect to gather many a prophetic hint of future discovery, to find many a pregnant thought fitted to bring forth fruit with the centuries, and that one is Francis Bacon. But strive as we may to conceal it, disappointment awaits our perusal. Yet undoubtedly the "Instauratio Magna" is one of the marvels of the seventeenth century, and its writer truly great. When experiment came more and more to be regarded as the veritable touchstone of scientific truth, the conception reacted so strangely upon certain peculiarly constituted, yet often highly endowed, minds that we might describe about this time a transitional period—an age of indiscriminate and wanton experiment, were the exceptions less numerous or brilliant. Bacon, to some extent, fell a victim to the prevailing fault. Many of his experiments are useless, many wrongly interpreted, and many again pressed like unwilling mercenaries into the service of the theory of the moment. Shall we be forgiven also if we confess sometimes to a painful doubt whether the country which lay open to the gaze of my Lord of Verulam from the Pisgah heights of his philosophy was really the Promised Land or but an alien clime? But truly it was a very great country!

However, this dearth of material is but a relative one. In the

¹ *Ibid.* Pars Secunda, liiv.

² *Ibid.* Pars Quarta, lxxxvii.

twentieth aphorism of the second book of the "Novum Organon" Bacon enquires concerning the nature of heat. Heat, thanks to the experiments of such men as Davy, Rumford, Tyndall, and others, is now universally held to be a mode of motion. "The supporters of this theory do not believe heat to be matter, but an accident or condition of matter; namely, a motion of its ultimate particles."¹ "It is plain," says Bacon, "that from these considerations, heat causes a tumult, disturbance, and a lively motion in the internal parts of a body." And a little further on: "Intelligatur hoc, quod diximus de motu . . . ipsissimus calor, sive quid ipsum caloris sit, motus et nihil aliud"—heat its very self, its very essence, is motion and nothing else. Further, modern research shows us that the ultimate particles of all bodies are in a state of constant motion, colliding, recoiling, and oscillating among themselves. This restlessness of the particles of a body is made manifest to us by the sensation of heat. The greater this internal tumult, the more intense the sensation of heat on contact. Bacon continues: "Heat is not a uniform expansive motion . . . but an expansion brought about by means of the lesser particles of a body, which motion of the particles is restrained, repelled, and reverberated so as to produce an alternative motion, ever trembling, oscillating, and struggling, which is increased by mutual collisions . . . from this motion proceeds the violence of fire and heat." This is worthy a place in a modern textbook. He finally concludes his enquiry with the definition: "Heat is an expansive yet restrained motion striving in the lesser particles of a body."

In another place a significant passage occurs which reveals him on the verge of a great discovery. He states that at one time a strange doubt assailed him. Did we see the images of the sun, moon, and stars instantaneously, or was the impression received really that of an image of some time ago; in other words, did light take time to travel?² He gives reasons for his doubt, but in the same paragraph dismisses the idea almost as brusquely as though it had a suggestion of heresy in it.

Once again in the same book he hovers on the outskirts of a central truth.³ To Newton is due the discovery of the resolution of white light into its constituents by means of the prism. Bacon, however, clearly apprehended the difference between fixed colours and those yielded by crystals and prisms, and he writes that these latter have their origin in changes brought about in the incident ray

¹ Tyndall's *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion*.

² *Nov. Org.* bk. ii. 46.

³ *Ibid.* ii. 22.

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ism, the different colours being formed by differences in the of incidence. He here has almost within his grasp the the matter, viz., that the different colours of which white combination are differently refracted or bent out of their and so separated by the prism.

we must make an end. Our account is necessarily in- though we fear its imperfections cannot be excused by the verb. To aim at completeness would be to do as Bacon ke all knowledge for our province. For it has been well every discovery has been preceded by a half discovery. e fullest sense Darwin was the first evolutionist, Copernicus o place this planet in her true position among the spheres, e first chemist, and Newton the first natural philosopher. ese great ones no injustice when we assert the continuity t which links the great of one age with the great of another. ur sympathies enlarge, our appreciation of every true worker d of human endeavour grows greater by the consciousness same questionings, the same thoughts in different guise, in those distant brains. The cold light of Science takes on glow with the realisation of our kinship with those far-off of thought, with the assurance that, after all, the race is one eries of disconnected units.

SELF-STYLED PLANTAGENETS.

IN every age and in every clime there has been a certain class, or perhaps we should say fragment of humanity, the members of which, unwilling to use their natural abilities in branches of honest industry, have sought by means of their supernormal intelligence to acquire a foothold in ranks to which they had no claim, and to grow rich, not by the labour of their hands or brains, but with the assistance of cunning and ingenuity turned into paths hidden from the light. In India men can be found who prefer to devote a month to hollowing out rupees and filling the vacua with baser metal, and thereby gain a bare pittance, than to use their intellects in more honourable occupations and earn better livelihoods.

This article, however, is not intended to deal with the Orient, but with the Occident, not of the present day, but with epochs the records of which have taken their place in history.

The vicissitudes through which the descendants of Edward III. passed, and the continually renewed disputes that raged between the various branches of his family, tended to diminish the numbers of the princely houses of England. In the fifteenth century it was an exception for a member of the House of York or Lancaster to pass away in the ordinary course of nature. Some had the good fortune to fall on the battle-field. Others were destined to die by the hand of the assassin or the executioner. The fate of a few remained a mystery for many years, and to personate these was the aim of more than one hardy adventurer.

Richard II., one of the first of the race to be sacrificed to the ambition of his relations, was murdered in Pontefract Castle in 1404. Although there can be no doubt concerning his end, rumours were current for many years after that date that the King had escaped and was in Scotland. In the year of his death a gentleman named Serle suggested to Warde, a Court jester who bore a resemblance to the late King, that he should personate Richard. The jester acted upon the suggestion, but was careful not to leave the hiding-place in which he had taken up his residence. Some people of importance, including the Countess of Oxford, were induced to believe in the

existence of Richard, and this lady distributed tokens, such as the late King himself was accustomed to give, to his supporters. Many of them also received letters purporting to come from him, in which he announced his approaching appearance. Henry, however, soon put a stop to the matter. The Countess of Oxford was imprisoned, other believers in the jester arrested, and the Countess's secretary, who, as he said, had frequently seen the King, executed. Serle was drawn on a sledge from Pontefract to London, and there beheaded. The leading supporters of the Pretender having been rendered harmless, the whole matter was soon forgotten.

Before finally determining upon his ultimate action with regard to the crown, the Duke of York desired to ascertain to what extent his claims would be likely to meet with the approval of the populace. In furtherance of this object he took advantage of the dissatisfaction that was rampant in the south-eastern counties to suggest, as it is believed, to the leader of the discontented men of Kent that he should assume the name of Mortimer, the surname of a branch of the Royal Family nearly related to the House of York. Jack Cade, the leader in question, was in reality an Irishman, who, on account of a murder of which he had been guilty, had had to flee the country. He had repaired to France, and had served there for a short time against the English forces. Returning to this country, he assumed the name of Aylmer and the profession of a physician. Under this disguise he married the daughter of a landed proprietor. On the outbreak of the Rebellion of 1450, Cade, who may possibly not have been the original leader of the movement, adopted the surname of Mortimer—but it is only fair to state that in the opinion of some authorities he was in reality an offshoot of that family. With the familiar lines :

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

as his motto, he marched to London. From Blackheath, where he encamped with his 20,000 men, he directed his "Complaint of the Commons of England" and "The Requests of the Captain of the Great Assembly in Kent" to the King. While these petitions were being considered the rebels retired to Sevenoaks, where they were overtaken by a force that was sent against them by Henry. The Royalists attacked, but were defeated, and their leader, Sir Humphrey Stafford, killed. Cade then returned to Blackheath, and forwarded a list of grievances to the King, asking for their remedy and the punishment of Lord Say, the Treasurer, and Cromer, the Sheriff of Kent. Henry's soldiers, sympathising with the rebels, refused to

oppose them, and the King was compelled to flee to Kenilworth. Cade marched on London and entered Southwark without opposition. The rebel leader having strictly forbidden pillaging, the citizens showed themselves in favour of his movement. Say and Cromer were tried informally and executed, and Cade remained in possession of the capital for a few days. The Kentishmen, however, following the example that was soon set them by their leader, began to plunder, and when Cade had retired, as was his wont, with his men to Southwark for the night, the citizens refused in the morning to allow him to recross the river. A fierce and indecisive battle was fought on London Bridge between the Londoners, reinforced by the small garrison of the Tower, and Cade's followers, and a truce finally arranged. Cade withdrew with a few supporters and much booty, and in the course of his retreat made an unsuccessful attack on Queenborough Castle. A price was put upon his head, he was ultimately captured, after a struggle in which he was mortally wounded, by Iden, the Sheriff of Kent, and his head in due course took its place among the adornments of London Bridge.

The somewhat dubious claims beyond those of conquest on which Henry Tudor relied in his succession to the English throne resulted in continual trouble to the King. Not only did the heirs of his predecessor need unceasing vigilance, but even those of Richard's relatives who had passed away seemed to be revived in order to plague his conqueror and successor. The tragedy of the sons of Edward IV. is too well known to need repetition, and of their fate no doubt remains. The name and guise of the younger one, however, served as a cloak under which more than one impostor introduced himself to the public.

On the death of Richard, the rightful heir to the throne was Edward Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence. This prince had been kept in captivity by Richard, and under Henry he found no better fate, for he was destined to pass the remainder of his life as a prisoner in the Tower. His seclusion in this retreat and all absence of news of his existence led to frequent rumours of his decease. Meanwhile a priest of Oxford, Richard Simon, with an eye to his own advantage, had had a baker's son, Lambert Simnel, who bore a remarkable resemblance to members of the Royal Family, in his charge. It was his original intention that the boy should personate the younger of the princes of the Tower, but on the announcement of Warwick's death, in 1486, Simon and Simnel repaired to Dublin. In this city the boy was introduced to the Earl of Kildare, the Lord-Lieutenant or Deputy of Ireland, as the

Earl of Warwick, who it was alleged had escaped from imprisonment. By Kildare Simnel was presented to the Irish people as the heir of Richard, Duke of York, and consequently king by right of descent. All classes in the country acknowledged him with acclamation as their sovereign lord. He was taken to Dublin Castle with all the ceremonies attendant on royalty, and was crowned in the Cathedral by the Bishop of Meath, with a crown taken from the image of the Virgin Mary. Writs were issued, proclamations made, coins struck, and a Parliament summoned in his name. In the whole of Ireland Henry's only supporters were the Italian Primate, Octavian de Palatio, the city of Waterford, the Butlers of Ormond, and a few of the Bishops.

King Henry, as soon as he became aware of these proceedings, determined that the real Earl of Warwick should be publicly exhibited. He was immediately taken from the Tower and paraded through the streets to St. Paul's, care being taken that those of the nobles who seemed to be likely to support the Pretender should not be ignorant of the existence of the real Edward Plantagenet. Simnel's supporters alleged that the prisoner of the Tower was not the real Earl, but a substitute. At the same time a reward of £1,000 was offered for the body of the false Edward VI. Meanwhile the Duchess of Burgundy, ever eager to harass the representative of the House of Lancaster, sent an army to Ireland to assist the Pretender. This expedition was under the joint leadership of the Earl of Lincoln, the next heir to the Earl of Warwick and Martin Schwartz, a renowned soldier of the Emperor. The supporters of the pseudo-Edward VI. demanding to be led to England, the Irish Sea was crossed and a landing effected in Lanarkshire, where the invaders were joined by a small party under Sir Thomas Broughton. The rebels marched south, and at Stoke, where they were met by Henry's forces, a desperate and hardly contested battle ensued. The Royalists gained the day, although the rebels and their allies did not fail to display great bravery. The Earls of Lincoln and Kildare, Sir Thomas Broughton, and Martin Schwartz were killed. Lovell was also reported among the slain, but he was seen after the battle trying to swim the Trent. All trace of him was then lost, but in 1708, when Minster Lovell, his seat, was undergoing alterations, a secret chamber was discovered wherein a skeleton was found seated at a table with book, pen and paper before him. Unfortunately, on the admission of the air all immediately crumbled into dust. Simon and Simnel were taken, and the former imprisoned. Simnel was made a scullion in the royal

kitchen, and was afterwards promoted to the post of falconer. It is stated that in order to humiliate the Irish lords who had rendered homage to the Pretender, he was on one occasion made to wait upon them at table.

The next Pretender to haunt the uneasy conscience of Henry was Perkin Warbeck, or Osbeck. This person, there seems no doubt, was the son of a merchant of Tournay, during one of whose visits to London Perkin was born. The father was a frequent attendant at the Court of Edward IV., and according to Lord Verulam, the King, "out of a religious nobleness," because the father was a converted Jew, stood godfather to the child. It has, however, also been stated that Edward held that relationship towards the father, and not towards the son. On the death of the King, Osbeck senior withdrew from the Court, and later in the reign of Richard the family recrossed the Channel. The next few years of Perkin's life were spent in different cities of the Low Countries and in Portugal. In 1491 he landed in Ireland as the servant of a Breton named Pregent Meno, and on account of his resemblance to Edward IV. was immediately hailed by the populace as the Earl of Warwick. His identity with this nobleman he denied on oath, and he was then declared to be a son of Richard III. This also he denied, but he was finally induced to accept the title of Duke of York. The story he then adopted, and afterwards related in a letter to the Queen of Spain, was, that when his elder brother was murdered the assassins took compassion on him and sent him abroad, after having compelled him to swear that he would not divulge his identity until the lapse of a certain term of years. He resided incognito in Portugal for the stipulated period, and at its conclusion landed in Ireland. His story added to his popularity, and only the influence of the new Earl of Kildare restrained the people of Cork from proclaiming him. The news of his advent soon spread beyond the confines of the island, and King Charles of France, who was then at war with Henry, invited the Pretender to his dominions. Warbeck thereupon crossed to France, and was everywhere received as the Duke of York and the heir to the English throne. During his stay at this Court several English gentlemen, who were not altogether comfortable under the Tudors, went to Paris and assured themselves of the genuineness of his pretensions. Peace was, however, soon concluded between France and England, and one of its conditions was that the Pretender should leave French soil. Thence Perkin went to the Duchess of Burgundy, who after a pretended searching inquiry into his antecedents, received him as her nephew, and

saluted him as the "White Rose of England." She also furnished him with a retinue and the other appurtenances of his assumed rank. The prince, comfortably settled in Flanders, remained there for the space of two and a half years, in the course of which he attended the funeral of the Emperor Frederick III. in his new capacity, and also wrote to Isabella of Castile, asking for her support. In his letter he referred to the countenance he had received from the Kings of France, the Romans, Denmark and Scotland, the Duchess of Burgundy, the Archduke of Austria, and the Duke of Saxony. Henry sent ambassadors to the Archduke Philip to remonstrate with him for harbouring the Pretender, but his representations were unheeded. He also took steps to prove the murder of the two princes, but of the five assassins only two remained alive. The bodies had also been removed from their first resting-place and could not be found.

While at the Court of the Duchess of Burgundy, Perkin entered into correspondence with several Englishmen, upon whose assistance he relied in his endeavours to obtain the English crown. Even Sir William Stanley, who had saved the King's life at Bosworth, was involved in the plot. Henry by means of bribes induced three of the conspirators to denounce their fellows, and through them the whole plot was discovered. Clifford, one of the three, came secretly to England by arrangement, and threw himself at Henry's feet, asking for pardon. This was promised him on condition that he would denounce his associates, and he immediately mentioned Stanley the Chamberlain, one of those present at the audience. Of Stanley's complicity there is some doubt, but in spite of his previous services he, together with others of the leading conspirators, paid the penalty of high treason.

Undismayed by this check, the Pretender took advantage of Henry's absence in the north, and attempted to effect a landing at Deal. The Kentishmen, who wished to entrap him, invited him to land in person and put himself at their head. But he was wary and sent representatives, who were attacked and taken prisoners. Warbeck, dissatisfied with the condition of affairs, returned to Flanders and sailed later for Ireland. His reception in that country was not, however, as he had expected, and after having lost three ships in an ineffectual attempt to capture Waterford, he retired from the island.

He had not lost hope and determination, and next turned his attention towards Scotland, to whose king he had letters of introduction from the Duchess of Burgundy, the King of France and the Emperor of Germany. James received him most favourably, and

gave him his relative, Lady Catherine Gordon, to wife. He even went further. He headed two invasions into the English dominions, but these did not altogether meet with success. The peace that was soon made included among its clauses one for the marriage of Henry's daughter Margaret with the King of Scotland, and the withdrawal of the protection that had been granted to Warbeck was a natural consequence. During the two years of his stay in the northern kingdom, the Flemings, who had suffered commercially through the support that they had extended to the pseudo-prince, had adopted legislation against his return. He had consequently to seek another retreat, and, accompanied by his wife and a few supporters, again turned his attention towards Ireland. He met with no encouragement in that quarter, but was pursued by vessels fitted out by the city of Waterford. The inhabitants of Cornwall were at that time in a state of incipient rebellion on account of unpopular taxation, and Warbeck, hoping for encouragement in that quarter, landed with seventy men on September 7, 1497, near Land's End. He soon collected an army and marched on Exeter with 7,000 followers. Here he assumed the title of Richard IV., but his newly adopted dignities induced little respect in the townspeople, and after futile attacks on the city he retired to Taunton. In the meanwhile Henry's army was approaching, and Perkin, losing all faith in his levies, deserted them in the night and fled to a sanctuary at Beaulieu, in the New Forest. The army, left without a leader, surrendered, and many of its members were punished. Henry was afraid to violate the sanctuary, but had it closely guarded. Lady Catherine Gordon was sent to the Queen and given a generous allowance.

The promise of a full pardon to Perkin if he would admit the imposture was accepted, and the Pretender was consigned to the Tower, where he was treated with respect. After six months' imprisonment he managed to escape. He was soon recaptured, and as a punishment was put in the stocks, where he had to read his confession. He returned to the Tower, and there met the real Earl of Warwick, with whom he conspired to effect their joint escape. Both the conspirators were tried for high treason and found guilty. Warwick was executed and Perkin hanged at Tyburn. His widow received grants of land from the King and had three more husbands before her death. The opinion was long held that Perkin might have been the prince whose name he assumed, but the discovery of letters sent by him when in prison in the Tower to his mother at Tournay, has deprived him of the few shreds that remained in

support of his claims. Shortly before Perkin's execution another Earl of Warwick arose, but he did not trouble the authorities for long.

An account of the exploits of the fraudulent Plantagenets is hardly the proper place in which to refer to the Stuarts. A sketch of the so-called heirs of the Stuarts might, however, serve as a suitable appendix to this article and not be deemed altogether out of place.

In 1847 there appeared a book, called "Tales of the Century; or, Sketches of the Romance of History between the Years 1746 and 1846. By John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart." The book contained three stories, which were intended to be considered historical truths. Dr. Beaton, when travelling in Italy in 1773, relates how he was summoned, under very mysterious circumstances, to attend to the wife of Prince Charles Edward in her confinement. Wandering on the seashore at night some time afterwards, according to the story, he was witness to the embarkation of a lady and infant on board the English frigate *Albira*. They were attended by a cavalier, whom he remembered from the previous occasion. The second story deals with a personage known as Captain O'Haleran, who bore a remarkable resemblance to the Stuarts and to Prince Charles Edward in particular. The last tale tells of the marriage of this personage, who is openly addressed as "My Prince," to Catherine Bruce, and the inference that is left to be drawn is that the authors of the stories are the offspring of the marriage. Hints had already been scattered that the book was not a romance. The critics, however, proved incontestably the unreliability of the relation. The characters were identified in real life. The authors were John Hay Allen and Charles Stuart Allen, sons of Thomas Hay Allen and grandsons of Admiral Carter Allen, the original of Commodore O'Haleran, the commander of the frigate *Albira*. No proofs were forthcoming of the birth of the child in Italy, and none of those alleged to be acquainted with that occurrence seemed to have ever breathed a word of it. Prince Charles Edward was never known to have mentioned the existence of his child, nor did he refer to him in his will. The alleged mother, Princess Louisa, was also never known to have betrayed any acquaintance with the existence of her offspring.

ALBERT M. HYAMSON.

BRASS-RUBBING.

THE correspondent of a newspaper recently expressed his satisfaction that a Society of Ladies had been formed for the purpose of brass-rubbing, concluding that his brass fenders and fireirons would now receive proper attention. He was, however, disappointed when he learnt that the Society was composed of female antiquaries who visited churches and obtained, by a process of rubbing, copies of the brass memorials of the dead for which our country is famous. Brass-rubbing is becoming a favourite and fashionable pursuit. You spread a sheet of paper over the brass, and, having armed yourself with a piece of heelball, you rub it over the paper, and in a short time will have an exact presentment of the monumental brass. Very much may be learnt from a study of these brasses and effigies. They tell us of the variety of fashions in costume and armour, of heraldic devices, the details of family history, and many other facts we may learn from their study.

The pious care which we all love to bestow on the mortal remains of our nearest and dearest, and the respect and honour with which all men regard the bodies of departed heroes, kings, saints, and warriors, have produced a remarkable series of sepulchral monuments, examples of which may be found everywhere. The cairns and tumuli of the primitive races which inhabited our island were the results of the same feelings of reverent regard which inspired the beautifully carved mediæval monuments, the memorial brass, or the cross-shaped tombstone of to-day. The early inhabitants of Britain raised their barrows, or mounds of earth, their cromlechs and dolmens in memory of their dead. The Saxons placed their bodies in cists, or coffins formed of several stones placed together in the form of a table. The Normans introduced stone coffins for the sepulchre of their great men, many of which may be seen in our cathedrals and old conventual churches. On the lids of these coffins they frequently cut a single cross. When the style of architecture changed to that of the Early English and Decorated periods monumental slabs were ornamented with much greater

richness and elaboration, and inscriptions were added, and also some device which showed the trade, rank, or profession of the departed. Thus the chalice and paten denoted a priest, a sword showed the knight, an axe a forester, an ink horn a notary, shears a wool-merchant.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century it occurred to someone to preserve the likeness of his departed friend as well as the symbols of his rank and station. So effigies were introduced upon the surface of the slabs, and were carved flat; but ere fifty years had passed away the art of the sculptor produced magnificent monumental effigies. Knights and nobles lie clad in armour with their ladies by their sides; bishops and abbots bless the spectators with their uplifted right hands; judges lie in their official garb; and merchants with the emblems of their trade. At their feet lie animals, usually having some heraldic connection with the deceased, or symbolical of his work; *e.g.*, a dragon is trodden down beneath the feet of a bishop, signifying the defeat of sin as the result of his ministry. The heads of effigies usually rest on cushions, which are sometimes supported by two angels.

A peculiar characteristic of the military effigies in England is that the knights are often represented with the legs crossed. Many speculations have been made with regard to the meaning of this fashion of cross-legged effigy. It is a popular superstition, in which for some years the writer shared, that such effigies represented Crusaders. We were told in our young days that when the knight had his legs crossed at the feet he went to the Crusades once, when at the knees that he had been at two Crusades, and when crossed at the thighs he had been thrice to rescue the Holy City from the hands of the Infidels. All this seemed very plausible and interesting; but it is undoubtedly a myth. Many known Crusaders have their effigies with uncrossed legs, and many who never went to the Crusades have cross-legged effigies. Moreover, there are no such monuments in any foreign country, which swelled the army of Crusaders. Hence we must abandon the pleasing superstition, and reconcile ourselves to the fact that no particular signification can be assigned to these cross-legged effigies, and that only fashion prompted the mediæval sculptors to adopt this attitude for their figures. This mode prevailed until about the year 1320.

At the close of the fifteenth century the art of making monumental effigies degenerated together with the skill of the architects of that period. the husband and wife kneeling facing each other, with before each figure. A company of small

figures below the effigies represent the children, the boys on one side, the girls on the other.

Early wooden effigies were also in use. There is one much battered by the careless hands of former generations of villagers in the rural church of my parish of Barkham. The artists often used much colour, gilding and enamel in making these effigies; and often rich canopies were erected over them, containing fine tabernacle-work and figures of saints in niches.

Another form of effigy was commonly in use, in addition to the figures just described. These are called incised effigies, which were cut in outline upon flat slabs of stone, the lines being filled in with enamelled metals. Thornton Abbey, Lincolnshire, and Brading, in the Isle of Wight, have examples of this work. But the great expense of these enamels, and also their frailty when exposed in the pavements of churches, led to the use of brass; and hence arose the introduction of memorial brasses for which our country is famous.

We owe the application of brass to memorial tablets to the artists of Flanders, and the date of their introduction is about the middle of the thirteenth century. The execution of almost all of our English brasses is due to native artists. Foreign brasses are usually of great size, and consist of a quadrangular sheet of metal, on which is engraved the figure, usually under a canopy, the background being ornamented with rich diaper, foliage, or scroll-work, and the incisions filled with colouring. Several brasses in England conform to this style of workmanship, and are evidently the productions of foreign artists. The English brasses, on the contrary, consist of separate pieces, with an irregular outline, corresponding with that of the figure. They have no brass background, and for delicacy of engraving and general appearance the English brasses are by far the best.

The names of the makers of brasses have been almost entirely lost. Two only bear marks which are supposed to be those of the engraver. No other country can boast of so large a number of these memorials as England, in spite of the hard usage they have received and their wanton destruction. About four thousand remain, and constantly we find the matrices cut in stone slabs from which the brasses have been torn, so that we may assume that quite as many have been destroyed as those which survive. The Southern and Eastern Counties are most richly furnished with these monuments, whereas the Western and Northern Counties have but few brasses. Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex and Kent are the most rich in this respect. The earliest brass of which we have any record is that of Simon de

Beauchamp, who died before 1208. This is mentioned by Leland. The earliest brass now in existence is that of Sir John D'Aubernoun, at Stoke Dabernon, Surrey, which was fashioned in 1277. In the fourteenth century a very large number of brasses remarkable for their beauty of form and execution were made; the artistic workmanship began to decline in the fifteenth century, and in the following became utterly degenerate.

It was not an uncommon practice for subsequent generations to appropriate the memorials of their predecessors. Such brasses are called "palimpsests." By the carelessness of churchwardens, by fraud, or spoliation, brasses were taken from the churches and acquired by some maker in the town. When a new one was required, the tradesman would take from his stock and on the reverse engrave the figure of the individual whose memory he was called upon to perpetuate. Hence when brasses are taken up from the pavement, frequently the remains of a much earlier memorial are found on the reverse side. There is an example of this curious method of procedure at St. Lawrence's Church, Reading, where on the reverse of a brass to the memory of Walter Barton were found the remains of the brass of Sir John Popham, who was buried at the Charterhouse, London. This monastery was dissolved in 1536, the monuments sold, Sir John Popham's brass among them, which was evidently soon converted into a memorial of Walter Barton.

Sometimes the original brass was appropriated as it lay, the figure being slightly altered to suit the style of costume prevalent at the later date. In other cases the engraver did not even trouble himself to alter the figure, and simply added a new inscription and shield of arms.

The wanton destruction and gross neglect of churchwardens both before and after the Reformation were very great. At St. Mary's Church, Reading, the accounts tell a sad tale of this disgraceful damage in the year 1547 :

"Receyvid of John Saunders for iii cwt. lacking ix^{lb} of metall that was taken upp of the graves, and of olde candlestycks at vis. the hundred, xlvis. iid."

Evidently a clean sweep was made of most of the memorial brasses in the church, and few escaped destruction. The tale is too familiar. Most churches have suffered in the same way.

The study of brasses throws much light upon the costumes and fashions of the day when they were engraved. We see priests, who may be recognised by the tonsure and vestments, amongst which we find the alb, amice, stole, maniple, and chasuble. The pastors

staff, ring, mitre, sandals, tunic, dalmatic and gloves mark the graves of bishops and mitred abbots.

A cross skull-cap, a long robe with narrow sleeves, a hood, tippet, and mantle buttoned on the right shoulder compose the dress of judges and officers of the law, as depicted on brasses. The changes in the fashion and style of armour which took place between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries are all accurately represented in these memorials, and also the picturesque costumes of ladies with their curious headgear, and the no less various fashions of the male civilian's dress. A study of brasses is an admirable guide to the prevailing style of dress during the periods of their construction.

The beautiful canopies over the heads of the figures are well worthy of attention, and also the inscriptions. These usually take the form of Latin verses, and, although many were written by learned abbots and scholars, the classical knowledge displayed is somewhat faulty. Here are a few examples :

" *Respice quid prodest presentis temporis æbunum :*
Omne quod est, nichil est, præter amare deum."

Sometimes the author of the inscription recorded his name, as did the learned Dame Elizabeth Hobby on a brass at Shottesbrooke, which runs :

© *multum dilecte sency, pater atq; vocate,*
Vel quia gaudemus, vel quia probus eras.
Annos dixisti nobis decem, atq; satelles
Fidus eras regum, fidus erasq; tuus.
Gam satis lunctus valeas, sed tu, deus alme,
Sic mihi concedas bibere sicq; mori.

Variety was added sometimes by jumbling together various languages, Norman French, Latin, and English being often oddly combined.

People in the middle ages loved punning and playing upon the sound of words. Thus a brass to the memory of Thomas Hylle (or Hill) has some verses beginning "*Mons* in valle jacet." John Day, the printer, had a very extravagant and jocular epitaph beginning—

"Here lies the Daye that darkness could not blynd. . . . He set a Fox to wright how martyrs runne by death to lyfe"—

alluding to his publication of "*Foxe's Book of Martyrs.*" His widow probably married a man named Stone. Hence we read—

"Als was the last encreaser of his store,
Who mourning long for being left alone,
Sett upp this tombe herself turned to a stone."

"Orate pro anima," and, "Of your charite pray for the soul of —" were usual inscriptions.

It is somewhat difficult for the unpractised eye to read inscriptions on brasses, owing to the contractions and omissions of letters. Thus *m* and *n* are often omitted, and a line is placed over the adjoining letter to indicate the omission. Thus *āīā* stands for *anima*, *legū* for *legum*. The letter *r* is also left out; *3* stands for *que*; and there are many other contractions, such as *ḍñs* for *Dominus*; *ḍs* for *Deus*; *ḍps* for *Episcopus*; *gīa* for *gratia*; *mīa* for *misericordia*; and many others.

The study of the emblems and devices is full of interest. Of ecclesiastical emblems we have the symbols of the Holy Trinity—God the Father represented as an aged person, holding a crucifix on which the dove, an emblem of the Holy Spirit, is alighting; representations of our Lord, angels, saints,¹ evangelists, the filot cross, roses, and figures of death. Sometimes the figure on the brass holds a heart in his hand, which indicates a response on the part of the deceased to the old invitatory "Sursum corda."

The armorial bearings of the deceased are usually represented on brasses, and also personal or professional devices. The founders of churches hold representations in miniature of the churches which they founded. Bishops and abbots have a pastoral staff, priests a chalice or a book, wool merchants have woolpacks beneath their feet, and other tradesmen have similar devices denoting their special calling. Merchants' marks also frequently appear, and the mediæval taste of punning is shown by frequent rebuses founded on the names of the deceased; *e.g.*, a peacock for one named Pecok, a fox for a Foxley, four tuns and a cross for Master Croston.

England may well be proud of the brass memorials of her worthy sons and daughters. It is, however, terribly sad to see the destruction which fanatical and greedy folk have wrought on these beautiful monuments. The spoliation of the Reformation period accomplished much wanton destruction, and removed tombs "for greediness of the brasse." Cromwell's soldiers and commissioners did a vast deal more damage, violating sepulchres and monuments, and

¹ The following are the principal emblems of the Apostles:—St. Andrew, a cross saltier; St. Bartholomew, a knife; St. James the Great, a pilgrim's staff, wallet, scallop shell; St. James the Less, a fuller's bat, or saw; St. John, a chalice and serpent; St. Jude, a boat in his hand, or a club; St. Matthew, a club, carpenter's square, or money box; St. Matthias, a hatchet, battle-axe, or sword; St. Paul, a sword; St. Peter, keys; St. Philip, a tau cross or a spear; St. Simon, fishes; St. Thomas, an arrow or spear.

destroying brasses everywhere. A third cause of the defacement and loss of these valuable memorials has been the gross carelessness of churchwardens and incumbents, who, during any alterations or restoration of their churches, have allowed them to be sold, destroyed, or appropriated by the builders. Truly we have entered upon a diminished inheritance. It behoves us to preserve with the utmost vigilance and care the memorials which fanaticism, greed, and carelessness have spared.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

LOVE'S YEAR.

ON a January morning,
Bright and frosty, Love was born ;

Softened by the gentler breezes
Of a February morn ;

With the March winds, wild and gusty,
Raved and blustered all the day ;

But was moved to tears and laughter
As sweet April had her way ;

And to fairer expectation
With the promise-buds of May ;

TABLE TALK.

THE HOOLIGAN.

AMONG the most discomfoting signs of the times is the tendency of our younger generation to crimes of rowdyism and purposeless violence. Awaiting the arrival of that Millennium of which men dream, we shall always have with us crimes of violence, the offspring of dishonesty or the outcome of passion. Of these I leave philosophers, sociologists, and statisticians to speak. While the world is as it is, while man is governed by appetites and desires, and while the problems of life remain as they are, with enormous and ever-increasing wealth in the hands of the few, and poverty and starvation as the lot of the many, we can never hope that the placid sleep of the contented will be unbroken by the cry or the deed of the famishing. Offences of most kinds are diminishing, I am told, and there is a hope that with the spread of education they will still further decline. It is, however, with another class of offences that I am at present concerned—the crimes of lawlessness on which has been bestowed the name, uncertain in its derivation, of Hooliganism. The word itself furnishes no explanation of the thing meant. It is not yet sufficiently established in use to have a place assigned it in the great "Oxford Dictionary," and we must wait until the "English Dialect Dictionary" of Dr. Joseph Wright reaches it to obtain an authoritative explanation. The conjectures I have seen appear frivolous, and the cheap suggestion that a Hooligan is a member of the Hooley gang, a band of marauders named after some popular street hero, is plausible. Whatever the name, the thing at least is known, and Hooliganism is another phrase for street ruffianism.

FROM MOHOCK TO HOOLIGAN.

IN early days what are now called Hooligans belonged almost exclusively to the upper classes. It is only within the last half-century that the working classes have taken to apeing in this respect "their betters." There have been many names for street brawlers. In the days of Milton they were known as Mohocks, and that great poet, describing them as sons of Belial, presents them as issuing forth—

flown with insolence and wine.

If pictures are wanted of the most degraded forms of ruffianism and

vice, they are to be found in the roysterers of the Court of Charles II. as depicted in the pages of Pepys. The unblushing pen of that hardened voluptuary hesitates to describe the public orgies of the Sedleys and Rochesters of Restoration days. Milder entertainments were those participated in by the bucks and bloods of succeeding days, until in the times of George IV. we have the Corinthians, whose entertainments in the "Life in London" of Pierce Egan did not extend farther than beating the unarmed watch or upsetting a sleepy and solitary sentry in his box. In late days the gentry have indulged but little in such sports, which have been taken up by the youth in the streets. The excesses committed are due in part to high spirits and love of adventure, and in part to a brutality inherent in Englishmen, and only to be palliated on the ground that it is less dangerous and less disastrous in result than the ferocity and blood-lust which are latent in the Latin races.

DECAY OF DISCIPLINE.

MANY causes are advanced for the brutal pastimes of our youth. My own impression is that they are due to the absence of discipline and training which result from the misapplied humanitarianism of modern days. Schoolmasters are practically forbidden to inflict castigation upon children, and fathers are too often incapable of administering any form of correction. I read frequent protests by magistrates against parents who bring up as incorrigible boys of nine or ten who ought to be accustomed and amenable to authority. Is there one of us who does not know how impossible it is to check boyish rowdiness? To hold the boy, supposing you are clever enough to catch him, or to shut him up until the arrival of the police, is to challenge an action for false imprisonment; to "spank" him is to court a prosecution for assault. Meanwhile the lad pursues unchecked his experiments in the street, and after watching the effect of a stone placed on the tramway lines tries a more stimulating game by placing a sleeper across the railway. Boys will always be mischievous, and it is unwise to attempt to confine them too straitly. In London, however, where the multitude of them is so great, people seem to have given up the problem in sheer despair, and lads pursue a career of lawlessness practically unchecked. This is not the place in which to furnish a remedy. I will not, accordingly, do more than suggest afresh that the discipline which converts the yokel into the hero is the best means of combating a state of affairs which, if unchecked, may develop into a calamity as well as a reproach.

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HARVEST ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

IT was sunrise when, leading a yoke of sturdy oxen, I left behind the clustered wheat sheaves surrounding Thompson's homestead in Western Canada, but the stars were blinking down on the broad sea of grass when we plodded thick with dust into the rutted streets of a wooden town beside the railroad track. It was autumn, and, as usual at that season on the Assiniboian prairie, the day was fiercely hot, so we rested wherever a willow copse or birch bluff afforded welcome shade, while oxen seldom exceed an average pace of two miles an hour at the best of times. My business was to assist in hauling a separator, or thrashing machine proper, as distinguished from the engine which drives it, back across the prairie to Thompson's farm, and the said separator was not expected until the next day's train. Its owners had, I understood, capsized it with disastrous consequences descending a ravine, and, minus some of its heavier parts, it had been sent to Brandon or Winnipeg for refitting, while when in our hands it narrowly escaped meeting the same fate a second time.

One of the owners was already waiting me, and we proceeded to borrow another yoke of oxen, besides two half-tamed broncos to help us over the ravines, and then waited somewhat impatiently, or at least my comrade did, for the advent of the train. He had fired a saw-mill engine somewhere, and, because the Western Canadian is above all things adaptable, had persuaded a friend who formerly sailed upon a Lake Superior whaleback to join him and another with some experience of the business in running what is termed upon the

prairie a thrashing outfit. Now he seemed feverishly eager to get to work, because his whole capital had been embarked in the venture, and, so he said, another new and high-toned outfit was already coming along. The Thompson brothers afterwards decided it might have been better to have waited for that other outfit; but the Western wheat-grower is usually characterised by a certain kindliness which prompts him, as he would express it, to give the struggling small man a show. We were chatting together in the general room of the primitive wooden hotel the next night when we heard the train was expected, and the place was typical of the country. There was no attempt at ornamentation beyond a few polished buffalo horns and heads of antelope on the bare matchboarded walls. A huge stove with the pipe dismantled stood in the centre, and two cheap nickelled lamps shed down an indifferent light on the group of bronzed athletic men who, attired in fringed deerskin jackets, or more simply in old blue overalls, lounged on the hard benches or idled about the bar.

But none of them carried pistols, and no one demanded that the stranger should join him under threat of promiscuous shooting when he called for drinks, which in accordance with a curious popular superstition the frequenter of a Western saloon should do. These were the aristocracy of that part of the prairie—sober, resourceful, and indefatigable men who had broken new wheat-lands out of the virgin wilderness, and owed their present prosperity to the steadfast labour of their own hands. One or two, as I knew, could still remember the dead languages they had learned in English colleges, and others were grim Calvinists born in the bush of Ontario, who had apparently more in common with their Covenanting ancestors than the latter-day emigrants from Caledonia. They had ridden in to engage harvesters, who were expected to arrive in a body by the Pacific mail.

When we stood among the ballast under the gaunt grain elevators beside the metals the first thing visible was a great blinking eye which flickered like a comet beneath the dwindling telegraph-posts that vanished on the verge of the prairie. It was the blaze of the big locomotive's headlamp, and we could see it miles away, for that part of the steel band which binds London into swift communion with China and Japan runs straight and level across the prairie. Presently, with brakes screaming, and the men who applied them clambering along the roofs above, amid a clash of loosened couplings the freight express rolled in. Our thrasher was on a flat car in the rear, and the engineer swore roundly at us and it as we made shift extemporised derrick to remove it. That car was

wanted somewhere further on, and he was racing across a continent with machinery which mines were waiting for in British Columbia, and express cargo the *Empress* liner would land in Yokohama. Hardly had we got the thrasher clear than the couplings tightened, and with loud blasts from their funnels the two giant engines hauled the train out again, leaving one impressed with a sense of the greatness of British commerce and of the globe's littleness.

Then with a double span of oxen, in addition to the broncos tugging at their collars and testing the curiously extemporised gear, the separator lurched off across the prairie, amid good-humoured if ironical queries as to where we were scheduled for, and when we expected to get there. The pace was not exhilarating, though the clear air certainly was, and some time elapsed before the clustering roofs sank from sight, while long afterwards the ugly heads of the elevators loomed up above the grass-land's rim like the topsails of a ship hull-down at sea. In other ways the same thing was suggested, for all round the compass, as far as eye could see, swelling level beyond level, the long waves of whitened grass resembled a suddenly congealed ocean. The beat of hoofs and jingle of harness broke sharply through a deep stillness, moving shadows of man and beast, with the moon behind them fell blackly across the grass; but a sense of unreality accompanied the midnight march, and one commenced to feel that in leaving the railroad we had cast off the last link binding us to a modern world, for the prairie stretched on before us a silent mysterious waste, as it had done since the beginning.

This lasted for some hours, and then we were roused to action, for one of the deep ravines, or *coulées*, which are common in that region, opened across our way. They resemble a deep railway cutting, save that the slopes are draped with birches and willows, and wind onward in sinuous curves apparently for ever. We held a consultation as to how the separator was to make the descent, but when the writer suggested we should wait for daylight, its owner objected strenuously. "We've sunk our last dollar in this machine, and she's got to get it back," he said. "While we sit here fooling, the others are coming along to scoop the contracts in, and we've to thrash for Thompson and then rustle south keeping ahead of them. You're bound to take steep chances when you're a poor man."

As a result, we commenced operations by fastening stout ropes to the rear of the concern, the other ends the sailor-man passed round the stoutest birches he could find, though there is no heavy timber upon the prairie. Then with many misgivings I trudged beside the oxen, keeping a long knife handy, however, to cut the

raw-hide traces in case the machine threatened to run over them. Fortune favoured us part of the time, and the birches slid upwards past us, while the groaning wheels sank into the soft trail, until on the verge of the steepest part of the declivity we brought up panting, and I refused to lead further with the beasts. The owners, however, were far from beaten yet, and when they had made fast what the seaman called their check lines and stern warps to more trunks, proceeded, while the rest pulled back behind, to lower the apparatus down. They were doubtless thankful all the heavy parts were not there, for presently the navigator called out in warning, there was a sound of rending timber, and after being violently jerked off our feet we were trailed behind the machine until the writer, letting go, sat breathlessly in the torn-up mould, and watched the black shape charge down the incline.

It went through two thickets, smashed several growing trees into splinters, and just when we expected to see it dive into a creek, brought up with the four wheels almost axle-deep on the very verge of the quaggy bank. Then there followed vigorous language and mutual recriminations, until I remember the navigator said, "If it's anything on clean water I'm there every time, but when you want a blamed second-hand foundry busted down the side of a mountain you can give the contract to somebody else. Don't see any good in talking; she's here—there's no disputing that, and we've got to arrange that she isn't."

I think a couple of hours were spent in assisting the four oxen and two kicking broncos to drag the machine out and force it through brake and thicket towards a rude log bridge, while at least another was passed in desperate labour before men and beast together hauled it up the opposite incline. But the owner was an individual of resolute character, and he encouraged us breathlessly with such comments as, "We've taken the Thompsons' contract, and she's going there on time. Wake up before the flies eat you. You've got to beat the other outfit if you pull the wheels off."

The flies were in any case almost devouring us, for the mosquitos had risen in legions from the swampy creek, and when both hands were urgently needed it was exasperating to feel at least a dozen hovering about one's eyes or biting the back of one's neck. But the task was accomplished, and we had perforce to rest the beasts at dawn, while the sun was near the meridian, and the temperature trying, when, lurching over the crest of a rise, we came into sight of the Thompsons' holding. It can be fiercely hot in summer and autumn upon the prairie. Now the farms on the wide grass-lands are very

much alike, and the one before us might, with small change in its surroundings, have been mistaken for many another. Under a dazzling vault of blue the parched white levels swept on in a great circle, broken only by the willows ridging the crest of a ravine, a breadth of yellow stubble, and the stooks of golden grain which had tinges of coppery red in it. A little log house rose beyond them nakedly out of the grass, with a shapeless sod stable and strawpile granary against the birch bluff behind, which formed a small oasis of cool shadow. But what interested us far more than the artistic aspect was the long trail of smoke which rose from the funnel of a twinkling engine, and one of the thrashers shouted exultantly at the sight of it.

"I guess she's waiting for us with steam enough to bust her. Oh, someone stir those beasts up, and get on a rustle before we freeze," he said. We brought in the separator at the nearest approach to a trot the tired beasts were capable of; and the word is used advisedly, for some oxen can trot, or progress with a gait which resembles it. Then, while the thrashers greeted their comrade with boisterous gaiety, Thompson and his brother came up. They were well-trained young Englishmen of the kind one may meet with every here and there all the way from Winnipeg to Calgary, and some years earlier had sunk the proceeds of their small patrimony in the prairie. Now, though he often worked fifteen hours a day, the handsome bronzed man who, clad in sun-yellowed shirt which had once been blue, wide hat, and dust-caked overalls, sat on the driving seat of the waggon more resembled a cavalry officer after a hard march than a field labourer.

"We've just got some dinner ready, and hope you'll do it justice. Glad to see you, boys," he said. "Then you'd better lay back, and rest an hour or so."

The former sawmill fireman, however, shook his head as he answered, "Lay off and rest be obliterated! We're working on a contract, and we're going to rush it through. If you'll keep us going with wood and water, we're ready to start right now."

The new arrivals redeemed their leader's word, and while I adjourned for refreshment toiled hard with hammer and spanner. Meantime a column of steam roared aloft from the waiting engine, which was an antiquated and rusty contrivance of the kind one still finds doing service upon the prairie, and endangering the lives of those who fire it. Because of the scarcity of logs large enough for building and the price of sawn lumber it had also, to judge from appearances, stood out in the snow all winter. At last, however, all

was ready to start, and lounging in the doorway I surveyed the scene. A glancing heat-refraction quivered across the whitened plain, and a birch bluff hung suspended above the horizon as one may notice an island do over an oily summer sea. The stubble ran tall and yellow athwart it, for there being no local market for straw but little is cut with the ear, and it would have been difficult to find elsewhere such thick flinty stems. Once in forgotten days the waters of Agassiz rolled over these wide levels, and drying strewed them with rich alluvial; then growing and rotting for countless centuries the grasses piled up a foot or two of jetty mould, and the combination forms perhaps the finest wheat-soil in the world. Year after year it will return a heavy yield without fertilisation. It is, however, a pity that the climate does not always match it. Also, where frost and sun had crumbled the clods of the last fall's breaking, Thompson's ploughshare was in all probability the first to unlock its sealed-up treasure since the world began.

Men in wide felt hats and the usual coarse blue shirts gathered about the sheaves, for grain is perhaps most often thrashed from the field in that region, dusty teams were waiting before the light box-waggons, and in spite of the torrid heat everyone seemed intent and eager, while the whole scene changed as by magic when a voice cried, "We're ready!" and the separator commenced to hum. There was a crash of torn-down stubble and a merry beat of hoofs as the waggons raced jolting towards the vibrating machine; the blast of steam died away as the cylinders drew it in, and forks flashed in the sun glare while men bent double. In insular Britain the farmer's work is spread over most of the year, but upon the prairie it must be compressed into the space between April and October, and, as the settlers know too well, there is occasionally blighting frost in autumn. Therefore, as sowing, hay-cutting, and harvest follow hard upon each other, men toil at high pressure throughout the short northern summer. Unless the crop is sown and ripened early, there are heavy risks of losing it.

As a rule the Western harvesters have not the stalwart heaviness of some of the British field hands, but it struck the writer that they were more enduring and much more ingenious, which is, however, natural in a region where artisans are scarce and a man must depend largely on his own resources, making what he needs.

Neither were all of them paid, for the small wheat-growers are a kindly race, and those whose work is finished drive long distances with their teams to assist their neighbours. If the poorer man requires more ploughs and harrows, or even working oxen, and

another man has any to spare, he need only ask for them, while the wanderer in search of land or work usually follows the Apostolic custom, taking nothing with him, for he is sure of a welcome at any homestead he cares to honour with his presence. The writer digresses to mention this because throughout the Western Dominion he has been given the warmest blanket and the ploughman or trail-cutter's best, and has entertained wanderers in return, including one who was not an angel, but an escaping murderer, unawares. The latter proved a particularly pleasant companion until he departed mysteriously, leaving no address, shortly before the representatives of the law rode up.

So there was hurry and bustle, but no ill-humour, as the separator devoured the golden sheaves. Men laughed and bantered each other in the thick of the rolling dust, while those who worked for friendship vied with those who worked for money. One could see that this was an energetic light-hearted people who met their troubles—and they had them—cheerfully, while even in case of latitude of speech it was noticeable that Western humour was rather pointed by daring originality than by aggressive foulness. There are various reasons for this contentedness, including the sense of freedom in wide spaces, and an abundance of wholesome food. Also, it may be because on the prairie almost every one works for his own hand, and no man labours better than when he knows that each effort increases his individual prosperity; while at home the monotonous task of producing the same thing daily for the benefit of an often unknown master too frequently prevents the toiler taking an intelligent interest in his avocation. The successful prairie farmer must, on the other hand, combine the functions of builder, engineer's fitter, and carpenter with his own, and thus, by constantly exercising his powers of invention, becomes fitted to grapple with any emergency. There are disadvantages to the individual in the system which provides each man in return for money with what he needs ready made.

After all, men are the most important product of any soil, and the best that any new country can do is to increase, not necessarily the riches, but the bodily and mental vigour besides the happiness of the human kind. In regard to its second product, grain, the wheat, we estimated, would thrash out twenty-five bushels to the acre at least, and the oats fifty; while the Thompsons' 320 acres, partly "broken," had cost them several years' hard labour, besides the equivalent of some £500 sterling. There are men who began with nothing at all, but, besides being possessed of unusual energy and

strength, they were also unusually lucky. That crop would increase their bank balance, but it was hardly an average one, because in some seasons a portion or all is smitten down by devastating hail, eaten by the gophers, or shrivelled by autumn frost. From July throughout August many an anxious eye watches the barometer, and while grimed thick with dust I assisted in feeding the insatiable separator and found time for an occasional glance across the splendid field, I remembered another season when the tall green blades had been reaped by the pitiless hail, and ruin was spread in chequers across the face of the prairie, one field standing untouched, and the next utterly blotted out. The havoc was completed in twenty minutes, after which the sun shone hot, but ice lumps almost as large as walnuts can do much damage in even a shorter time.

The gopher also deserves a passing mention, because he is a factor in the prosperity or otherwise of the great North-West, and for his especial benefit the Government provided the settlers with free strychnine. He resembles an English squirrel, but burrows in the ground, and when numerous can clean up a field of grain almost as effectively as a Toronto binder. Also, tunnelling near the wells, scores often perish therein, so that when the farmer has no time to fish them out it happens that all one's food is flavoured with gopher extract. But, as it is at sea with the cockroaches in the pannikin, one gets used to this, and some even profess to find it relishing. We rested some of the beasts perforce for an hour or two presently, and the owners thereof seized the opportunity of effecting further repairs to the separator. "She's got a blamed binder wire fooling round in her inside," one informed me. "I guess we've got to operate before it busts her."

It may be remarked that without the automatic binder, which, as everybody knows, ties up as well as cuts the crop, there would be much less wheat grown upon the prairie. Labour is costly, prices are low, and the binder is both tireless and almost human in its action. Still, it long puzzled inventors to design an apparatus that would tie a knot in twine, and accordingly hard steel wire, which the machine twisted together and broke off, was used instead. Thompson, pressed to save time, had, however, rashly employed one of the early specimens he had either found or purchased somewhere at scrap-iron price, with the result that a piece of springy wire was causing trouble inside the separator.

The sod stable I led the beasts into was the work of its owners' hands, built several feet thick and roofed with the same material piled over a birch branch framing; and as I gathered armfuls of the

harsh and wiry prairie hay redolent of wild peppermint, I remembered how we had toiled from dawn to sunset cutting it. Artificial grasses are not grown in that region, and the farmer depends on the natural product to feed his working beasts. This grass grows only a few inches high upon the levels, and it is therefore necessary to seek it in the dried-up sloos, which are lakes formed by melting snow, where it sometimes rises more than waist-high. It is made ready by the sun, and one has only to drive the mower through and convey it home, though the distance dividing homestead and hayfield may be anything under eight miles or so. Then it became my privilege to assist Thompson junior in his cooking, and when we emptied the chicken-shed I held the fowls upon the block while, with a heavy axe, he decapitated them. We had spun a coin for the choice of occupations. A jet of steam from the engine helped the feathers out, and I wondered what Thompson's English friends, who wrote him letters on crested paper, would say if they saw him sprinkled all over with soot and fibrous dust, as well as ensanguined plumage, trussing fowls by the dozen. No part of the operation was exactly pleasant, for beheaded fowls do not always give up the ghost immediately.

The moon was climbing blood-red above the edge of the dewy grass when we drew the engine-fires and had supper ready. It was spread on boards in the open, because there was no room in the house for half that company, and the men fed as they had worked, heroically. Fowls, potatoes, stewed dried apple, drips, which is probably flavoured glucose, disappeared with a rapidity which kept the two cooks in a state of frantic hurry, and there were gallons of strong green tea. That, however, as usual, was the only liquor. Then while some lay prone smoking the inevitable T. and B., a neighbour rose up to say, "We have to thank the Thompson brothers for a high-class spread, and if the engine holds out we're going to square the deal. They staked high on the weather, and they've won a record crop. Now, for the credit of the prairie, it's our business to see them safely through with it."

"That's so," answered the owner of the thrasher. "There'll be a record thrashing, too, or we'll blow up someone with the old machine;" and there were murmurs of sincere, if quaintly expressed, goodwill when Thompson made his acknowledgments. He stood up under the moonlight, brown-bearded, supple but stalwart, with one hand on his hip, and again it struck me that here one might see to what perfection of vigour and stature our surplus peoples may grow in the new lands of the West. Then from out of the strawpile's

shadow merry music drifted across the prairie, and some of the more energetic fell to dancing quaint and many-stepped measures, the lady wearing a band of wheat straw about one corded arm, while, as usual, the dances were combined from those of ancient France and Caledonia. A French-Canadian from Quebec wiled sweet music from a battered violin, and his companion was an Ontario Scotchman, which was fitting; for though the prevalent tone of the prairie is English in the narrower sense of the word, these two races, the one forerunning with snowshoe, trap, and rifle, and the other following with axe and plough, have between them done much for the development of the Dominion.

But at last eyes grew heavy, and even those hard limbs weary, so, some in the stable, and some in the strawpile granary, or strewn about the floor of the house, the harvesters sank into slumber. Then after Thompson junior and I had collected the remnant of the feast, and decided, after much discussion, where we were going to procure the next meal from, a deep hush settled down upon the moonlit prairie, which seemed to roll away before us out of reach of mortals' knowledge into infinity. Through it at intervals came the far-off and eerie call of a wandering coyote, then utter stillness again, until a faint clinking commenced, and with a smile I realised that the engineer could not resist attempting another improvement to his dangerous machine. So, with the intermittent clank of steel and an occasional anathema from a tired man for lullaby, I sank into deep slumber, which lasted until the first daylight roused us to commence the work again.

THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL.

LITERARY frauds are never petty. They nearly always have the saving quality of greatness. They are neither common nor commonplace, for it is the genius only who has the power to commit them. We are sure to find that there has been a master-mind behind a really successful deceiving of the reading public. It requires something more than the average writer to persuade the world that his fiction is fact, or that what he writes was written by a great author many years dead. The work of the deceiver is one great lie, and yet at no point must it give the lie to him. The fraud, however reprehensible, is invariably the outcome of much painstaking and talent. It is deliberate, not light-hearted, but its very deliberateness excites the admiration of less clever and less persistent minds. We regard Chatterton almost as a hero, more because his fraud showed that he could be successful when we should have failed miserably than for any other reason. His fault was proof of the superiority of his mind to the average mind, and we see it in no other light.

Defoe is well known to have been a painstaking writer. He writes, perhaps, without the least feeling, but his powers of description have rarely been excelled. It is the faithfulness of his pen to the minutest details that has made "Robinson Crusoe" a great classic. It reads like history rather than fiction, such a definite form is given to everything and everybody mentioned in the book. It is to be doubted if any other author has had so great a power of feigning reality. And Defoe knew his power, and for some reason or other saw fit to use it dishonestly. It may have only been for the sport of the thing, but he prefixed to a religious book, which dealt with the subject of death, an account of an apparition which he pretends was true, but which was really a complete fiction. Artistically the fraud is admirable, for the account reads very like sober fact. And it served at least one good purpose. It drew attention to the neglected work to which it was prefixed. The name

of the work was "Drelincourt on Death," and the full heading to Defoe's preface ran as follows :—

"A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the Next Day after her Death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the Eighth of September 1705, which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fears of Death."

What follows is too long to give in full. It is considered one of Defoe's masterpieces, and it certainly is a very fine example of realistic fiction. The whole story is perfectly self-possessed. It moves with a very matter-of-fact disregard of proportion. It is dull; actions do not wait one upon another; the dialogue has no end in view. It seems to be just a very faithful account of the meeting of two women and of their inconsequent remarks to one another. Conversation in real life is not as a rule particularly coherent. This Defoe knew. He makes the conversation between Mrs. Veal and Mrs. Bargrave somewhat rambling. It sounds perfectly natural, and that gives the story the appearance of fact and lends credence to the supernatural element. The cleverness of the story is in the fact that it does not show that pride and conceit in itself which is a common fault in fiction. "If it be only a story, and not true," asks the reader, "surely the writer would not have left it in so loose a form? He would have introduced incident and polished the dialogue." But Defoe's object was to make what he wrote stand as fact, not fiction. And many did take the story as true, as indeed it ought to have been, seeing that it was placed as a solemn introduction to a religious work. The critics, however, assure us that there were no such persons as Mrs. Bargrave and Mrs. Veal, although Defoe unblushingly asserts that the former had been his friend for sixteen years, and does not hesitate to give chapter and verse for all names and places dragged into the story. The question arises, Why should Defoe say the story was true, if it were not? As we suggested, it may have been for the fun of the thing. It is possible, too, that he had some interest in bringing the book, "Drelincourt on Death," into popularity. There is a third possibility, that he was trying to convince himself and other people that such a thing as he mentions in the story could occur, or even that he was relating in the guise of fiction a true incident in his own life, of which he had been reminded by reading the book.

The "True Relation of the Apparition" begins thus :—

"This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation have not given me any-

thing like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death ; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge ; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance. Though, since this relation, she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal that appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerfulness of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill-usage of a very wicked husband, there is not yet the least sign of any dejection in her face ; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression ; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been a witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation."

The mention of this wicked husband is clever. In fiction, which was meant to stand as fiction, there would be no need to mention him or any other relative. But in real life no person stands actually alone. With everyone a certain number of other persons is more or less closely connected. In the majority of matters we find, perhaps, that we cannot separate A from B ; we must take them together. And in real life Mrs. Bargrave would not have enjoyed that isolation and independence which is so convenient in story-books. So to give verisimilitude to his fiction, Defoe mentions, quite inappropriately, the drunken husband, and later he makes Mrs. Veal allude to Mrs. Bargrave's daughter. And in this way Mrs. Bargrave is materialised ; she is not left as a mere name, as she might have been so far as the action of the story is concerned.

Mrs. Veal, "who appeared," "was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years past she had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on by her going off from her discourse to some impertinence." She kept her brother's house at Dover and was a very pious person, we are told. Her brother, too, was to all appearances a very sober person ; "but now," says Defoe, "he does all he can to null and quash the story." The acquaintance of Mrs. Bargrave and Mrs. Veal dated from childhood's days. Both ladies had unkind parents, but Mrs. Bargrave was the more fortunate of the two, for she had sufficient food and clothing, while Mrs. Veal had not. Companions in misfortune, a friendship sprang up behind them, and this is how they spent their girlhood : "They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes,

and read together 'Drelincourt upon Death,' and other good books: and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow."

But the story would lack realism if the friendship were to be always so beautiful. Defoe does not, however, allow a violent quarrel to occur, as a less clever writer might have done. It is very rarely that friendship, unless it be in a book, is suddenly broken by an outburst of anger. A coolness grows up, and the friends see less and less of each other without being particularly troubled. And a coolness came between Mrs. Bargrave and Mrs. Veal. The friends of Mr. Veal, the brother, found him a place in the Customs house at Dover—how fond Defoe is of detail!—and this apparently raised Mrs. Veal to a higher station in life than that occupied by Mrs. Bargrave, for it occasioned her "to fall off little by little from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there never was any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees until at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half, though about twelve months of this time Mrs. Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last half-year has been in Canterbury, about two months of the time dwelling in a house of her own."

Details again, and yet not overdone. We are not told why Mrs. Bargrave left Dover, and the omission is just the omission that an unimaginative country reporter, taking down the true story of a wonderful cure by So-and-so's pills, would make. But we are given the time she had left Dover, and where she had spent the last six months. These are points the country reporter would insist upon. The six months just past is a much better reference than six months long past. It brings the story and its characters up to date. It so frankly gives anyone an excellent opportunity of testing the truth of what is set down that no one takes the trouble or thinks it necessary to do it.

It was in this house, which was her own property, that Mrs. Bargrave was sitting alone in the forenoon of September 8, 1705. She was thinking of her unfortunate life, and philosophically "arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence." She told herself that she had been provided for hitherto, and did not doubt she would be still provided for. From this we must conclude that she was living apart from her wicked husband. That her poverty should only be mentioned now is probably part of the scheme of the story. A man recording facts does not always write them in true sequence. He jots them down to some extent as they occur to him. The author of a story, however, has what he will write well

planned out before he begins. From an artistic conscience he would like to make known to his readers from the first the circumstances of Mrs. Bargrave. Probably the first thing he would say of Mrs. Bargrave would be that she was poor. That might possibly be all he would say about her. The wicked husband, so unnecessary to the story, would not occur to him; but fiction, in making introductions, is very particular as a rule to give the social standing of those she introduces. Defoe, however, feigns reality. He brings in the unnecessary husband, and hurries on the incident which, he pretends, gives him an excuse for writing, and does not remember that he has not mentioned Mrs. Bargrave's poverty until he is well on his way, and then he suggests it rather than mentions it. And that Mrs. Bargrave should be poor and yet possess a house of her own has all the inconsistency of truth and none of the logic of fiction.

Mrs. Bargrave, sitting alone, took up her sewing. She had hardly taken it up before there came a knocking at the door. She went to the door to see who was there, and discovered her old friend, Mrs. Veal, who was dressed in a riding habit. "At that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon." Evidently Defoe thought that if he was to appear to be telling the truth, he must choose as the time of this apparition an hour as far removed as possible from the traditional hour "when churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead." The clock struck twelve at noon, be it noticed, not twelve at midnight.

Mrs. Bargrave's greeting was certainly stiff. The coolness between the two women was not to be immediately thawed out.

"'Madame,' says Mrs. Bargrave, 'I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;'" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said, 'I am not well,' and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first."

Mrs. Bargrave was astonished. She wanted to know how Mrs. Veal could make the journey alone.

"I am amazed at it," she said, "because I know you have a fond brother."

Whereupon Mrs. Veal made use of an expression which sounds very like modern slang. Certainly no governess would allow her pupils to use it. And yet it is apparently sanctified by at least two centuries' wear. She told Mrs. Bargrave that she had given her

brother "the slip," wanting badly to see Mrs. Bargrave before she made her journey. The two women then went into an inner room, and Mrs. Veal sat down in the chair Mrs. Bargrave had occupied previous to the knock at the door. And they proceeded to heal the breach between them.

" 'Then,' says Mrs. Veal, 'my dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for the breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women.' 'Oh,' says Mrs. Bargrave, 'do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it.' 'What did you think of me?' said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, 'I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me.'"

Mrs. Bargrave did not hide that she considered Mrs. Veal to have been in the wrong. Her tone was injured and sarcastic, but Mrs. Veal was bent upon reconciliation. She "reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's Book of Death, which was the best, she said, on the subject ever wrote."

We mentioned just now a likeness between a part of this story and a part of the true account written up by some country reporter of the effects of the taking of somebody's pills. This makes it seem probable that Defoe was the pioneer of the advertisement story. We should take it for granted that he was but for the fact that he blundered into the name of the thing to which he was calling attention in the very first paragraph—a course of procedure which would nowadays be regarded as fatal to the usefulness of an advertisement. But that may have been the fault of a pioneer, who would naturally have more enthusiasm than experience. Why we broke off at this point from the story of the apparition is to show how it has this feature in common with the modern advertisement story:—One lady tells another of the virtues of an article or thing, which we find sooner or later is the true motive of the story. This allows us to harbour the thought that Defoe was paid by the publishers of Drelincourt's book to write this sensational puff, which the public, uneducated as yet to be wary of these things, would not regard as an advertisement.

Mrs. Veal asked if Mrs. Bargrave had a copy of Drelincourt in the house. Mrs. Bargrave replied that she had. Mrs. Veal asked her to fetch it, and Mrs. Bargrave went upstairs and brought down

the book. The book brought, Mrs. Veal expatiated further upon it, or rather made it a text for a little sermon.

“‘My dear Mrs. Bargrave,’ she said, ‘if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of Heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says; therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God’s favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they will be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, that one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings. For I cannot believe (and claps her hands upon her knees with great earnestness, which, indeed, ran through most of her discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state. But be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time.’”

All this was spoken in a “pathetic and heavenly manner,” and Mrs. Bargrave was so affected by it that she wept several times.

We do not know that Defoe was a particularly religious man, and yet he here writes in a distinctly religious tone. Possibly the perusal of Drelincourt’s book had impressed him deeply, and this story, which he wrote as a preface to it, was the outcome of beliefs and hopes begotten in him by the reading. That a person released by death from the trials of life may visit the world again to comfort those unfortunates who are still held in thralldom by the flesh is an ideal which is welcome in most hearts. Defoe may have entertained spiritualistic theories, and this is an endeavour to prove them to himself. It is not an extravagant story full of white forms, and rustling silks, and rattling chains, and horrid groans; it is a quiet, unimpassioned account of seemly events. It probably covers just as much ground as would the theories of a clever, common-sense man who sees no reason for declaring as childish and foolish a disposition to believe what no one as yet has been able to prove impossible. Personally, we should rather believe that the account of the apparition is true than believe it to be mere fiction. But critics have said it is fiction, and we must therefore seek amusement and not consolation from it.

Drelincourt’s was not the only book that Mrs. Veal’s spirit had come to praise to her friend. She mentioned Dr. Kenrick’s “*Ascetic*,” in which an account is given of the lives of the primitive Christians. The pattern set by these good people of the past she recommended to Mrs. Bargrave. “Their conversation was not like this of our

age," says she. "For now there is nothing but vain, frothy discourses which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification and to build one another up in faith, so that they were not as we are now are we as they were. But," said she, "we ought to do as the ancients did. There was a hearty friendship among them, but where is it to be found?"

Mrs. Bargrave, possibly remembering Mrs. Veal's own falling out from hearty friendship, remarked that it was, indeed, hard to find a true friend. Later Mrs. Veal referred to a "fine copy of verses by Mr. Norris, called 'Friendship in Perfection.'" Had Mrs. Bargrave got the book? Mrs. Bargrave had not, but she had copied out the verses, and had them "in her own writing out." "Then fetch them," said Mrs. Veal, who apparently ordered her friend about in a somewhat peremptory manner. Mrs. Bargrave went upstairs again and brought down the verses. She offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, but Mrs. Veal "waived the thing" as she had waived the kiss, and the reading fell to Mrs. Bargrave. And "as they were admiring 'Friendship,' Mrs. Veal said: 'Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever.' In these verses there is twice used the word 'Ely' 'Ah!' says Mrs. Veal, 'these poets have such names for Heaven.' She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say: 'Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my blindness?' 'No,' says Mrs. Bargrave, 'I think you look as well as ever I saw you.'"

Defoe tells us that Mrs. Bargrave could not give what the apparition said in such fine words as the apparition really used, so she thought she remembered the greater part of the conversation which lasted an hour and three-quarters. The gist of Mrs. Veal's remarks was, that she would have her friend write a letter to her brother (Mrs. Veal's) brother, telling him that she would like her rings and her watch to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and she would like two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Mrs. Veal talked so fast that Mrs. Bargrave thought a fit opportunity was coming on, and placed a chair in front of the apparition, fearing that she might fall over when the seizure came. To divert the time, Mrs. Bargrave also fingered the sleeve of her gown, commending it to Mrs. Veal. Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured silk and newly made up, but she returned to the subject of the letter. Besides wanting that written, she would have Mrs. Bargrave repeat the whole conversation to her brother at Dover. It would be much better, Mrs. Bargrave suggested, for Mrs. Veal to do these things herself. Mrs. Veal replied that, though the request seemed impertinent now,

Bargrave would see more reason for it hereafter. So Mrs. Bargrave fetched her pen, when Mrs. Veal, who really was most trying, said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it." The patient Mrs. Bargrave promised.

Mrs. Veal then wanted to see Mrs. Bargrave's daughter, who did not happen to be at home, and Mrs. Bargrave most obligingly went out to fetch the girl, who was visiting a neighbour. When Mrs. Bargrave returned, Mrs. Veal "was got without the door, in the street, in the face of the beast market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her." So anybody attending the market might have seen her if he had looked that way. Mrs. Bargrave, of course, asked her why she was in such haste. Mrs. Veal replied that she must be going, though she might not commence her journey until the Monday, and she hoped she would see Mrs. Bargrave once again before she started, at her cousin Watson's. Thus saying, she took her leave, and "walked from Mrs. Bargrave, in her view, until a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon."

We are left in doubt as to whether Mrs. Bargrave found her daughter or not. This is one of those many little omissions in the account which separate it from ordinary fiction. The mere story-writer would never have sent Mrs. Bargrave out on an errand the result of which he does not subsequently relate. He would think it an inartistic thing to do; his pride in his work would not allow him to do it. But the account given by one man of another man's action is often full of such gaps and slips. So here again we have an instance of Defoe's ingenuity in making fiction read like truth.

All these things occurred on the 8th of September, but Mrs. Veal died at noon on the 7th, of her fits. She "had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament." The day after she had been visited by the apparition, Mrs. Bargrave was ill with a sore throat and did not go out; but on the Monday she sent to Captain Watson's asking if Mrs. Veal was there. The Watsons wondered at the inquiry, and sent back word that Mrs. Veal was not there and was not expected. Mrs. Bargrave thought some mistake had been made, that the messenger had not given the right name, and herself set out to see the Watsons, though she did not know them. She was assured that Mrs. Veal was not in the town. Had she been in the town, she would certainly have visited her cousins.

"Says Mrs. Bargrave: 'I am sure she was with me on Saturday

almost two hours.' They said it was impossible ; they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and that the escutcheons were making."

Mrs. Bargrave was, of course, greatly surprised at this news, and she related the whole story of the apparition to Captain Watson and his family. She said what gown Mrs. Veal was wearing, and how it was striped, and how Mrs. Veal had said it was scoured. The description of the dress caused Mrs. Watson to cry out : " You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that it was scoured. " Scoured " sounds like a term which could be applied to a mode of dress as well as to Mrs. Veal's, but we do not profess to know what it means. It seems, however, to have been a distinguishing feature of the gown, which Mrs. Watson had helped to make. And upon the mentioning of this scouring Mrs. Watson was able to avouch the " truth " of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition.

" And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast, that gentlemen and persons of quality and the judicious and sceptical part of the world"—people were really far more inquisitive in those days than they are now—" flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task, that she had to go out of the way for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and charming mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry, and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth.

We hope the word " gentry " is used in the sense which embraces both the sexes, or else we should think that Mrs. Bargrave was a little of a flirt ; but at any rate she was a very attractive person, for we see that people flocked to her house, not so much to hear the story she had to tell as to hear it from her.

Now we come to another of Defoe's departures from the ordinary methods of story-writing. He appears to have just remembered some interesting little facts, which do not by rights come in this part of the story, but which have hitherto slipped his memory. He is not a skilful artist, as he writes, but a conscientious reporter.

" I should have told you before," he says, " that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave : ' How can you tell me you to order matters so strangely ? ' ' It could not be helped,' says Mrs. Veal." And her brother and sister did come to see her, and

entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. "Says Mrs. Veal: 'I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow'—meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband—'has broke all your trinkets.' 'But,' says Mrs. Bargrave, 'I'll get something to drink in for all that;' but Mrs. Veal waived it, and said: 'It is no matter; let it alone;' and so it passed."

It will be noticed that Mrs. Veal, when asked to do anything which would appeal to her more physical qualities, suddenly remembered her spirituality, and "waived it." It was in this way that she hinted at the fact that she was an apparition, and not a live woman.

Defoe was one of those who obtained the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own lips. He was probably also one of those who considered it a great favour to have the story in this way, for he sat with her some hours. And all the time he sat with her she remembered fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal's. One important thing that Mrs. Veal told her was what had hitherto been a secret, that old Mr. Bretton allowed her ten pounds a year.

But, if Mrs. Bargrave's memory kept on embellishing the story of the apparition, her account of the main facts never varied. There were additions, but no alterations. This puzzled those who did not wish to believe the story, and a servant in a neighbour's yard deposed to hearing Mrs. Bargrave talking to somebody "an hour of the time when Mrs. Veal was with her." And directly Mrs. Bargrave had said good-bye to Mrs. Veal she went to a friend, who lived near by, and recounted the "ravishing" conversation she had had with the apparition. "And it is to be observed," says Defoe, "that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story."

So Mrs. Bargrave was quite disinterested; but Mr. Veal, the brother of the dead woman, was sceptical, and did all he could "to stifle the matter." He said he would see Mrs. Bargrave, but, though after his sister's death he came to stay at the Watsons', he did not go near her; and his friends began to say that Mrs. Bargrave was a liar. Mr. Veal, however, was too much of a gentleman to go as far as that, but hinted that a bad husband had crazed her. Defoe, however, assures us that she had only to present herself to confute that pretence effectually.

Mr. Veal said that he had asked his sister on her death-bed if

she had a wish to dispose of anything, and she had answered I
"Now the things," says Mrs. Bargrave's champion, "which M
Veal's apparition would have disposed of, were so trifling, a
nothing of justice aimed at in the disposal, that the design of
appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so
demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world
the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to sec
her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part
mankind." Here Defoe unconsciously slips from the ploddi
reporter into the professional story-teller. He admits, not in
many words, and without meaning to, an arrangement which savou
of all the ingenuity of fiction, in Mrs. Veal's disposition of her pr
perty. We are not sure that a true apparition would be at
troubled as to the credence given to the story afterwards told abo
it. It would be enough to have made itself understood by t
person whom it visited. But even here Defoe does not becom
entirely the story writer. In the average story Mrs. Veal would ha
come back to earth to make these dispositions because she had n
had time to make them before she died, and was in consequence d
tressed. But, directly after this slip, Defoe becomes more than ev
the reporter.

"And then, again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse; but
was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This loo
improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so ve
careful of the key of her cabinet, that she would trust no one with i
and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it."

These are details which not even the detective-story writer wou
think of; they are the reporter's padding.

Defoe next speaks of Mrs. Veal's admirable management of t
whole interview, which was so arranged that Mrs. Bargrave shou
not be at all frightened. Mrs. Veal alluded to her fits so that h
friend should put down her somewhat strange behaviour to h
affliction. Coming in the daytime and "waiving the salutation
were signs of Mrs. Veal's great love for Mrs. Bargrave. A spi
coming in the dark with a kiss would probably have given M
Bargrave a severe shock. Why Mrs. Veal came at all he explain
as follows: "Her two great errands were, to comfort Mrs. Bargrav
in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of frien
ship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that," co
tinues Defoe, "after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hat
such an invention as this, from Friday noon to Sunday noon, sup
posing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment-

without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest, too—she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked than any indifferent person, I daresay, will allow." We do not know that this conclusion is drawn quite logically from Mrs. Veal's reasons for appearing, but, questioned by the author, Mrs. Bargrave maintained stoutly that she had seen Mrs. Veal on the Saturday. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not see her." So what could Defoe do but believe the lady? This concluding paragraph shows that he accepted quite unreservedly all that she recounted.

"This thing has very much affected me," the author concludes, "and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me; Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case."

Here Defoe certainly speaks as a spiritualist defending his own theories. Because we do not understand or have not seen a certain thing, we must not disbelieve it. So say the Spiritualists, and they say what is common sense, that those of us who do not experience spiritual manifestations should not declare, or at least cannot prove, that there are no such things. Defoe seems to be arguing this out with himself. But, if he sincerely believed in ghosts, why did he so lower his belief in the eyes of the world by inventing this fiction? He must have known that anyone who became really interested in the story would try to find out more about Mrs. Veal, and these efforts would end in the discovery that the whole thing was an utter fabrication. Perhaps he thought his seeming truthfulness, his extreme plausibility, would completely disarm curious doubt. But most probably he was only playing a game. Proud of his power of feigning reality, he wanted to see how long his story would be regarded as true. Or, again, unlike Mrs. Bargrave, he had an interest in telling the story; he was paid to write it. Be that as it may, the story is one of Defoe's cleverest pieces, and it shows well how vividly his mind was able to picture details which would have escaped other imaginations.

RALPH HAROLD BRETHERTON.

*AROUND THE THREE TOWERS
OF GRASSE.*

PERHAPS no better opening to this article could be found than an explanation of the significance of the title heading it.

From whatever direction the traveller may approach Grasse, be it by the railway from Colmars or Draguignan ; from the undulating plain at the foot of the eminences upon which the town rises tier above tier ; or from the heights above, there is one remarkable object which irresistibly catches the eye, as from its commanding situation rather than positively from its actual altitude, it towers high above the roofs of Grasse—hoary, pallid and corroded, as they are, with age. This prominent object is the belfry. It is situated at the rear of the cathedral, of which it forms part, and somewhat to the left. The cathedral is an edifice of decidedly modest proportions, and the belfry, although not exceeding thirty-four metres in height, seems by sheer force of contrast to still more dwarf the elevation of the church and render its breadth still more exiguous.

The belfry is a tower of greyish-white stone, square at the summit and utterly unrelieved by any ornamentation. Thus lacking that touch of completion, the building has an unfinished appearance. It has undergone vicissitudes. Some idea may be formed of its age when we are made aware of the fact that it underwent thorough restoration in 1486. On December 15, 1742, it was struck by lightning and thrown down. During four years after this catastrophe, the Grassois remained deprived of their bell-tower, while it was not until sixty-eight years had elapsed that their descendants were once more awakened by the joyous *carillon* that from time immemorial had cheered the matutinal hours of their more remote ancestors. On May 12, 1756, it was decided that the *campanile* should be reconstructed at the expense of the Bishop and Chapter. The inscription: D.O.M. (Deo Optimo Maximo) *quarto idus Maii* MDCCLVI. inscribed on the first stone that was laid, irrefutably gives the date when the works of reconstruction began. Five of the bells had been destroyed by the lightning ; these were replaced in

1810. They were cast in the garden of the Visitandines, a convent in the Tracastel (*trans castellum*), which is a narrow street of almost Venetian exiguity curving round the base of the eminence upon which the cathedral, the belfry and other monuments are situated. The church of the Visitandines, like most of the sacred edifices in Grasse, underwent the sacrilegious re-adaptations imposed by the leading local revolutionaries. In 1793 there had been installed within its precincts "l'atelier révolutionnaire du salpêtre."

Upon that side of the *Place du Grand Puy*, within the circuit of which stands the cathedral with its belfry, is a tall, plain building surmounted by a tower. Although its historical importance is by no means commensurate with the prominence of its position, it is alluded to in the second place chiefly on account of the utility of the purpose to which it is devoted and also because less words are necessary to describe it than are demanded by the belfry and by the ancient tower that will come third in this opening description.

This second place is given to the lofty four-dialed clock-tower of Grasse, a kind of ever-present and never-silent beacon to the inhabitants as its sonorous and silvery chimes enliven the day and break the silence of the night.

The clock-tower and the edifice supporting it date but from 1888, but the site upon which the latter is erected can boast of far greater antiquity as an occupied spot. According to Abbé Massa,¹ there once existed a temple of Mars upon the square now designated as the *Place du Grand Puy*, which formerly was the ancient and indeed the first cemetery of Grasse. *Le Puy* (*La Plasso doù Puy*, in Provençal), is derived from *podium* (eminence). Within this space was signed by Raymond-Bérenger and the consuls or municipal magistrates of Grasse, the solemn and memorable Act of July 24, 1227, whereby the town gave itself up to the Comte de Provence. This same site was eventually occupied by a chapel dedicated to St. Martin. Out of the remnants of this old chapel and of a former *Hôtel de Ville*, the building supporting the clock-tower was constructed in 1888. It was used as the barracks until 1891, when it was transformed into a girls' school.

The picture embodied in the title will be completed by a description of the third tower. This ancient and interesting monument is not only of a lesser altitude than the belfry and the clock-tower, but stands also upon a slightly lower elevation, so that, for this reason, while the two latter towers are visible from all parts, the "tower of the Municipality," as it is termed, is only perceptible from

¹ *Histoire de Grasse*, p. 26.

certain points. The best view of the entire triple monumental agglomeration is to be obtained from the Thorenc road, which curves round the summit of the hills commanding Grasse. From this elevated part the three towers are seen standing out distinctly against the sky, forming, in their respective positions, a triangle, of which the belfry is the apex. The "tower of the Municipality" is—with one exception—the most ancient monument in Grasse, having, in the soberest judgment of the most accredited and erudite authorities,¹ been erected over the remains of a Roman construction. Abbé Massa, who is by no means inferior in erudition to those who have come after him, and who claims great antiquity for Grasse as a seat of human habitation, attributes greater age to it, ascribing its entire erection to Marius. Massa further states that it was restored by Licinius Crassus when one of Cæsar's lieutenants and utilised as an *entrepôt* of military stores. Be this as it may, this historical monument, constituting, as it does, a sort of Acropolis, is more technically called the "Tour du Puy," and was an old watch-tower. It forms a support to one wing of the new Hôtel de Ville. It is the sole survival of the earliest fortifications of Grasse, which *enceinte* was probably entirely composed of *senoriæ*, a sort of *arx*. "Grassa autem arce munita." This citation mentioned in "Gallia Christiana" is taken from the chronicle of Robert, which was written in about 1210. The Tour du Puy now represents all that remains of this *arx* and of the ancient *senoriæ*. A curious discovery was made about sixty years ago upon the summit of this tower. In this unusual situation a fig-tree had unaccountably grown. The principal civic officer of the time caused this arborescent intruder to be rooted up. A cannon ball was then found in the cavity. The tree had evidently originally taken root in the excavation made by the projectile. The cannon ball is still preserved in the Hôtel de Ville. Some modern windows have been made in the walls of this ancient tower. For some time past it has been proposed to close these apertures and to replace them by Romansch openings with the intent of restoring to the monument its primitive architecture. Two large *archères* and two closed-up windows are to be most distinctly traced. Upon the right side of the doorway giving admittance to the tower is a slab bearing an inscription in honour of the joyous Grassois troubadour, Bellaud de la Bellaudière, of sixteenth century fame, who was proclaimed the restorer of Provençal poetry.

These three towers may, figuratively speaking, be looked upon as

¹ M. Léon Palustre, late Director of the Archaeological Society of France; also Paul Sènequier and M. de Laurière. 1884.

constituting as many lofty pivots, stern in their rigid monumental immobility, around which the busy and prosperous life of Grasse unceasingly gyrates. Inanimately all-seeing, they have survived events even menacing their own destruction ; and leaving them to posterity, we regretfully turn away from their contemplation.

Grasse was for ages a fortified town, but with the exception of two out of the seven gates formerly existing, one tower and a few fragmentary remains of the ramparts, all signs of the fourteenth-century *enceinte* have disappeared. Even their demolition furnishes a reminder of that sentiment of independence which, in 1305, according to the historian P. Cresp, led to their erection, not only as a safeguard against a foreign invader, but also as a guarantee against encroachments on the part of the central authority. The walls were pulled down as circumstances, chiefly produced by the extension of the town, dictated. They were never officially pronounced obsolete. The two surviving gates are the *Porte Neuve* and the *Porte de la Roque*.

The *Porte Neuve*, or *Portal Neuf*, has only been so designated since the construction of the *place* of that name. In an Act of July 24, 1555, it is alluded to as the *Porte Couche*. In the *cadastre*, or register of lands, of 1666 it is termed the *porte cuiche* and *porte cauche*.

The *Porte Neuve* can boast of some historic celebrity in connection with the war of the Spanish Succession. On July 13, 1707, about two hundred horsemen belonging to Prince Eugène's (of Savoy) army, which had begun to cross the Var two days previously, presented themselves before this gate. The town having no garrison, the enemy only retired after exacting a heavy war contribution.

About forty years later, or to mention the date more precisely, on December 1, 1746, a squadron of hussars appertaining to General Count de Brown's army arrived at the *Place Neuve* and encamped there. The town again found itself constrained to submit to a still greater exaction of a similar nature. This event occurred during the war of the Austrian Succession.

The gate now known as the *Porte de la Roque* seems to have borne various denominations. In the register of 1558 the terms *Porto raucho* and *Souto Porto raucho* occur. In 1735 it was called the *Porte des trois Roys*.

The principal street of Grasse, in which are now to be found the military club, a number of cafés and a hotel, is named the *Boulevard du Jeu de Ballon*. This street owes its peculiar designation to the fact of having been at one time a sort of playground given up to the populace, who there indulged in a rustic, though riotous sport in

the form of long-range tennis, in which large balls (*ballons*) were used. The game was eventually suppressed. This tract was situated immediately outside the fortifications near the moat. Along the line of ramparts upon this side were four towers, of which the one already alluded to as surviving, alone remains. This is the *Tour Leydier*, termed also *vièrge de crépi*. The tower in question, however, is not the original fortalice of the fourteenth century, being merely a reconstruction erected after the invasion of 1536 upon the ruins of the genuine edifice, which was dismantled at the approach of Charles V.

Two famous women lend celebrity to the Boulevard du Jeu de Ballon, as having resided in the vicinity at different periods, namely, Marie-Honorade de Pontèves, and, thirty-six years later, Princess Pauline, the model of the Venus of Canova.

It has been said that, with one exception, the Tour du Puy is the monument in Grasse to which the greatest degree of antiquity is to be attributed. There is, in fact, one building perpetuating a souvenir still more remote. This is the "rotunda" known as the chapel of St. Sauveur or of St. Hilaire.

At a distance of about five hundred paces to the south-west of the town, and at an angle of the Avenue St. Hilaire, whence a road branches off to the right, is a curiously shaped building that cannot fail to strike the eye of the observer. Situated upon the border of some raised ground, it thus occupies a rather commanding position. It is round, or, more strictly speaking, of an unpronounced octangular shape. Adjoining it, and forming part of it, is a smaller building of somewhat similar configuration, presumably once the entrance to the edifice, which latter measures about thirty feet in diameter. Massa expresses the conviction that we have before us what was once a temple erected to Jupiter-Ammon.

According to this historian, an ancient town, that once stood upon the site now occupied by Grasse, was an interminable source of conflict among the Celto-Ligurians. In order to put an end to these continual struggles, the Romans laid siege to the place, which was defended by the Oxybians and the Nerusii.¹ The defence was long and desperate, but finally the town was destroyed and the greater part of the inhabitants put to the sword. Two buildings only were preserved from general destruction, namely, the temple of Jupiter-Ammon and the Tower of Marius, as the Tour du Puy is termed by Massa. Sénequier, Mérimée, and others do not profess to believe in

¹ The Nerusii were a Celto-Lygian people whose country comprised the whole of the mountainous region lying between Nice and Cimiez and the Black Valley, now known as the Valley of Barcelonnette. Their capital was Vençe.

the remoteness of the foundation of this building, they maintaining that it is a chapel of the thirteenth century characterised by the lancet ogive of that epoch ; but the arguments given by Massa in support of his belief are by no means to be despised. A potent assumption exists in the form of local tradition—a factor that should never be overlooked—which combats the hypothesis of the thirteenth century. There has always been a general belief in the district that the edifice is of pagan origin. The Provençal historians, without a single exception, maintain that the building dates from the time of the Roman occupation. The recollection of the people in the vicinity recedes to the days when an inscription composed of the words *Fanum Jovis* formed the key of the rotunda. This inscription was lost at the beginning of the last century. Moreover, tombs have been discovered round the walls, as well as other antiquities in the shape of lachrymatory urns, earthenware lamps, coins, and other objects appertaining to the Roman period.

Furthermore, as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, it had been customary among the youth of these parts to indulge in games and other exercises denominated *Jouvines*, which were celebrated upon every Thursday throughout Lent in a meadow close to what is not unjustifiably presumed to have been a temple dedicated to the supreme deity of the Roman mythology. Of so scandalous a nature, however, did the sports in vogue at this Saturnalia become, that, in 1706, they were prohibited by the Bishop of Grasse, Mgr. de Verjus, under pain of excommunication. The ancient edifice was eventually converted into a church dedicated to Jésus-Sauveur, and at a later period was re-dedicated to St. Hilary. For nearly eighty years subsequently it was utilised as a powder magazine ; it is now a cheap roadside restaurant.

Differences concerning the date of its original construction may, perhaps, be reconciled by assuming with much plausibility, that when the thirteenth-century chapel came into being, some previous mode of building may in the operation have been carried out from remnants still in existence, which were sufficiently pronounced to disclose the original ancient plan. The style of architecture is undeniably strange.

We now come to a most interesting point, the elucidation of which renders patent nothing less than a link connecting the ancient fountain-worship of Gaul with the name said to have been primitively borne by Grasse before the town was ever known by this latter denomination.

It would satisfy the antiquarian curiosity of all but enthusiastic

ethnological students to recede to the period when the locality was endowed with that name of which Grasse is the actual form, both by posteriority and by right of primogeniture. Beyond this starting-point we are almost trespassing upon myth. Confining ourselves momentarily to the origin of the present name, suffice it to say that after Grasse was destroyed, nought remained for several centuries but mere ruins and heaps of *débris* to denote its former presence. It was rebuilt in 585 A.D. by a large colony of Jews who had settled in the neighbouring town of Magagnosc. The Magalioles seem to have undertaken this task by express permission of the dominant power, they, by the peacefulness of their lives, having been saved from the decree of extermination that had been pronounced against all the other Provençal Jews. The new founders, or rather restorers, in gratitude for the mercy accorded to them and for the trust reposed in them, abjured the Hebrew faith and re-christened the town Gratia—of which *Grâce* is the synonym. At the same time, the Celtic lion, which up to that period had traditionally constituted the arms of the town, was replaced by the paschal lamb. A carved stone representation of this sacred symbol—crowned and upholding a cross—in the form of an escutcheon, is to be seen over the entrances to all the public buildings of Grasse at the present hour.

The pronunciation of *Grâce* and Grasse are exactly the same.

In comparatively recent times the original denomination Grasse was reintegrated in its *expression*, although the spelling of *Grâce* prevailed in *writings* of the Middle Ages.

In confirmation of the conference of the name of Gratia, Tisserand in his "History of Nice" relates a story dating from the times of Louis XIII. At a period when the episcopal see of Grasse happened to be vacant, Abbé Godeau, an ecclesiastic of great parts and one of the founders of the French Academy, in the course of an interview with Richelieu, presented the all-powerful cardinal with a beautifully illuminated paraphrase in French verse of the canticle *Benedicite*. The Regent of France, while accepting the gift, responded, making a *jeu de mots*: "Abbé, you give me *benedicite*, and I give you *grâce*." Very soon afterwards Godeau was appointed Bishop of Grasse. Richelieu's confidence in his nominee was not misplaced, for Godeau is acknowledged to have been the most enlightened prelate who ever wore the mitre at Grasse.

Other derivations, both etymological and characteristic, are offered by different authorities with regard to the origin of the name of the town. There is an idea generally prevalent that the word is derived from the Celtic *gras*, meaning fertile or abundant, in

allusion to the richness of its soil and the prosperity that has clung to the spot throughout its history, in spite of many vicissitudes.

In the quaint and historic *Place aux Aires* is an old stone fountain of large size, the design of which is composed of three stone basins superposed. The lower and broader receptacle rests upon a massive pedestal plunged in the water four feet in depth confined by a circular stone parapet. This artistic object, majestic in the very plainness of its construction and simplicity of its conformation, is called the *Thouron* fountain. Massa maintains with the aid of much etymological erudition that *Thouron* was the name of Grasse before the adoption of the latter denomination by the Oxybians. It is not impossible that any appellation connected with a fountain may ages since have had some association with the conference of a name upon the place known as Grasse. Even at the present day, fountains play an important part in the street decoration of this town. The most prominent squares, not forgetting the *Promenade du Cours* with its row of forty-three stone seats, are ornamented with them. Some can boast of no little elaborate beauty of form. On an average, when wandering at random through the narrow, winding and tortuous streets, a fountain in some shape or another may be passed at intervals hardly exceeding one minute. This frequency of repetition may not improbably be a stationary but not silent survival of the ancient fountain-worship.

A religious belief somewhat generally prevalent among the Celto-Ligurians was to the effect that a divinity named *Tor*, or *Telon*, hovered habitually in the vicinity of fountains, and by this occult influence took them under its tutelary protection. In gratitude, these tribal populations conferred a particular kind of worship upon the benevolent naiad. This mythological adoration was handed down through successive generations of the Gallic people until the time of Charlemagne. The conqueror of so many nations waged war also against superstition, and this fountain-worship was suppressed. But the practice had firmly taken root among the Gauls, and at the death of the enlightened emperor the devotional honours were resumed. It happened not unfrequently that the name of the protecting divinity was conferred not only upon the fountain which was especially the object of the guardianship of the water-nymph, but also upon the village or even the town that was thus favoured by so beneficent a vicinity.

In fact, the etymology of the word *Thouron* is the same as that of *Thouronet* of Magagnosc; *Thoronet* of Gourdon—the picturesque village perched upon the vertiginous height overlooking *Le Bar* and

the gorges of the Loup—and the Thouron fountain at Seillans, and other places.

This fountain-worship affords an instance of one of those superstitions derivable from pagan times that had penetrated into the earlier centuries of Christianity, dying a hard death. Up to as comparatively recent a period as the end of the eighteenth century, it was an honoured custom among the Grasse gardeners to go in processional order, and with lighted torches in their hands, to the source of La Foux—one of the two great irrigators of the Grasse district—and offer up to the spring their prayers, and reverently state their wishes with a view to rendering the aquatic spirit propitious to them.

Buried in those old streets, where the houses cluster the thickest, is the church of *l'Oratoire*. The term church, as technically applied to an "oratory," may appear incongruous, and the idea of incongruity is borne out when we enter the edifice and compare its dimensions with its name. The interior is fairly large, and to all appearances has recently undergone some furbishing of a kind that gives both light and brightness to its aspect. It is divided into an abside and a central and two lateral naves. The body of the church is surrounded by a gallery. At the period of the French Revolution, from the excesses of which Grasse by no means escaped, this church was temporarily deprived of its sacred character, and was transformed into a "Temple of Liberty," the *sans-culottes* making it their headquarters during the whole of the Reign of Terror.

At present it is worthy of the attention of the artist, or, more strictly speaking, searcher after curiosities, as containing two remarkable paintings. Beneath the gallery, to the left upon entering, is a picture named the "Miraculous Image of St. Dominic." At the foot of this curious work, and upon the canvas itself, an inscription has been rudely scrawled by some illiterate hand or, perhaps, by some Provençal scribe not thoroughly conversant with French. A certain portion of the writing is partly effaced by some dull brown paint. All the words begin with capital letters. The canvas is damaged, or rather perforated in four places. The semi-obscurity beneath the gallery is pierced by sufficient light to permit us to distinguish the subject. Upon what appears to be a cloth held up by the Holy Virgin—with Mary Magdalene and St. Catherine upon her right and left respectively—is depicted the figure of St. Dominic in the robe of the Order that he founded. In his right hand the saint holds a doubly-clasped volume bound in red; in his left and lightly resting

upon his shoulder he bears a sprig of some white blossom, apparently lilies or, perhaps, marguerites. The countenance is youthful and beautiful, while its expression is distinguished by serenity. The Virgin is pointing downwards towards St. Dominic with her right hand. The latter is of delicate mould, the fingers being long and slender. In the left corner of the painting are the figures of two Dominicans in an attitude of adoration. One of the monks is reverently holding up a corner of the cloth upon which the effigy of St. Dominic is portrayed. This representation constitutes a complete picture in itself, there being a background of clouds and terrestrial scenery. The execution is good, while the mellowness diffused over the surface denotes some age.

This very remarkable old production appeals to the understanding, as well as to the imagination, entirely on the strength of its own peculiar merit. It borrows nothing from those external adjuncts, which are considered by some to render Art more salient and even to embellish it. A poorer, shabbier, and plainer frame than the one enshrining this picture can hardly be conceived. Of the commonest wood, for sole gilding it is merely daubed alternately with stripes of coarse green and dull yellow.

Suspended at a point within the opposite nave, nearly facing the very curious work just described, is a smaller picture of somewhat primitive and even rude execution both in design and colouring, it must be acknowledged, but perhaps all the more worthy of notice upon that score. It represents the Crucifixion. The moment chosen by the simple artist is when our Lord is giving up the ghost. In the background are the domes and towers of Jerusalem. A vivid flash of forked lightning rudely executed in red is striking the Temple. With its body coiled round the base of the Cross, and apparently writhing in the last throes, is the serpent.

According to a trustworthy tradition, the "Oratoire" is not only the oldest church in Grasse, but prior to the building of the cathedral—in the twelfth century—was the sole place of worship in the town. It is for this reason that the place of honour is accorded to it in this brief description of three of the Grasse churches. Long before 1631, when the Oratorian Fathers established themselves here and in the convent adjoining, it was known as the church of St. Honorat. The convent stood high in the favour of pontiffs and sovereigns. The church was restored for a second time as recently as 1851, when a neo-gothic character was conferred upon it. It was upon this occasion that it was endowed with the portal and the beautiful façade of the old church of the Cordeliers.

A few paragraphs will now be devoted to the cathedral.

This church, especially when viewed from a distance, has the appearance of a narrow building of no great length, to which approach is given by a double flight of stone steps meeting at a handsome carved oaken doorway. Beneath these steps is the entrance to the crypt, barred by an iron gate. The crypt dates from the first years of the eighteenth century and was constructed according to plans drawn up by Vauban. Over the stone portico at the entrance is placed a figure of the Virgin, borne aloft by a group of cherubs, forming a sort of pedestal.

Upon penetrating within the interior one is instantly struck by the prodigious massiveness of the pillars upholding the roof. These enormous supports rest upon bases of a most primitive character. They vary in height and are different in shape, thus giving rise to the opinion entertained by some critics that the edifice was begun in the eleventh century and perhaps earlier. Abbé Poussin¹ thus alludes to them:—"Massive pillars, without capitals, or pillar-columns, built out of blocks of stone or ashlar, with the ruggedness of an art in its infancy." He is of opinion that they are examples of primordial Romansch architecture.

Among the numerous works of art that this church contains, two pictures are especially worthy of mention. In the first place is a representation of Christ washing the feet of His disciples, from the brush of the elder Fragonard, and secondly the "Circumcision," by Gaillard. This latter painter evidently possessed no inconsiderable talent for gracefully depicting drooping figures, and was aware of the fact. The grouping of this finely executed painting is excellent. The picture is placed in the chapel of the Saint-Sacrement, an "annexe" which was added to the main building in 1738.

The "Assumption of the Virgin," by Subleyras, and the "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," by Sebastian Bourdon, are also well worthy of scrutiny.

This church is termed a cathedral merely by courtesy, the bishopric of Grasse having been abolished at the Revolution. It had been translated to Grasse from Antibes in 1243, not a little to the discontent of the inhabitants of the latter town, which had been an episcopal See for centuries. What was once technically the cathedral is now the parish church. Its ancient name is Sainte Marie, or Notre Dame du Puy (in Provençal, *Sancta Maria de Podio*). Situated at a depth of twenty-eight feet beneath the crypt is the small chapel of the *Sacré Cœur*, so that the cathedral premises may

¹ *Manuel Classique d'Archéologie Chrétienne.*

be described as being formed of three churches built one upon the other.

A small church dedicated to St. Thomas should not be passed over in silence. It is built in a row of houses forming one side of the narrow Rue Tracastel. It contains what may be justly termed one of the greatest artistic curiosities in Grasse. This treasure is in the form of a taking down from the Cross, carved in bold relief in wood stained as black as ebony. Its dimensions hardly exceed a square of two feet. The two ladders reaching to the summit of the Cross, as well as the figures taking down our Lord, are carved in most vivid relief. The body of the thief on the left-hand side of the Saviour is terribly contorted, and with most horrifying clearness depicts the greatest agony as it writhes at arm's extent from the instrument of execution.

In the lower portion of the Tracastel, which has been separated from the main part of the street by the opening up of the Place Neuve, there is a religious institution resulting from the fusion of two distinct sisterhoods. The Order of the Ursulines had been created in 1537 by Ste. Angèle of Brescia. About seventy years later the sisterhood was introduced into France by the Comtesse de Sainte-Beuve. In 1606 a few sisters of this Order found their way to Grasse and established themselves in the first instance in the Rue de la Porte Neuve, as it was then termed. They subsequently moved to the Rue Tracastel. In the meantime, the Ladies of the Visitation—constituting an Order established by S. François de Sales, with the concurrence of Mme. de Chantal—arrived in Grasse. They greatly exceeding the Ursulines in number, the Bishop of Grasse, Scipion de Villeneuve, presented them with the Ursuline convent. The nuns of the latter Order then consented to embrace the institute of S. François de Sales.

Upon taking up our position on the Place du Grand Puy, we obtain a magnificent view of what, from our point of 'vantage, appears to be an "undulating plain," as it has been termed in an earlier part of this article. This far-reaching expanse separates the foot of the mountains whereupon and upon the sides of which Grasse is built, from the summits of the lower range immediately sheltering Cannes from the keen northern blasts. An undulating plain, indeed, the fourteen miles of intervening space appear, although Grasse is situated at an altitude of 1,300 feet above sea level. To be more explicit, upon ascending to the towering fir-clad crest dominating the town, no small resemblance will be found to exist between this region

and the Thuringerwald, with its hills of a rolling conformation, like immeasurable ocean billows, narrow though deep valleys, crags, cliffs, and jagged rock-strewn ravines. On the right are the Estérels—so called from the temples of Diana—as numerous as stars (*stellæ*), which in heathen times gave sacred life to these heights as they drew the multitudes in adoration. Seen from Cannes, these hills often strike the gaze in their purple blue hues ; but from Grasse they appear a mere solid, shadeless, dusky outline. Almost in front is the gulf of La Napoule, and the broad level plain of English aspect separating the high road, in the vicinity of the sea shore, from the hill country seen from Grasse. Still more to the left, and on an eminence, is Mougins. White-looking and lightly coloured edifices, creeping up the hills facing the sea in the far-distance, create a suspicion of the presence of Cannes, while, as if floating on the waves, is the canoe-like point of Ste. Marguerite. To the extreme left, and in a line with our arm extended, is Magagnosc and three or four other villages, buried in silver-hued olive-clad slopes, “perfumed and dry as a handful of lavender.” Intermingled with the olive groves are oak and pine forests, through which the train from Colmars is seen almost aggressively pushing its way, drawn by its determined-looking little engine. With regard to olives, Grasse is situated in the midst of vast groves of these precious trees, the whole mountain side being shrouded by the fragile cupola thus formed as far as—nay, much farther—than the eye can reach. The hardly conceivable abundance of this product, joined to the world-renowned perfumery manufacture, principally contribute to the wealth of Grasse, and to the formation of that character for honest independence and fair dealing distinguishing the 15,000 people composing its population. For this is a land of oil and wine—a land flowing with milk and honey—especially the latter. The very air is impregnated with the intoxicating odours arising from the sweet-smelling flora upon which the bee must love to linger. Cultivated on purpose for the making of perfumes, are large tracts of roses, jonquils, jasmine, mint, violets, tuberose, and asphodel.

Upon mounting to the uplands, the view that has just been presented to us appears still more striking. Smaller details are less perceptible and are sacrificed to greater generalities. But upon descending once more to the town, the view, by that act alone, seems dwarfed and shell-enclosed.

This brief topographical sketch would hardly be complete without a passing allusion to a spot that has been rendered historical by having been once—somewhat more than momentarily—pressed by the heel of a great modern conqueror.

After a toilsome ascent we arrive in the vicinity of a stretch of land separated from the smooth high road leading to Cabris, by a plot of ground bordered on one part by a building of oblong shape apparently long since abandoned. Close by is a flat tumular stone upon which a small cross is lightly sculptured. The close contiguity of this tombstone to the forsaken homestead evidently connects the two with some lugubrious history. Perhaps the house is said to be haunted ! Separated from the deserted dwelling by two stone walls enclosing a rough road is a desolate plateau. On the left are some marble quarries, the reddish brown hue of which lend a rich shade to the picture. Nearer to us and bordering ground of a higher elevation are some cliff-like rocks of perpendicular rigidity. At the extreme edge of this plateau and overlooking a deep chasm are three cypress trees. The thick, short-branched foliage when gazed at from certain distant points appears to spring from a single trunk. It was precisely at this spot that Napoleon rested for a brief space upon his famous march from Golfe Juan to Grenoble after his escape from Elba. In memory of this event the funeral trees were planted, while the name of the upland itself, which, previous to the passage of the emperor, had been the Plateau de Roque-Avignon, was changed to that of the Plateau Napoléon.

Grasse, even in the opinion of sober historians, would appear to be one of those towns which are predestined to commercial prosperity; and what is more, its inhabitants through the ages of its existence have shown themselves capable of benefiting by those gifts with which nature has been so prodigal. Omitting allusion to more remote periods, we have the authority of the historian Bouche for the statement that, in 1180, all European countries provided themselves with soaps manufactured at Grasse, while the town was also famous for its oils. In 1420, as Massa informs us, its odorous essences, fine oils, exquisite fruits and renowned leathers were a source of great prosperity.

It may interest many to know that according to the testimony of the greatest historical authority upon Grasse now living, nothing precise has as yet been discovered in the municipal archives relating to the origin of the perfumery works.

At the present moment this industrial centre contains seventy perfumeries and distilleries. Some idea of the extent of the business transacted by these numerous firms may be formed upon the knowledge of the fact that during the month of May alone more than 200,000 kilos of orange flower and 160,000 kilos of roses are distilled daily !

The Gentleman's Magazine.

oil of Grasse is particularly adapted to the prodigious flower
cessitated by its distilleries, being re-acted upon so strongly
1.

efforts are being made to render Grasse a winter resort ;
me extent successfully, if we are to judge by the many villas
onstructed now dotting the hill sides, not omitting a hand-
spacious casino overlooking the Promenade du Cours.
ight, perhaps, be more numerous, and present points of
ersal adaptability.

more might be said upon this interesting place, but to
Hilarius :—"tempus me deficiet si voluero universa dicere,"
one brief allusion, this description of the celebrated
town will be brought to a conclusion.

ve ceremony almost approaching a reminiscence of those
days when a sight of the tabard was by no means a rarity,
nt upon the duties performed by what, in most localities, is
e official. In Grasse *two* functionaries clothed in a uniform
of a grey coat, white trousers and a cap bordered with
e are considered to lend only becoming dignity to the office
rier. While one "herald" sounds a few strange unearthly
on a trumpet, his associate, at the conclusion of the
"gravely raises his head-gear, and in solemn, sonorous and

THE EARL OF BUTE.

THE real character of John Stuart, Earl of Bute, is one of those historical problems of which the annals of the distinguished house of Stuart are so full. The ordinary wayfaring politician, if asked his opinion of Bute, would probably condemn him off-hand. The justice of such a condemnation, like the justice of many other off-hand condemnations, may well be questioned. When the memoirs and histories of the eighteenth century are studied, it is astonishing how many writers speak favourably of one whom all men seemed to denounce. "Lord Bute," said Bishop Warburton, "is a very unfit man to be Prime Minister of England. First, he is a Scotchman; secondly, he is the King's friend; and, thirdly, he is an honest man."¹ The fact that those qualities proved damning to the minister are not to his discredit, but to the discredit of those who denounced him. "The great cry against Lord Bute," writes Lord Chesterfield, "was on account of his being a Scotchman; the only fault which he could not possibly correct."² Scotchmen at least may be excused from joining in the condemnation of a minister, whose principal fault was his descent from a family and a nation which had given a dynasty to England. It is curious to note how men who had opposed and attacked Bute in the days of his power, modified their opinions in later times, when prejudice had died down and old bitterness had been forgotten. Traces may be found of an uneasy conviction that Bute had not had fair play, and that historical justice required a considerable mitigation of contemporary criticisms.

The life of John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, before he became a public character, was comparatively uneventful. During the lifetime of George II. he was the friend and intimate of Frederick, Prince of Wales. After the death of Frederick, Bute continued his intimacy with the Princess Augusta, the widow of his royal associate. It was alleged as the reason of Bute's close friendship with the Princess that the relations between them were of an immoral

¹ Seward's *Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons*, vol. ii. p. 369.

² *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 473.

character. It is impossible to say how far those scandalous rumours were true. There were no known facts to justify them. The popular belief was founded on surmise and what Lord Chesterfield called "mere conjectures." The friendship between the two was undoubtedly very close, and amidst all Bute's unpopularity the Princess never varied in her support and sympathy. But whether such scandalmongers as Horace Walpole were right in imputing an immoral character to that friendship, is a question which cannot now be answered. The scandal about the Princess Augusta recalls the scandal about another royal lady, Caroline, the wife of George IV. A large section of the English people was firmly convinced that she was a woman of dissolute character. Even her own counsel, Denman, seems to have doubted as to her innocence. Yet few competent judges, examining the evidence now, would hesitate for a moment to pronounce her guiltless of the charges brought against her. When it is remembered how easily and readily the most absurd scandal about persons in high station is believed, it is well to be wary in accepting the scurrilous reports about Bute and the Princess Augusta.

As a result of Bute's influence with the Princess, the education of Prince George, afterwards George III., was left entirely in his hands. When Prince George received his establishment in 1756, the King, George II., was unwillingly induced to appoint "that puppy Bute," to use his own royal words, as Groom of the Stole in the Prince's household. Bute was a Tory, and the Prince's education was conducted on Tory lines. The prevailing form of government at that time was oligarchical Whiggery. Since the accession of George I. a few Whig families, by dint of corruption and borough influence, had secured all the power. The long exclusion of the Tories from office, justified originally perhaps by the Jacobitism of Bolingbroke and his associates, had tended to lessen the influence of the Crown. England, to use Disraeli's historic comparison, was governed on Venetian principles. The Whig magnificoes, who corresponded to the Venetian aristocrats, had reduced the king to the level of a Doge. The education of George II., conducted as it was on Tory lines, led him to dislike the Whig *régime*. It is said that in some cases the tutors selected by Bute had been nominated by Bolingbroke. The Prince had studied Bolingbroke's "Patriot King," with its high views of regal power, and Bute had procured a considerable portion of the manuscript of Blackstone's "Commentaries," not then published, for the Prince's instruction.¹ The

¹ Adolphus, *History of George III.*, vol. I. p. 12.

definition of the king's authority, as set forth by writers like Blackstone, was not such as the Whigs would endorse, and complaints were vainly made to George II. that the heir to the throne was being corrupted by unconstitutional teachings. The Prince was taught that the ideal at which he ought to aim was the beneficent rule of a powerful sovereign, governing the people by his own will, but for their good. He was advised to annihilate party government, by restoring to the Crown its freedom of action and choice. He was to oppose faction and to trample bribery and corruption under foot.

When, in 1760, George III. came to the throne he endeavoured to carry into practice the ideals which he had formed. He proposed to act the part of Bolingbroke's "Patriot King." He set before himself the abolition of government by party or connexion, abolition of corruption at elections, and emancipation of the Sovereign from ministerial tyranny. Again the doctrine of the divine right of kings was preached from the pulpit. Prerogative, as Horace Walpole said, once more became a fashionable word. The Tories heartily supported the young King in his efforts to break up the Whig phalanx. The great Jacobite families, who had long been absent from Court, now crowded to the Palace. The objects of the King had much to recommend them. It was felt that the chances of the Stuart dynasty were hopeless, and that the old divisions of Whig and Jacobite had ceased to have any meaning. It was considered highly detrimental to the public service, that able and loyal politicians should be excluded from a share in the government, because they belonged, very often on hereditary grounds only, to a party opposed to the Whig connexion.

In carrying out his political policy, George III. naturally relied on the Earl of Bute. Evidence of Bute's influence was given immediately after the King's accession. When the draft of the speech from the throne was submitted to the King, it was returned with an insertion in the King's own handwriting. "Born and educated in this country," said George III., "I glory in the name of *Briton*, and the particular happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people whose loyalty and warm affection to me I consider the greatest and most permanent security of my throne." The Duke of Newcastle, who was Premier, wrote to Lord Hardwicke: "I suppose you will think '*Briton*' remarkable. It denotes the author to all the world."¹ Bute did not long remain merely an unofficial adviser of the King. In March 1761 he became

¹ Harris's *Life of Hardwicke*, vol. iii. p. 231.

Secretary of State. He was in his forty-eighth year and had never spoken in Parliament. The King said in 1804 that he had been induced to appoint Bute on the recommendation of the Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire, two of the great Whig magnificoes.

When Bute entered the Cabinet, its most dominant personality was Pitt, who bullied his colleagues most unmercifully. Newcastle freely admitted to Rigby "the dread the whole Council used to be in lest Mr. Pitt should frown." In 1760 the Seven Years' War was running its course. Pitt, who had conducted the war with the greatest ability and success, and who had acquired great glory by his management of it, wished to continue the contest with France. Bute was opposed to it. The war, being successful, was of course popular with the people, but the middle and higher classes were divided about it. Pitt, finding that his views on the war were not acceptable in the Cabinet, resigned. His resignation was intensely unpopular, and Bute brought upon his devoted head the hostility and hatred of the masses of the people. The retiral of Pitt was followed in May 1762 by that of Newcastle, and Bute, who since Pitt's disappearance had been the most important person in the Cabinet, became Premier.

Bute's task was a very difficult one. The objects of his government were cessation of war, the abandonment of Continental connexions, the liberation of the Crown from the tyranny of great families and party faction, and government without bribery. Bute found himself faced by a solid phalanx of Whig opposition. In order to carry on the administration, Bute's lieutenant, Fox, leader of the House of Commons, had to resort to that very bribery which the Tories had condemned. "Leaving the grandees to their ill humour," says Walpole, "Fox directly attacked the separate members of the House of Commons, and with so little decorum on the part of either buyer or seller that a shop was publicly opened at the Pay Office, whither the members flocked and received the wages of their venality in bank-bills, even to so low a sum as two hundred pounds." War to the death was waged against the Whig aristocrats. The plotting and caballing of the enemy were met by the wholesale dismissal of officials who owed their places to Whig patronage. The Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton and the Marquis of Rockingham were deprived of their lord lieutenancies. The Duke of Devonshire was dismissed from the Privy Council and from his office of Lord Chamberlain. He had shown himself particularly hostile to Bute, and is said to have allowed his dislike of the minister to make him on one occasion disrespectful to the King. "The

mob," writes Lady Temple to her husband, "have a good story of the Duke of Devonshire, that he went first to light the King, and the King followed, leaning upon Lord Bute's shoulder, upon which the Duke of Devonshire turned about and desired to know which he was waiting upon."¹

Towards the end of 1762 Bute succeeded in bringing about a treaty of peace with France, by which Canada and several West Indian islands passed to England, and the French military power in India was abolished. Bute, to everyone's great surprise, defended the peace in an able and temperate speech. The Duke of Cumberland, who was strongly prejudiced against Bute, pronounced his speech to have been "one of the finest he ever heard in his life."² The minister concluded his address by expressing a hope that his having contributed to the cessation of hostilities should be engraved upon his tomb, a hope which gave rise to an epigram which at the time was in everybody's mouth:—

Say, when will England be from faction freed?
When will domestic quarrels cease?
Ne'er till that wished-for epitaph we read:
"Here lies the man that made the Peace."³

In the opinion of many men, whose opinions carried great weight, the Premier, by bringing the war to an end, had done the nation a most valuable service. "The war," said the dying Carteret, "had been the most glorious and the peace was the most honourable this nation ever saw."⁴ But the peace had been denounced by Pitt and was most unpopular with the commonalty. Bute became more detested than ever, and could not appear in the streets without a gang of bruisers to protect him.

One of the duties of Bute's Government in 1763 was to provide for the pecuniary requirements of the nation, and this was a task of exceptional difficulty. The cost of the war had been enormous, and fresh taxes were necessary. Sir Francis Dashwood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was quite unfitted to cope with the necessities of the situation. He was described by one of the wits of the day as a man to whom a sum of five figures was an impenetrable secret.⁵ There have been excellent Chancellors of the Exchequer who have known little about figures. It is said that Lord Randolph Churchill,

¹ *Grenville Papers*, vol. ii. p. 22.

² *Bedford Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 170.

³ *Wright's England under the House of Hanover*, vol. i. p. 410.

⁴ *Wood's Essay on Homer*, Preface.

⁵ *Jesse's Memoirs of George III.*, vol. i. p. 163

when filling the same post as Sir Francis Dashwood, had to examine some figures in which decimals were used. He startled his subordinates by characteristically asking "what those d—d dots meant." But Dashwood, if weak in arithmetic, had not the ability of Randolph Churchill. His Budget was bitterly assailed, and one of its items, a tax upon cider, aroused as much excitement and opposition in the western counties as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's recent Coal Tax did in South Wales. The opposition in Parliament, adopting the usual tactics, attacked the Budget without suggesting sources from which money could be raised. George Grenville, in the House of Commons, asked a question which has often been asked since, and which called forth one of Pitt's famous retorts. "I call upon the honourable gentleman opposite to me," he said, "to say where they would wish to have a tax laid. I say, sir, let them tell me where! I repeat it, sir! I am entitled to say to them—tell me where!" Pitt, mimicking the languid and monotonous tones of Grenville, convulsed the House by repeating the words of Howard's popular song:—

Gentle shepherd, tell me where!

a retort which caused the nickname of "the gentle shepherd" to cling to Grenville for the rest of his days.¹

It has been pointed out that the unpopularity of Bute was very great. The Whigs recognised that the oligarchical supremacy of the Great Revolution families was in serious danger, and joined with the populace in opposing and denouncing the hated minister. Bute's supposed connexion with the Princess Augusta, his Scottish nationality, his influence with the King, were the subjects of the most malicious and vindictive lampoons and scurrilities. Bute had to surround his carriage with prize-fighters. He could not appear with safety in public.

And oh! how the rabble would laugh and would hoot,
Could they once set a-swinging this John, Earl of Bute!

said Wilkes, expressing the popular sentiment.² Even the Princes joined in the general hostility. When the King gave Bute the Garter he conferred a blue riband upon his brother, Prince William Henry. "I suppose," said Prince Henry Frederick, "that Mr. Mackenzie and I shall have green ribands."³ Mackenzie was Bute's only brother. The popular emblems of the Princess Dowager and Bute were a

¹ Jesse's *Memoirs of George III.*, vol. i. p. 167.

² *Grenville Papers*, vol. i. p. 487.

³ Walpole's *Reign of George III.*, vol. i. pp. 159, 160.

petticoat and a *jack-boot*, a stupid pun on Bute's christian name and title. Those articles were paraded about the streets, followed by hooting crowds, who ended by burning them with jeers and derisive shouts. An effigy of Bute hung on a gibbet at one of the principal gates of Exeter for a fortnight, without anyone daring to cut it down. The lampooners of Grub Street united in a general crusade against the minister. The most insulting caricatures were published. One, entitled "The Royal Dupe," pictures the young King as being lulled to sleep in his mother's lap, unconscious of the presence of Bute and Fox, the former of whom is engaged in stealing his sceptre, and the latter in picking his pocket.¹ In the western counties a figure of Bute clad in tartan and decorated with the blue riband of the Garter was paraded about, leading a donkey distinguished by the insignia of royalty.² The King himself was personally insulted. One day, when proceeding in his sedan-chair to visit his mother at Carlton House, a voice from the mob asked him whether "he was going to suck."³ At the theatres every offensive expression that could be made applicable to Bute was cheered to the echo. When Mrs. Pritchard, in Cibber's comedy of "The Careless Husband," spoke the words put into the mouth of Lady Easy, "Have a care, madam! An undeserving Favourite has been the ruin of many a Prince's empire," the lines were received with rounds of applause. The Princess herself was driven from the theatres by the filthy epithets hurled at her from "the gods." The story of Earl Mortimer, who was united by an illicit love to the mother of Edward III., and who, by her means, for a time governed the country and the king, became the favourite subject of the satirists. Among the papers left by Ben Jonson were the plot and the first scene of an intended play on the subject, and these were now republished with a dedication to Bute from the pen of Wilkes. Perhaps the grossest of all the caricatures was a frontispiece to one of the numbers of "Almon's Political Register," in which Bute is represented as being secretly introduced into the bed-chamber of the Princess of Wales, the identity of which is rendered unmistakable by a widow's lozenge, which, with the royal arms delineated upon it, is suspended over the head of the bed.⁴

The most popular topic in the attacks upon Bute was his nationality. The Scots were still unpopular in England. The English had not forgotten the Highland invasion under Prince Charles Edward.

¹ Wright's *England under the House of Hanover*, vol. i. pp. 402, 403.

² Walpole's *Reign of George III.*, vol. i. p. 280.

³ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 16.

⁴ *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 199.

They still remembered with shame the panic which it had produced in London. When they witnessed a Scottish Stuart omnipotent at Court, when Scottish birth was a passport to success, and Scottish Jacobites were welcomed at Court, a fierce outcry was raised against Scotland and the Scots. It was pointed out how many Scots held important posts; how Mansfield was Chief Justice of England; how Loudon commanded the British forces in Portugal; how Sir Gilbert Elliot and James Oswald were at the Treasury Board; how Ramsay was court painter and Adam court architect; how a crowd of obscure Scots immigrants had obtained offices and pensions paid for from the earnings of Englishmen. Caricatures were published representing Bute as scourging Britannia with thistles, and representing the high-roads to England as crowded with ragged Scots. Buckingham Palace was nicknamed Holyrood because of the number of Scots who were said to resort to it. The old sarcasms about the alleged betrayal of Charles I. were revived and propagated. The King was warned that the Scots would act as treacherously towards him as they were stated to have acted towards his predecessor. The Duke of Cumberland, who had long been unpopular, partly because of his cruelty after Culloden, became the hero of the commonalty. His severities were now applauded and his opposition to Bute was praised and extolled. The poet Churchill and John Wilkes led the literary crusade against Scotland with vigorous bitterness. The latter contended that "a Scot had no more right to preferment in England than a Hanoverian or a Hottentot." "The former," says Lecky, "in lines of savage vigour, depicted Scotland as a treeless, flowerless land formed out of the refuse of the universe and inhabited by the very bastards of creation, where famine had fixed her chosen throne, where a scanty population, gaunt with hunger, and hideous with dirt and with the itch, spent their wretched days in brooding over the fallen fortunes of their native dynasty, and in watching with mingled envy and hatred the mighty nation that had subdued them. At last their greed and their hatred were alike gratified. What Force could not accomplish had been done by Fraud. The land flowing with milk and honey was thrown open to them. Already the most important places were at their disposal, and soon, through the influence of their great fellow-countrymen, they would descend upon every centre of English power to divide, weaken, plunder and betray."¹

The facts just related give some idea of the popular feeling about Bute when the Budget was passed in 1763. He had carried

¹ Lecky's *History of England*, vol. iii. p. 52.

the peace and he had carried his Budget ; but he had paid a great price for his success. Suddenly he startled everyone by resigning his office on April 8, 1763. Bute told his friends that ill-health and the unpopularity which he had brought on the Sovereign were the causes of his retirement. He said that he was inadequately supported by his own colleagues. He complained that both his Secretaries of State remained silent, and in Parliament the Chief Justice, Mansfield, whom he had himself brought into office, voted for him, but spoke against him.¹ It was believed by some that the King was getting tired of his minister. The Duchess of Brunswick, George's eldest sister, told Lord Malmesbury that Bute expected that George III. would entreat him to remain in office, but that the King accepted the seals from him in silence.² Lord Rosebery thinks that George never really liked Bute, and that Bute's direct influence over him was greatly exaggerated.³ Some thought that Bute retired in the hope of substituting the irresponsible power of the favourite for the responsibility of the minister. Some believed that he realised his own inability to fill his high office. There were endless surmises as to the reasons of his sudden step, and, being mere surmises, they are unsatisfactory and unconvincing. It was long believed that Bute continued to direct the counsels of the King. The most positive assertions of both the King and Bute were unable to remove this impression from the popular mind. For years after his retiral the minister was attacked and abused for his supposed interference in the government of the country, although it is perfectly clear that he did not exercise the slightest influence with the monarch. Lord Brougham says that George III. took a strong dislike to Bute, and constantly betrayed "a very marked prejudice" against Scotchmen and Scotch politics.

The question of Bute's real character is an interesting one. The most contradictory assertions and statements are found in contemporary literature. He had his admiring eulogists. His friend and frequent guest, M. Dutens, speaks of him in terms of warm admiration. Lady Hervey wrote on December 15, 1760: "So much I know of him, though not personally acquainted with him, that he has always been a good husband, an excellent father, a man of truth and sentiments above the common run of men. They say he is proud. I know not. Perhaps he is. But it is like the pride they also accuse Mr. Pitt of, which will always keep them from little,

¹ Jesse's *Memoirs of George III.*, vol. i. p. 170.

² Lord Malmesbury's *Diaries*, vol. iii. p. 158.

³ Rosebery's *Pitt*, p. 11.

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mean, frivolous ways; and such pride may all that I love, or
myself for, ever have." ¹ He was a man of scholarly tastes,
endowed with a love of poetry and the fine arts. Dutens speaks
of the secret assistance rendered by him to poverty-stricken artists. ²
When Dutens visited him at Luton, in 1773, he found the Earl's
library consisting of thirty thousand volumes. His cabinet of mathe-
matical instruments and astronomical and philosophical apparatus
was considered one of the most complete in Europe. ³ He was deeply
interested in floriculture, and published a splendid work on botany
in four quarto volumes. Even Walpole admits that he extended his
patronage to artists and men of letters, especially to those who
came from his native land. Mallet, Smollett, Murphy, Mac-
Cormac, and Home alike profited by the kindness of their
generous countryman:—

The mighty Home, bemired in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song :
While bold MacOssian, wont in ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smollett from his coffin steal. ⁴

The extent of Bute's political abilities is not easily ascertainable.
The Duke of Devonshire, Prince of Wales, once observed, "Bute is a fine showy
man and would make an excellent ambassador in a Court where
there is no business." ⁵ George III., on the other hand, said that
Bute's political abilities were such that he could not be trusted.

The probability is that Bute was a man of considerable ability, who, if he had received a proper and graduated political training, would have made an able and competent public servant. There have undoubtedly been ministers who, without previous experience, have been placed in supreme power by the fiat of a monarch, and who, having only that monarch to please, have proved capable and successful rulers. But Bute had to control a complicated and elaborate system of government. He had to manage two Houses of Parliament and he had to face a powerful phalanx of high-born opponents, who could only be overcome by constitutional methods. He was not supported by men of character and ability such as were to be found among the Whigs. The long exclusion of the Tories from office had prevented the development of official experience and capacity on the Tory side. Bute had to rely on incompetent men like Dashwood and unscrupulous men like Fox. He was proud and reserved, and lacked that genial *savoir faire* that so greatly assists the holder of high office. George III. complained to George Rose that Bute was lacking in political firmness,¹ but when the circumstances are considered, the enormous difficulty of his position may excuse his not persisting in his thankless task. The lack of support from his followers, the intense hostility of the people, the opposition of Pitt and the Whigs, and possibly the waning confidence of his master might well have unnerved a much abler and more experienced minister. Bute made an honest attempt to govern the country on Tory principles, and he failed because the Whigs were too strong. If it was a crime to be a Tory when Whiggism was dominant, then Bute was a criminal. But apart from his political views, if the prejudices against him as a Scot and as an alleged intimate of the Princess Augusta are put aside, there is nothing in Bute's character that entitles either the historian or the politician to make him the object of his contempt or scorn. Amidst the Newcastles and the Rockinghams and the Whig figureheads who so long governed England, Bute stands out as an interesting and almost pathetic figure. He certainly does not merit the scornful language in which Lord Brougham and so many similar writers have spoken of his character and career.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

¹ Rose's *Diaries*, vol. ii. p. 192.

*DID MARY STUART LOVE
BOTHWELL?*

IN the following notes which I have gathered from different authors I have tried to trace the Queen's life from the few days before the murder of Darnley until her imprisonment in Loch Leven Castle, adding to this one or two of her subsequent references to Bothwell, and her letters to the Pope and the Bishop of Dunblane on the subject. My object has been to discover some proof of the "overwhelming passion" which is said to have engulfed Mary at this time and rendered her a woman blind and reckless to all consequences. In order to do this I have searched the contemporary writings of her foes especially; I find them full to overflowing in statements of her love and anxiety to be with Bothwell at all costs; but on closer inspection these statements confute themselves, contradict themselves by the incontrovertible proof of dates, while motive becomes at each turn more glaringly apparent. Mary Stuart was a political victim from the day of her birth: from the time she landed in Scotland the situation grew daily more acute; it became the business of Cecil and the English authorities to make her "impossible" as heir to Elizabeth; it was the business of the English faction among the Scottish nobles to earn well the wages of the English Queen, yet more eager were they to gain undisputed power in their own country. Mary's good government and universal popularity made the task more difficult and hazardous each year; each year stronger measures were brought to bear and the net drawn closer round their victim. No breath of scandal, no hint or suggestion of evil, can be brought against the Queen until January 1567; no word against her moral life is breathed after the June of the same year. Mary, according to Buchanan, Knox, and company, was an abandoned creature for—six months! Human nature is a thing so complex that we may not deny that such a madness is possible. Was it in this case a fact? It was the one thing which English politicians and Scottish traitors spent their lives in trying to prove. If Mary loved Bothwell, wherein lay the difficulty to prove it? Could no word be wrung from the

Queen's ladies, or even her lowest serving woman? No! Arthur Erskine, the captain of her bodyguard, and ever in attendance? No! Surely the friends of Bothwell, Lady Buccleuch and Lady Reres, will speak? No! Bothwell's own sister, who alone was with the Queen at Dunbar? No! Yet if evidence defamatory to Mary could have been obtained from any of these people no pains would have been spared to force them to speak, and the Lords and English authorities would have found justification for their measures. I believe the first scandal arose from the Queen's visit to Bothwell at Hermitage Castle, October 16, 1566. He had been wounded by John Elliot, and Mary "betook herself headlong" to his bedside. She was at Jedburgh with the Lords of her Council on October 9;¹ Bothwell was wounded before the 6th of this month;² the Queen went to see him on the 16th, more than ten days after the accident. She was accompanied by Moray, Lethington, and the rest of her Cabinet Council, and in their presence conferred with him for two hours,³ returning to Jedburgh the same day. On her return she was seized with so serious an illness that, thinking her death at hand, she made her will.⁴ Bothwell's name is not once mentioned in this will. In the second week of November it is asserted that she was alone with Bothwell at Dunbar. On November 10 Mary left Kelso; on the 12th, 13th, and 14th she was at Cowdenknows, Langton, and Wedderburn, attended by Moray, Hume, Bothwell, Huntly, and Lethington;⁵ from Wedderburn she visited the English boundary near Berwick-on-Tweed,⁶ November 16. From Berwick she went to a castle of Lord Home's, then on to Coldingham, where she lodged at the Prior's house at Hounswood, then to Dunbar, and reached Craigmillar on November 20, thus ending her State progress. Darnley rejoined her here, but was so incensed at finding Moray still with her that he went in ill-humour, leaving the Queen ill. Du Croc, in a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, says: "I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep sorrow and grief; nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. Still she repeats, 'I could wish to be dead.'" This is directly in reference to Darnley's misconduct. The letter is written on that subject.

During this visit at Craigmillar the proposals for a divorce were made. The Queen's answer is well known; she will have none of it: "I will that ye do nothing whereby any spot may be laid to my honour and conscience; therefore I pray you let the matter be in the state it is, abiding till God in His goodness provide a remedy." Darnley cannot be got rid of by a divorce; and the bond is drawn for

¹ Birrel's Diary. ² Foster to Cecil. ³ Chalmers. ⁴ Keith.
⁵ Lethington to Beaton. ⁶ Foster to Cecil.

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er. The Queen had the infant prince with her at Craigmil
for Holyrood on December 7, taking him with her.
er 5 she is said to have been with Bothwell at Stirling.

leave Holyrood till the 10th, and rested the next da
r House as the guest of her true friends Lord and L
on, reaching Stirling on the 12th. The baptism of the pri

Darnley was at Stirling, but refused to be present beca
of Bedford was not permitted by the Queen of Engla
e represented, to recognise him as King of Scotla
was pardoned at this time at the earnest entreaty of Bedfo
the solicitations of Bothwell. The Queen and Darn
reconciled until the 24th, when Darnley heard of Mort
nd left Stirling without taking leave of her. Darnley kn
nd Morton better than the Queen. Who but they had

“lang lad” into the conspiracy for the murder of Rizz
ited Drummond Castle for a day or two with her Co
ned to Stirling on the 28th; on December 30 she wa
line visiting her Chamberlain, returning to Stirling
, 1567. She hears of Darnley's illness at Glasgow and se
physician.² Buchanan avers the illness was the effect
administered by the Queen, and that she refused to per
cian to go to him.

than the Privy Council Record that the Queen was at this very time in Edinburgh. Moray avers that Bothwell accompanied her to Glasgow (if so why did she write to him?); but the same journal notes that on that same day (January 24) Bothwell left Edinburgh for Liddesdale. The Queen stayed one night at Callander House and arrived at Glasgow on January 25. Mary's bitterest enemies bear witness to her untiring kindness to Darnley at this time and of her promise to "love him as well as ever," though it is of course imputed to deceit. They left Glasgow on January 27, staying at Callander House one night, at Linlithgow two, reaching Edinburgh on the 30th. Bothwell, as Sheriff of the Lothians, rode with a company of noblemen to meet them and escort them into Edinburgh. This is the "tryst" which Moray says the Queen kept with Bothwell on the road from Linlithgow. From this time until after Darnley's murder I can find nothing from friends or foes but reiterated confirmation of Mary's devoted attentions to her husband and the completeness of their reconciliation. Then follows the murder at Kirk-o'-field, February 10, 1567. According to the "Confessions" of French Paris, "Bothwell came into the 'ruelle' of the Queen's bedchamber alcove between nine and ten in the morning (after the murder) and spoke to her secretly under the curtain" (Paris was hanged before the "Confessions" were brought forth). Buchanan states that "Madame Brianté [Mary's French governess, an elderly lady] was present with other female attendants during Bothwell's audience." It should be remembered that Bothwell was the Queen's lieutenant, and that she had sent him with the guards to Kirk-o'-field to find out what really had happened. On his return he was immediately admitted to her presence.

De Clernault, the French envoy, then at Holyrood, writes of "the distress and agony it [the murder] has thrown her into, the more so because it has happened at a time when her Majesty and the King were on the best possible terms."¹ Mary, in fear of the assassins of Darnley, left Holyrood and took refuge with her son in the Castle. Here she bade farewell to Darnley's servants, offering them places in her household. Alexander Durham accepted: he never appeared as a witness against her. The rest were allowed to return to their English homes, the Queen writing to the English authorities at Berwick to allow them free passage. Not one of these persons ever uttered a defamatory word of the Queen, and the Standens were her life-long friends.

¹ State Paper Office, M. 3.

While at Edinburgh Castle Mary's health utterly broke down, and by the advice of her Council and Physician she retired to Seton.¹ She returned to Edinburgh Castle on March 7 to give audience to Killigrew.² Though at Seton we are told Mary was "making merry" with Bothwell at Edinburgh, shooting at the Butt's with him against Lord Seton and the Earl of Huntly for a dinner at Tranent. Bothwell was at Holyrood³ while the Queen was at Seton. On the 9th the Queen and Court returned to Seton: here she was occupied in making preparations for her son's departure for Stirling and arranging the prince's wardrobe.⁴ Of Mary's terrible ill-health and depression at this time we have ample testimony from Drury: "She has for the most part been either melancholy or sickly ever since, especially this week; upon Tuesday and Wednesday often swooned . . . the Queen breaketh very much. Upon Sunday last divers were witness, for there was Requiem and Dirge for the King's soul." Five days later he writes in his journal letter: "The Queen went on Friday night with two gentlewomen with her into the Chapel about eleven and tarried there till near unto three of the clock."⁵

When Mary was at Seton it is affirmed she was in Edinburgh with Bothwell; when she was in Edinburgh, ill, yet attending requiems "for the King's soul," Moray's journal, as shown to the English Council, avers she was, from March 21 to April 5, passing the time merrily with Bothwell at Seton! Mary has been accused of lukewarmness as to the trial and punishment of the murderers of her husband. Who could she suppose the murderers to be? None but the most powerful of her Privy Council—Moray, Argyle, Huntly, Bothwell, Lethington—for were not they the men who did their utmost to persuade her to agree to a divorce, and afterwards sign a warrant for the imprisonment of Darnley? Would any one of these accuse the others or allow an accusation to be made possible? Nevertheless she had not been lukewarm. In the face of this combination she had offered a reward of £200 and a pension for life to any person who would reveal the murderers; she was in constant correspondence with Lennox respecting the trial, and held two Privy Councils in order to consider the best means to effect the prosecution.

Bothwell's trial was, of course, a farce: he courted it and with boldness. Did he not hold the bond signed by nearly all those who brought about the murder? He knew he was secure. Undoubtedly

¹ Drury to Cecil.

² Killigrew to Cecil.

³ Drury to Cecil.

⁴ Royal Wardrobe Inventories.

⁵ Drury to Cecil, March 29, 1567.

Bothwell's actions were prompted by ambition and passion for the Queen; it must not be forgotten that he had tried to carry her away to Dumbarton five years before. But his confederates had other motives—nothing less than to render Mary impossible as a Queen. To effect this Darnley's murder was a failure; as yet it had not compromised the Queen. But if it could be made apparent that the murder was the outcome of her love for Bothwell, and approved of in order that she might marry him—if, indeed, the Queen in some way could be forced to go away with Bothwell for a few days—her ruin was inevitable. To this end all was done to further Bothwell's designs, and on the evening of his trial the bond was signed at Ainslie's tavern, in which they pledged themselves to their utmost to assist Bothwell in his projects, "on their honour and fidelity not only to further and advance and set forward such marriage betwixt her Highness and the said Lord," but they pledged themselves to "chastise" any who would presume to hinder the same.¹ This bond is signed by eight earls and eleven barons, peers of Parliament. Thus Bothwell is given a free hand to work his will upon the Queen.

At York a document was produced as the Queen's warrant for the Ainslie's bond, but the fraud was too glaring, and it was set aside, since any of the guests could have sworn no such warrant existed. Froude—even Froude—admits that this bond was signed by the nobles "in deliberate treachery to tempt the Queen to ruin."

Mary left Seton on April 21, and was escorted by Lord Livingston from Callander House to Stirling on the 22nd. She left again on the 23rd for Edinburgh. On the way she was seized with an alarming illness, and did not reach Linlithgow until late that night. From the "Confessions" of French Paris we learn that she sent a letter to Bothwell on April 24 expressing uncertainty as to his plans and intentions, yet the "Confessions" go on to say "that Bothwell very early in the morning (of the 24th) made him the bearer of a message and letter to the Queen, telling her he would meet her the same day on the bridge." Why, then, did she write? With the small escort of twelve persons—(Mary had gone to Stirling privately to see her child)—the Queen rode towards Edinburgh on April 24. Amongst her company were her Secretary of State, Lethington, Huntly, and Sir James Melville. Bothwell, with a force of 1,000 men, well armed,² met her at Foulbriggs, or Fountain Bridge, three quarters of a mile from Edinburgh: he seized her horse, and the

¹ Copy of bond in Cottonian Library.

² Goodall.

whole party was carried to Dunbar. The details of the Queen's capture are fully set forth in the Act of Parliament for Bothwell's forfeiture, December 20, 1567. From a letter of Drury's to Cecil we find the English authorities were well aware of what was to take place before even the Queen left for Stirling. Bothwell had boasted "he would marry the Queen, who would or who would not," "yea whether she would herself or not." He was now in a position to make good his words. Ten days after Sir Robert Melville writes to Cecil: "The Earl of Bothwell did carry the Queen's Majesty violently to Dunbar, where she is judged to be detained a prisoner without her liberty and against her will. The truth is, when she was first carried to Dunbar by him, the Earl of Huntly and my Lord of Lethington were taken prisoners, with divers other domestic servants, and her Majesty commanded some of the company to pass to Edinburgh and charge the town to be in armour for her rescue. Which they incontinent obeyed, and past without their posts on foot, but could not help, which shame done by a subject to our Sovereign doth offend the whole realm." As soon as the Queen reached Dunbar she was deprived of all her attendants, and Bothwell's sister alone was permitted to have access to her. She was now utterly in the power of the man who had so long pursued her. The fair quarry is run down at last. If she refused him, had he not the bond to show her and prove how hopeless was her chance of aid?

Subsequently it was affirmed, to her discredit, that many of the nobles assembled at Aberdeen where they drew up and "sent her a dutiful letter" telling her "they were ready to take up arms for her rescue if she would acquaint them with her pleasures, to which no answer was returned." This letter still exists: it is in the handwriting of Lethington, one of the connivers of the plot, and then a voluntary prisoner under the same roof as the Queen. We learn from the Scottish parliamentary recital of Bothwell's abduction of the Queen "that after detaining Queen Mary's most noble person by force and violence twelve days at Dunbar Castle Bothwell compelled her by fear, under circumstances such as might befall the most courageous woman in the world, to promise that she would as soon as possible contract matrimony with him." The Queen was brought under a strong guard to Edinburgh Castle on May 8th, still a captive and under the same restraint as at Dunbar, no friend being admitted to her presence.¹ The marriage is now hurried on. Bothwell sends to John Cairnis, the reader, to proclaim the banns; he

¹ Proclamation of Rebel Lords, July 20.

refuses, and Hepburn, Bothwell's kinsman, is then dispatched to Craig, the minister, to induce him to publish the banns. He inquires "if he had brought the Queen's warrant for that purpose." Hepburn has to admit that he has not. Craig states: "I plainly refused because he had not her handwriting and also the constant bruit that my lord had both ravished her and kept her in captivity." Bellenden, the justice clerk, brought next day a paper bearing Mary's signature to the effect that she was not a captive and willing for him to pronounce the banns. We are not told how this signature was obtained, but it took from May the 7th until the 9th to procure it. The Queen was taken by Bothwell to the Court of Session at the Tolbooth, where she declared herself to be "at liberty and under no restraint." This, with the many evidences we have that she was a guarded prisoner, must have been a mere farce. Bothwell then spends four hours in trying to persuade Du Croc, the French Ambassador, to be present at his nuptials,—he utterly refuses.¹ On May 14 the contract for the marriage was signed, and the nobles who had set their names to the bond at Ainslie's came to implore the Queen's pardon for signing the bond. What need for pardon if they had been the means of bringing about a deed which was in accordance with Mary's desire? The marriage took place on May 15 in the Great Hall at Holyrood, not with the rites of the Roman Church, but "at a preaching by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney;"² the Queen wore her widow's weeds, which she continued to wear till compelled "to shake them off."³ We read of no joy shown by the Queen, only extreme sadness. Drury, writing to Cecil, May 20, says: "The Queen is the most changed woman in face that in so little time, without extremity of sickness, has ever been seen." On the day following the marriage Du Croc visited her and noticing her sad manner she told him "that he must not be surprised if he saw her sorrowful, for she could not rejoice, nor ever should again; all she desired was death." The day after she, being alone with Bothwell, was heard to scream and threaten to kill herself. Arthur Erskine reported that she called for a knife to stab herself, "or else," she said, "I shall drown myself."⁴ Du Croc was told by the Queen's attendants that, "unless God aided, it was feared she would become desperate." He says, "I have counselled and comforted her all I can these three times I have seen her." On May 20 we find the Queen still a prisoner, no one being allowed to enter her presence

¹ Drury to Cecil, May 16.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*, Sir J. Melville.

⁴ Du Croc, Melville. *Ibid.* to Queen-Mother of France, May 18, 1567.

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Bothwell's consent, and then having to pass through
members lined with guards ; whenever she rode abroad he
side, affecting always great reverence for her in public.¹
Melville in writing of Bothwell's conduct to her in pr
He was so beastly suspicious that he suffered her not to
over without causing her to shed abundance of salt te
l did his utmost to get the prince into his hands ; but
l not achieve, for before the marriage Mary, by some m
d to send her good friend Lesley, Bishop of Ross, w
message to Mar, at Stirling, commanding him not to de
under any pretence whatever, into any hands but her c
his Mar made the safety of the prince his pretext for joi
English faction. The Queen was still very ill, so frequ
that she was supposed to be suffering from that ter
called "falling sickness."³

Associate Lords now strike the first blow by advancing
ces to Edinburgh to surprise Bothwell, who was at Holy
Queen. Bothwell, having no means of defence and t
d of the advance, retreated in the night of June 6 to B
astle, first sending all his papers for safety to Dunbar.⁴
t important item, since Morton deposed to having "discove
er Casket Letters in Edinburgh Castle. The Queen is
quick in the keeping of Bothwell's friend, the Leis

“to hold out for her and to fire on the Lords if they attempted to enter the town,” writing at the same time to Du Croc asking him to confer with the Lords as to “what was their real intention.”¹ Du Croc had an interview with them, and their reply was a reiteration of their determination “to protect the prince from his father’s murderer.”² At midnight Mary escaped from the Castle and lost her way in the surrounding trackless swamps and glens; after wandering all night she found herself only two miles away, and was soon after recaptured by Bothwell and taken to Dunbar. We are told that the Queen escaped in order to meet Bothwell by a prearranged and mutual agreement. How could they arrange to meet outside the Castle, surrounded as it then was by 1,200 men? Would Bothwell have had any object in escaping had he known beforehand that the army would be withdrawn? They arrived at Dunbar on June 13, and Bothwell raised an army and advanced to Haddington and Seton on the 14th; on the 15th they were on the road to Edinburgh at five o’clock in the morning; the rebel Lords were awaiting them at Musselburgh. “Albeit her Majesty was there,” says Sir James Melville, “I cannot name it to be her army, for many of them that were with her had opinion that she had intelligence with the Lords, chiefly such as understood the Earl of Bothwell’s mishandling of her. So part of his own company detested him; the other part believed that her Majesty would fain be quit of him.” Bothwell took his stand on Carberry Hill, and the armies faced each other for some time, yet no battle ensued. Du Croc attempted to bring about a mediation, and going to the Queen told her he had conferred with the Lords, “who told him they were her very humble and obedient subjects.” Mary’s answer proves that the bond had been shown to her. “It looks very ill of them,” she replied, “to act in contradiction to their own signatures after they have themselves married me to him, having previously acquitted him of the deed of which they now accuse him. But nevertheless, if they are willing to acknowledge their duty and request my pardon, I shall be ready to accord it and receive them with open arms.”³ Returning to the Lords, Du Croc told them “that her Majesty, with her accustomed clemency, had declared herself not only willing to forgive, but to receive them affectionately if they would acknowledge their duty and submit the dispute to the decision of Parliament.” Their only answer was to prepare for the fight, telling him to “retire from the field before the battle joined.”⁴ In the meantime Grange riding near Bothwell’s lines, the Queen

¹ Letter of James Beaton.

² Du Croc to Charles IX.

³ Du Croc to King of France, June 17, 1567.

⁴ *Ibid.*

The Gentleman's Magazine.

him privately to come to her under surety; while he was
to her Bothwell ordered a soldier to fire on him. Mary,
his, gave a cry and told him "he should not do her that
Bothwell feared what might ensue from the interview,
Grange tell the Queen how they, the Lords, "would all love
her if she would abandon him who was the murderer of her
band."¹ Bothwell then offered to maintain his innocence by
ing "any man that would assert to the contrary to meet him
e combat."² While he was engaged in receiving answers to
llege the Queen again sent secretly to Grange to come to
d told him "that if the Lords would do as he had declared to
would leave the Earl of Bothwell and come to them."
went back to the Lords and returned to the Queen again,
ng her, in their united names, they would do as he had said."
ll, on being told of the Queen's determination to leave
sought her "rather to abide the event of a battle, or,
preferred delay, to retire with him under the escort
quebussiers and gentlemen, who still surrounded her, to
e, where he promised to defend her manfully till her
bjects made head against the rebel Lords."³ Mary refused,
mmanded him to retire to Dunbar, when "she would
o him or send him word what she would have him do."⁴
ll in his "Memorial" says it was impossible to dissuade her

it that their promise of obedience and loyalty was broken most foully long hours (according to their own showing) before the letter was written? It is now known that this letter was a fabrication only used to silence Grange.¹ At nine o'clock the next evening Mary was taken to Holyrood on foot and a close prisoner; to the honour of women be it said that Mary Seton, Mary Livingston, Jane Kennedy, Madame Courcelles, and Mademoiselle Ralley had managed to rejoin their Queen, and insisted on attending her during this passage of misery, sharing with her the dangers and insults which poured in on every side. The reaction of public feeling in the Queen's favour was so strong that the Lords, fearing a rescue and daring not to keep her in Edinburgh, drew up a warrant signed June 16, two days after Mary had entrusted herself to their keeping, for removing her to Loch Leven Castle. So great was their fear that they aroused the Queen at midnight, and covering her in a large coarse riding cloak, that she might not be recognised, compelled her to mount and ride through the whole night without rest; when morning dawned they had reached the lake, and Lindsay and Ruthven forced her into a boat and rowed her across to the Castle² which was to be her prison for eleven weary months. Had they been but a few minutes later the dreaded rescue would have been effected: the Lords Seton, Yester, and Borthwick, hearing where the Queen was being taken, hastily collected a force of militia and galloped towards the lake, only to find that the grim portals had closed upon her.³

Throckmorton desired to visit the Queen at Loch Leven, but Moray refused; he then interceded for her liberty, to which Moray replied that "as long as Bothwell was at large it would be too dangerous."⁴ Bothwell had been permitted to leave Carberry Hill entirely unmolested, and had been at Dunbar for ten days, amusing himself by cruising along the coast, going one day as far as Linlithgow and meeting Lord Claud Hamilton there.⁵ It was not until August 19 that any effort was made for his capture.⁶ Of what use was Bothwell now? His ambition and passion had made him a ready tool to bring about the ruin of the Queen, that the Lords believed to be accomplished; they had no further use for him. From the day the Queen was taken to Loch Leven until Bothwell's death we hear of no communication whatever between them. Neither portrait, ring, locket, nor any other token of regard to or from

¹ Skelton.

² Blackwood, Keith Fairbairn.

³ Drury to Cecil.

⁴ Blackwood, Keith Fairbairn.

⁵ Throckmorton to Cecil.

⁶ Spottiswood.

Bothwell was ever found amongst her jewels ; no trustworthy evidence has ever been produced to show that Mary lamented at parting from him, nor did she speak of him with anything but aversion then or in after days. What then have we as proof that she loved him ; that she went with him to Dunbar and remained with him till the day of Carberry Hill? It may be said that a woman possessed of such indomitable spirit and bravery would have found some means to escape, or that she would never have allowed herself to be taken captive. Was it possible for the Queen with an escort of twelve persons, amongst them two or more confederates of the plot, to resist a company of 1,000 men? Could one woman escape when constantly guarded and not one friend permitted to have access to her? Would not the bravest spirit be quenched after the sufferings Mary had endured? Surely the category is unequalled. Rizzio's murder, accomplished, with the personal approval of her husband, in her presence, shortly before her child was born, followed by the murder of Darnley, her abduction, and the discovery that nearly all of her Cabinet councillors were traitors to the backbone; her health, broken from the night of Rizzio's murder, had become worse as blow after blow fell upon her. Do the Silver Casket Letters prove anything? They are found to be spurious calumnies "discovered" by Morton when all else had failed; "discovered" at Edinburgh Castle, and Bothwell had all his papers at Dunbar, the first dated from Glasgow, when it is proved beyond doubt that the Queen was at Edinburgh ; some of them undated, known to be addressed to Darnley. Never once has there been a fragment of credible evidence that Bothwell possessed any such letters, much less these which were used to condemn the Queen. From June, the 9th, 1567, until August, the 9th of the same year, Morton's Privy Council issued proclamations stating Bothwell's "treason" in absconding with the Queen, in keeping her a prisoner against her will, that they were pursuing him in order to rescue her Majesty out of his bondage, and the like ; yet the earliest allusion to the "letters" is December 4, 1569, when Morton swears that he during all the previous months had them in his possession.

No greater proof of these letters being known to be frauds can be found than in the verdict pronounced at the York Commission, where they had been sworn to and examined. It runs thus : "There has been nothing sufficiently produced nor shown by them against the Queen, their Sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen, her good sister, for anything yet seen." Nothing more was ever produced. So much

for the Casket Letters. From what sources do we hear of letters or love passages? From none but the men who had sworn to ruin their Queen, and these, we have seen, confute themselves entirely. It is Kirkaldy of Grange who, writing to Bedford of the Queen and Bothwell, says she had been heard to say "that she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country for him, and would go to the world's end in a white petticoat rather than lose him."¹ When we find that at this very time Grange was collecting and writing to Bedford (whose secret service man he was) all the injurious scandal about the Queen he could come by—for as good pay as he could secure—what credence can be given to this unproved story he was pleased to communicate? The Queen possessed no love token from Bothwell; he had none from her. When his belongings were searched at Bergen the only thing that was found pertaining to Mary Stuart was a letter, not of love, but of complaint of his ill-usage, and it was this very letter which caused the Governor of Bergen to arrest Bothwell and send him as a State prisoner to the King of Denmark.² Had Bothwell possessed the smallest proof of the Queen's love for him it would have been of the greatest service to him; it would have served to make good the influence he assumed to possess until his falsehoods were made apparent by the testimony of Mary's letter.

It remains only to see how the Queen herself writes on the subject when sending instructions to Robert Ridolfi to give to the Pope. She writes: "Tell to his Highness the grief we suffered when we were made prisoner by one of our own subjects, the Earl of Bothwell, and led a prisoner, with the Earl of Huntly and the nobleman, our secretary, together to the Castle of Dunbar, and after to the Castle of Edinburgh, where we were detained against our own will in the hands of the said Earl of Bothwell, until such time as he had procured a pretended divorce between him and the sister of the said Lord Huntly, his wife, our near relative; and we were constrained to yield our consent, yet against our own will, to him. Therefore your Holiness is supplicated to take order on this, that we are made quit of the said indignity by means of a process at Rome, and Commission sent to Scotland to the Bishops and other Catholic Judges." In writing to Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, the Queen says: "He began afar off to discover his intentions to us, and to essay if he might, by humble suit, purchase our good will; but finding our answer nothing

¹ Grange to Earl of Bedford, April 20, 1567.

² Report of Bothwell's examination at Bergen, September 23, 1567.

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ondent to his desire, he suffered not the matter to sleep, but four days thereafter finding opportunity . . . he awaited us away, accompanied by a great force, and led us to Dunbar." Queen does not disguise that her consent to the marriage was wrung from her in circumstances that do not bear repeating. She writes: "But as by a bravado in the beginning he had won the point, so ceased he never, till by persuasions and inopportune companies not the less by force, he has finally driven us to the work begun at such time and in such form as he thought best serve his turn."¹ Such sentiments assuredly are not those of a woman who had given up all things, even her honour, for the sake of an overmastering passion; nor do I think it possible that Mary Stuart, from all we surely know of her whole life and character, would ever have been drawn by mere animal passion; her mind and soul must have been satisfied long ere Love's passion could have made the perfect whole. It would seem that such a woman must have had one great love in her life, but that it was not Bothwell is a thing impossible; had she loved him there would have been no doubt about it, but absolute certainty, since every effort was strained to prove it and signally failed. To whom, if to any one, she gave her deepest love we do not know; if it were not to Bothwell, it is to her honour that we do not know. To Darnley she was all a wife could be, patient to the uttermost, forgiving when

JEWELRY AND GEMS.

IT used to be considered that cheap imitations of costly fabrics and of fashionable styles were comparatively easy, but that jewelry was unassailable. But now, when the housemaid walks out with a long gold chain round her neck, and the cook with diamond drops in her ears, this last mark of distinction disappears. Imitation has become almost a fine art in the perfection to which it is carried and a branch of industry in the amount produced. Were there no sham stones and no hollow gold chains and bracelets, a good deal of trade would be at a standstill. Apart, however, from the question of imitation, the jeweller's art and the place of jewelry in dress have been deteriorating. Gems and jewels have been degraded by being regarded for their commercial rather than their artistic value. As a certain Mr. Peter O'Leum, the maker of a big pile, expressed it: "I don't know nothing myself about di'monds or them trash, but now I'm rich my Sally shall wear as handsome jewels as the best of them Fifth Avenue folk." So he bade Mrs. Peter buy the finest set of jewels to be had for money in New York, and he cheerfully paid the bill—£22,500 for a brooch, a pair of earrings, and a necklace.

The emphasising of the commercial point of view has naturally led to a neglect of the æsthetics of jewelry. Beautiful and artistic setting, suitability to the wearer, the idea that jewels should match the dress and harmonise with the complexion, are considerations too often neglected.

Now that bejewelled snuff-boxes and walking-sticks have dropped out of use, and the dress of men has become rigidly severe, jewelry is left to women. But before this change it was with no niggard hand that men of high degree adorned themselves with jewels. Sir Richard Fanshawe, when he was ambassador to the Spanish Court, had, according to Lady Fanshawe's description, "a black beaver buttoned on the left with a jewel of £1,200 value; a rich curious gold chain, wrought in the Indies, at which hung the King, his master's picture richly set with diamonds, . . . on his fingers two rich rings."

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the Englishwomen to adopt the custom of the women of
far no jewelry, one wonders what men would do when
to make presents to women. For though it is the
far the gems, it is the men who for the most part choo
e them.

great popularity of the diamond is largely owing to th
e the most prosaic of motives: the diamond varies
an any other stone, and is, therefore, always a safe
provided interest is not a consideration). It is also, wi
on of the ruby, the first of precious stones. Speak
ents, it is, of course, well known that a Turkish
nly invests half the fortune he has made out of his pe
onds, and sews them in the seams of his undershirt.

ther point in favour of the diamond is that its imitat
less easy of detection. A real diamond cannot be to
ile, and a false one, though it can be made to scratch
cut quartz. Its brilliancy also fades, while the real dia
tely permanent. It reflects all the light falling o
r surface at an angle of incidence greater than 24° . I
terfeit only reflects half this light.

the imitation of the diamond may be more common
ned. There is a good story of one of the famou
gnon's customers. A lady went into the well-known

upheld the judgment of Mr. Justice Byrne, that the diamond should remain as an heirloom in the Newcastle family.

As it bears the name of the French traveller who in the middle of the seventeenth century visited India, and in his "Voyages" makes special mention of diamonds from Golconda and Hyderabad, it was probably from M. Tavernier that the Grand Monarque acquired the diamond. It cannot, of course, rank among those monarchs of the world of the "king of gems"—the "Braganza," the "Nizam," the "Koh-i-noor," the "Regent" or "Pitt," the "Orloff," or the "Star of the South"; but it has the respectable weight of $44\frac{1}{2}$ carats, or about 170 grains troy, and Mr. Streeter valued it at the lowest price ever named when he put the sum at £18,500. Its value was usually stated at about £25,000, and experts consider it should still realise more than the former sum, despite the fact that another and a larger blue diamond has recently been in the market.

There are many curious facts as well as fancies about the diamond. Although the hardest of any known substances, and before the blow-pipe infusible, it burns, when oxygen is present, with less heat than is required to fuse silver, and evaporates entirely. It also possesses the property, which no other gem has, of being electric even when rough. But its electricity, when developed by friction, instead of lasting several hours, as for instance in the topaz—which in the matter of hardness ranks third from the diamond—only remains for a quarter of an hour.

The art of cutting and polishing the diamond was not discovered until 1476, by Louis de Berguen of Bruges. The brilliant—that one of the four ways of cutting a diamond which reflects the greatest amount of light—was not known before the time of Louis XIV. The table, with its four flat surfaces, was improved upon by the rose; the Lasque is peculiar to India. The "Regent" took two years of steady work to cut. The "Koh-i-noor," which Queen Victoria wore as a brooch on State occasions, only thirty-eight days. But this was done in a mill, the Prince Consort placing the stone and the Duke of Wellington giving a turn to the wheel. This, however, was but a re-cutting. When the diamond came into the possession of the British Crown its original weight of 787 carats had been polished down by an unskilful Venetian lapidary to a rose of 280 carats. Prince Albert did not like its appearance, so Sir David Brewster and other scientists were consulted, and, the Government consenting, the leading Dutch diamond merchant of the day was engaged to "improve" the "Koh-i-noor." A four-horse power steam-engine was set to work, with the result of a further reduction of weight from 280

to 102 carats, and a bill to pay of £8,000, while the stone, once "unrivalled in Europe," became, in the words of one of the best judges of gems, "a badly shaped shallow brilliant of but inferior water."

Another peculiarity of the diamond is that it is the only gem which cuts itself. All the others are cut by one a degree above them in hardness—the topaz by the sapphire, the pearl by the opal, the turquoise by the pearl. The diamond has been well made to say :—

With mine own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king's himself uncrowned ;
So does the dust destroy the diamond.

Magic properties used freely to be ascribed to gems. The diamond was said to be a safeguard against madness. Yet men have shown something near akin to mania in their greed for its possession. A negro is said to have secreted one weighing two carats in the corner of his eye. The far famed "Regent" was found in the Putcal mines of India by a slave who hid it in his thigh, letting the skin grow over the hole he had cut for the stone, which in its rough state weighed 210 carats. He fled on board an English vessel, and confided his secret to the skipper. That base Briton cut off the leg, took out the diamond, and threw the slave overboard. Passing into the possession of an Indian diamond merchant, it was bought from him for £12,500 by the Governor of Fort St. George, Major Pitt, grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, and so came to be called the "Pitt Diamond."

But the gallant Major seems not to have had a happy moment after the prize was in his possession. Knowing that it was worth twenty times more than he had given for it, he was in hourly fear of assassination, and sold it to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, for £135,000. Hence the change of name. Still the stone had not found its proper value. This was placed by French experts at £480,000. After the Revolution it ornamented the sword of the First Consul, who pledged it for a large sum of money, by the help of which he accomplished the "eighteenth Brumaire." On the occasion of his marriage with Marie Louise the Emperor wore it as a decoration in his cap. Such was the history of the more famous companion of the "Hope Diamond."

The "Orloff" is placed at the top of the Czar's sceptre ; it ranks next to the "Regent," but only weighs 193 instead of 410 carats. It is cut as a rose, and cost the Empress Catherine £100,000.

The *adamas*, the unsubduable, as the Greeks called the diamond, has shown itself truly adamantine in the fascination of its spell. Men's belief in it as an amulet, or health-giver, is not likely to return; but as at once the most beautiful and the most portable form of concentrated wealth it is as potent—perhaps more potent—than ever. The greed of it may lead—has led—to horrible brutality and crime. Yet, as M. Babinet said: "Quand les premiers d'une société peuvent acheter des diamants, les derniers peuvent acheter des aliments; mais quand les premiers en sont réduits aux aliments, ou même à la gêne, il y a longtemps que les derniers sont morts de faim."

The study of jewelry opens up a variety of avenues of interest. Those who regard it as at least an ancillary branch of art would fain see more regard paid to suitability and artistic value by the wearers. It would then give what it used to do—what it certainly should do—the *cachet* to a well-dressed woman.

The geography of gems opens up a wide vista. The Indians called rock crystal an "unripe diamond," and until the beginning of the eighteenth century India was thought to be the only land which produced that precious stone. It was not, therefore, until the discovery of India that the diamond was known to us. Yet as far back as 500 B.C. a "Didactic History" of precious stones was written, and in Pliny's time the supply must have been plentiful, as he wrote: "We drink out of a mass of gems, and our drinking vessels are formed of emeralds." We are also told that Nero aided his weak sight by spectacles made of emeralds. But it is very difficult to determine whence all the gems came, as discoverers took care to leave no record. The nations who traded in them were afraid of their whereabouts being known, and even the most ancient merchants would not disclose any definite *locale*. All sorts of myths have, accordingly, sprung up concerning the origin of gems. "Diamond" was the name given to a youth who was turned into the hardest and most brilliant of substances to preserve him from "the ills that flesh is heir to." Amethyst was a beautiful nymph beloved by Bacchus, but saved from him by Diana, who changed Amethyst into a gem; whereupon Bacchus turned the gem into wine colour, and endowed the wearer with the gift of preservation from intoxication.

The pearl was thought to be a dewdrop the shell had opened to receive. Amber was said to be honey melted by the sun, dropped into the sea and congealed. According to the Talmud, Noah had no light in the ark but that which came from precious stones. The

turquoise was supposed to have the power of healing differences between husband and wife. The opal—from the Greek word for eye—was believed to be useful in failing sight.

Students of symbolism find a fertile field among precious stones. These have, for instance, been made to represent the virtues, the Apostles, and the months of the year.

Jasper signifies a rock, St. Peter.

Sapphire signifies faith, St. Andrew.

Emerald signifies purity, gentleness, St. John.

Chalcedony signifies life, St. James.

Carnelian signifies martyrdom, St. Bartholomew.

Chrysolite signifies pure as sunlight, St. Matthias.

Beryl signifies indefinite doubting, St. Thomas.

Topaz signifies delicate, St. James the Less.

Chrysoprase signifies trustful, St. Thaddeus.

Amethyst, St. Matthew.

Hyacinth signifies sweet tempered, St. Simeon of Cana.

For the months :—

January, the Hyacinth.

February, the Amethyst.

March, the Jasper.

April, the Sapphire.

May, the Agate.

June, the Emerald.

July, the Onyx.

August, the Carnelian.

September, the Chrysolite.

October, the Beryl.

November, the Topaz.

December, the Ruby.

The cutting of precious stones is not merely an art of unknown antiquity ; it is a source of valuable historical evidence. No art is more ancient than the gem-engraver's. Between the tenth and twelfth centuries B.C. the Egyptians reached a height of perfection never since attained. Except the diamond, all stones were engraved on. Shells even were sometimes used ; hieroglyphic symbols of deities were carved upon them, and they served as amulets. Moses took, it is supposed, some of the workers in this art with him into Palestine. About 150 years after the death of the Israelite law-giver gem-engraving was carried from Egypt to Greece. The Greeks, like the Romans, whether carving the intaglio or the cameo—the former being, of course, cut in below the surface, the latter above it—nearly

always covered the entire ground with the engraving. Intaglio portraits were common in the time of Julius Cæsar, who presented Rome with a whole collection of gems engraved at his own expense. One of his sumptuary laws was to forbid unmarried women to wear gems, precious stones, or pearls.

It was the Renaissance that first made the modern world acquainted with these minute monuments of antiquity. The greatest engraver of this or of any succeeding period was Benvenuto Cellini, who was born at Florence in 1500. He was chief engraver in the mint of Pope Clement VII. To the men of the Renaissance the engraved gems of the Greeks and Romans were especially valuable because so many of them were copies of lost great works of art. Nay, more, both in design and composition the gem-cutters of the Alexandrian and Augustan ages were the rivals of the most famous workers in marble and in bronze.

The gems and ornaments found among the relics of uncivilised peoples are of equal ethnological and historic value ; they form an epitome, as it were, of their civilisation, their arts, and their religion, "at once the most portable, the most indestructible, and the most genuine."

For purposes of cutting, as already mentioned, gems are arranged in orders, each order cutting the one below it. There are ten, as follows :—

1, Diamond ; 2, sapphire, ruby ; 3, topaz, emerald, amethyst ; 4, carnelian, carbuncle, garnet, onyx, sardonyx, heliotrope, chrysolite, hyacinth, cat's-eye ; 5, opal ; 6, pearl ; 7, turquoise ; 8, 9, and 10 are not precious stones, but such substances as amber, coral, lava, and ivory.

The change in the method of engraving may be said, in a manner, to have reversed things. Formerly the graving tool went to the stone ; now the stone goes to the tool. Instead of a diamond point or splinter fixed in a style or iron socket, there is now used a rotating disc of copper, whetted with oil and diamond dust. It has been suggested that gem-engraving would be both a lucrative and suitable occupation for women. Certainly good specimens of their work in this line have been seen at our International Exhibitions—notably in 1862. Eliza and Eleanor Pistrucci were noted for their skill as gem-engravers, and obtained prizes at the Art Union. They were the daughters of the chief medallist at the Mint. Their mother, who was a daughter of one of the richest merchants of Rome, had been married to Signor Pistrucci when she was sixteen and he eighteen.

As a taste or a hobby the collection of curious gems and jewels,

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and intaglios is obviously a costly one, and it does not
dorn a home as do pictures, china, or other articles of
it has a great advantage over all these in its portability.
ore carefully hidden in a waistcoat pocket can be taken
thither and exhibited to any number of admirers instead
ving to go to it. Occasionally at an At Home one meets
astic collector who will interest one with a peep at some
ist as another man seeks to entertain with a *bon mot*.

EMILY HILL.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS IN FRANCE.

A COMPLETE account of the relations of the French Government with the stage must not be looked for here. The French theatre enjoyed for long very considerable liberty. Authors, nearly all of whom were comedians, made allusions to all the political or other events of the moment. Louis XII., who had not been spared, replied to those who wished him to chastise the insolence of some playwright that he allowed freedom on the stage, and desired that abuses which were committed, either in his Court or in his kingdom, should be freely shown up so that the truth might reach him. In 1538 Parliament instituted censorship of the stage, but the control exercised was but an illusory one, for the royal protection was still extended to actors in spite of reprimands and arrests. This royal protection was not, however, always easily obtained.

In the eighteenth century we see that Voltaire was prosecuted for his "Mahomet," although he had taken the precaution to dedicate it to the Pope. Before obtaining license to represent a play, an author had at that time to solicit the sanction not only of the Ministers and under-Ministers, but also of the mistresses of these great men, not to speak of the Lieutenant-General of Police and the regular censors. On the other hand, a censor did not venture to give his visa until after he had made sure of the approval of the Ministers and under-Ministers on whom his fate depended. Beaumarchais asserts that in order to obtain permission to put his "Barbier de Séville" on the boards he had made no less than fifty-nine useless journeys to the headquarters of the Lieutenant-General of Police. The play was, however, represented, as was also the "Mariage de Figaro," the acting of which was forbidden for no less than three years. In his admirable "Histoire de la Littérature française" M. Gustave Lanson says: "A day came when every variety of sentiment, moral, political, and social, which the writings of philosophers had aroused in the hearts of their readers, joy of living, eagerness to enjoy, intense brain excitement, hatred and contempt

of the present, of its abuses, its traditions, hope and need of something else, found expression in an unique outburst; a day of intellectual frenzy, in which the whole society of the *ancien régime* applauded the ideas which were to be the cause of its destruction; the day of the first performance of the 'Mariage de Figaro.'

The yearning for equality, the great desire to substitute liberty for arbitrary authority wherever that authority had made itself felt, which animated the Revolution naturally led to the abolition of the censorship of plays and the freedom of the stage. The law of January 13, 1791, was preceded by a very heated discussion. The Abbé Maury had asked for some police regulation to prevent any offence against morals, religion, or the Government. "If liberty be given," he said, "these things will be put to scorn in some theatres." He was succeeded by Mirabeau, who, fully master of his great eloquence, exclaimed: "It would be easy enough to fetter every kind of liberty by exaggerating every kind of danger, for there is no action which may not result in license. The object of public authority is to repress license, not to prevent it at the expense of liberty. When questions relating to the education of the people come up for discussion, it will be seen that plays may be transformed into an influence alike effective and rigorous."

The law of January 13, 1791, did in fact establish the right of every citizen to open a theatre and took from comedians the right of possession they claimed in the works of deceased writers, as well as the more or less complete control they had hitherto enjoyed over the plays of living authors; for as a result of privilege and arbitrary enactment the latter had to sell their plays to the theatre in order to get them acted. The law also decreed that the Committee on Constitution should at once prepare a scheme for the regulation of theatrical matters and that until then the existing regulations should remain in force. It was Freedom, but did not last long. Moreover, the regulations referred to had already fallen into desuetude and securities were wanting.

The titles of some of the plays acted at this time in the theatres, which had been converted into clubs, will be enough to show that the Revolution was bound to take back what it had proposed to give. It was not possible to allow the representation of "La Journée de Varenne," "Le Maître de Poste de Sainte-Ménéhould," "Le Pont de Varenne," "Le Congrès des Rois et sa légalité nettement reconnue." Soon the theatres were placed not only under the control of the police, but also under the surveillance of the Committee of Public Instruction. Here is a letter addressed to actors by Faro and

Lelièvre, administrators of police, bearing date Floréal 6th, year II.: "Citizens, we have duly received the piece, 'Entrevue des patriotes,' but we cannot authorise its representation, seeing that it is full of dukes, duchesses, and abbés, and that National Guards are represented as drunkards." On Floréal 25 of the year III. the censorship was formally re-established. On the 28th Messidor a decree was issued forbidding the singing or reading of any airs, songs, or hymns other than those forming part of sanctioned plays, and making directors and artists responsible for any infringement of the law.

Napoleon I. loved the theatre for its own sake. He was indifferent to nothing connected with the progress of the Drama, the plays represented, and the artists to whom the interpretation of the various parts was entrusted. Of the measures taken by him with regard to the stage I will only consider those which had reference to the censorship. This the Emperor organised very strongly. Dramatic authors had to submit to the censorship of the Ministry of Police. The decree of June 8, 1806, ordered that the manuscript of every play should be sent to the Minister of Police before it was represented, and that it could not be put upon the boards without the authorisation of the Minister.

It was not to be expected that the Restoration would be more liberal than the *régime* it had just replaced; it was, perhaps, more severe still. Writings which appeared directly or indirectly hostile to the Government were at once prosecuted with the greatest rigour. The theatre, as will readily be understood, was not spared. It is stated that in 1817, after a representation of "Britannicus" at the Théâtre Français, which showed how excited public feeling was, the censors of the stage received orders to revise with the greatest care all the plays they had in hand and to increase their vigilance and severity.

To pass to 1830. Article 8 of the charter granted by Louis XVIII. says: "Frenchmen have a right to publish their opinions and to have those opinions printed, provided they conform to the laws repressing abuse of that liberty." Article 7 of the charter of 1830 says, on the contrary, "the censorship will never be re-established." Indeed, it was restored five years later. The fact is that it became necessary to renew it, for never before had such coarseness—a more forcible word would not be out of place—been tolerated on the French stage as at this time. The Government was powerless in the matter, for it could not suspend the acting of a piece without risking to have the matter tried in a court of law, and the verdict was not always in its favour.

The Government of July prevented the putting on the boards of such plays as the "Jésuite," the "Te Deum and the Tocsin," the "Congréganistes." On the other hand, dramatic authors were eager to make capital out of the Napoleonic legend, and everywhere, at the Odéon, the Opéra-Comique, the Nouveautés, the Vaudeville, the Ambigu, the Cirque Olympique, the grey redingote of the Emperor aroused the passions of the public. The Government became alarmed, and, through M. de Montalivet, asked the Chambers to arm it against scandal-mongers. "The Government," said M. de Montalivet, "repudiates censorship, but wishes to provide a series of guarantees which, without interfering with the liberty of the stage, yet will secure to everyone freedom to enjoy the representation of a play, unalloyed by the fear of seeing his own face caricatured by an actor, or someone belonging to him insulted by a super."

For this reason the Minister demanded that it should be made legal to suspend after the first representation any work which outraged public morality or insulted individuals. The offending authors should be liable to fines varying from 50 to 5,000 francs and from six months' to five years' imprisonment. The proposal did not, however, become law; indeed, it was not even discussed.

Meanwhile the "Deux Jours ou la Nouvelle Mariée" was being played at the Vaudeville, and at the Nouveautés Messrs. Dupeuty and Fontan put on the boards the "Procès du Maréchal Ney." The latter piece was interdicted, as was also some little time after "Le Roi s'amuse." For all that, however, one of the Boulevard theatres was allowed to give, without interference, the "Dominicain ou le Couvent de l'Annonciade," in which the disgraceful behaviour of the Dominican monk Geronimo was represented. The Chambers themselves then advocated legislation for the regulation of theatres, and Odilon Barrot, Victor Hugo's legal adviser, in his turn pleaded for the same thing, to rescue the stage from the position which was the result of the uncertainty of public action.

A law was proposed, passed, and promulgated on September 9, 1835, which completely reorganised the censorship of plays. Four censors were appointed, also two inspectors, whose duty it was to see that the decisions rendered by the censors were attended to and to control the way in which plays were put on the stage. The first piece submitted to the new censorship and interdicted was the "Roi en vacances," which was a strong satire on the Government of July. The "Muette" was postponed and Scribe was requested to take out of the libretto of the "Huguenots" the figure of Catherine de Medicis placing herself the weapons in the hands of the con-

spirators. The "Vautrin" of Balzac was also subjected to the rigours of the censorship, which was especially severe on political plays. The Government of July had the remains of the First Napoleon brought back to France and deposited in the Hôtel des Invalides, but it would not tolerate the representation on the stage of the Prisoner of St. Helena.

It is scarcely necessary to state that the Revolution of 1848 suppressed the censorship; on July 22 of the same year, however, it instituted at the Fine Arts Department a committee charged with the control of theatres in the interests of morality and the security of the State. The following year an inquiry was set on foot by the Council of State into all questions connected with the management of theatres and the censorship. Before the Council were summoned five theatrical managers, two *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, one superintendent of the ballet, one authors' agent, two theatrical correspondents, four dramatic critics, of whom two were Jules Janin and Théophile Gautier, eight playwrights, including Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo and Scribe, one former inspector of theatres, one censor, and the celebrated Baron Taylor.

Very eloquent speeches were made in favour of the liberty of the stage, or at least of the constitution of some committee to which authors could appeal against the decisions of the censors. "Two great interests," exclaimed Victor Hugo, "are equally involved in the question of the stage: one is the progress of art, the other is the improvement of the people. The two great principles dominating all humanity are again confronting each other here—authority and liberty. What has the principle of authority done from the point of view of the education, the moral training of the people? It has fettered genius, checked the production of masterpieces. I shall associate liberty of the stage with liberty of education; the stage is one branch of popular education."

The result of the inquiry was, however, contrary to the liberty of the stage, and the Council of State decided to draw up a scheme of legislation on the subject. Meanwhile, the Minister of the Interior, M. Baroche, asked the Chamber to re-establish the censorship of the stage, and his proposal was carried, resulting in the law of July 1850. Voted for one year only, it was prorogued and then made final. The decree of January 6, 1864, confirmed it, for, whilst granting liberty to theatrical enterprise as a whole, it laid down the rule that every dramatic work, before it could be represented on the stage, must be examined and authorised by the Minister of Fine Arts in the case of plays for the theatres of Paris, and by the *préfets* for

those to be put on the boards in the departments. This is the law in force at the present day. The Government of the *Défense Nationale* did, it is true, abolish the censorship, but in 1871 the military governor of Paris exercised it in virtue of the state of siege, and on February 1, 1874, the previous legislation was put in force once more.

The history of censorship in France would not be complete if I failed to recall the incidents which ten years ago marked the first representation of "Thermidor." Victorien Sardou's play, which had been authorised by the censors, was interdicted by the Minister of the Interior, and this measure of police gave rise to very heated discussions. Two proposals were laid upon the table of the Chamber of Deputies, both of which demanded the suppression pure and simple of censorship. A committee was appointed and proceeded to inquire into the matter. Speaking in the name of the Society of Authors and Composers, M. Camille Domet declared in favour of the maintenance of the censorship, but at the same time he reminded his hearers that in 1855, after many complaints had been made, he had himself proposed that there should be no interference beforehand with theatrical representations, but that repressive measures should be substituted for preliminary examination. He concluded by saying that on the day when the guarantee due to dramatic works which had been regularly censored and authorised should fail them he should prefer, as he had preferred in 1855, absolute liberty to the illusive servitude and deceptive promises of a control without compensation.

In the course of the same sitting M. Auguste Vacquerie pleaded in an eloquent speech in favour of complete liberty of the stage. Convinced that censorship was useless, he set to work to prove his theory. "Censorship," he said, "withholds its stamp from plays and songs which have nothing immoral about them, but at the same time gives it to obscenities such as are sung every evening at *cafés-concerts*. 'Le Roi s'amuse' has been pronounced immoral, 'Tartufe' has been pronounced immoral, and 'La Dame aux Camélias' was interdicted by the Examining Committee. On the other hand, it was after it had received Government sanction that 'Gaetana' was interdicted at the Odéon, 'Henriette Maréchal' at the Comédie Française, and 'Vautrin' at the Porte Saint-Martin. As for 'Thermidor,' everyone knows the fate which befell it. Censorship," concluded M. Vacquerie, "is all very well in a monarchy where the people are still minors and in tutelage, but it is difficult to understand that a nation capable of choosing its own government should be incapable of choosing its own plays."

Edmond de Goncourt and Emile Zola both demanded the suppression of censorship. Alexandre Dumas, however, sounded another note. He frankly declared that censorship was a good thing—a very good thing—that genuine authors did not complain of it, and that young writers ought to vote for its maintenance, seeing that it saved them from the merciless censure of theatrical managers. In this the younger Dumas differed from his father, who, when called upon in 1849 to give his opinion on the same subject before the Council of State, expressed himself in the following terms: "Censorship has impeded nothing. It allowed Voltaire and Beaumarchais to pass. It is destructive of art and of individual liberty."

Emile Bergerat and Jean Richepin exclaimed, "*Delenda est!*" There cannot be the slightest doubt that in a republic such an institution is of a despotic character." They demanded absolute liberty for authors, so far as consistent with the rights of others. On the other side, Henri Meilhac declared himself a staunch partisan of censorship, for he believed that but for its tutelary guardianship the stage would soon degenerate, on the one hand, into obscenity, and on the other, into mere political or personal caricature.

The inquiry was most interesting, but it resulted in nothing. Censorship is still exercised, and every year the French Parliament continues to include in the Budget the necessary sum for the inspection of theatres.

If this article were not, perhaps, already too long, I would say something about censorship as exercised in other countries. It is, however, time for me to conclude. One can see from the rapid historical sketch I have given how the French Government has always had to restore preventive control after it had been abolished. It would, therefore, appear that censorship is necessary. As long as privilege existed it acted as a check upon managers; but now that it has been replaced by absolute freedom in theatrical enterprise, how without the censorship could the Government exercise the responsibility incumbent on it of preventing outrages on morality, and offences against heads of State, foreign agents, and private individuals? Those who demand the abolition of censorship plead that it is impossible to expect an official, however well intentioned, to be able to form a true idea after a single reading of the effect on the stage of plays, the real character of which is often determined by the way in which they are interpreted. I do not underestimate the value of this argument. It is not to be denied that authors, managers, and actors have on that point an experience which would make them truly responsible if full liberty were given them; but the temptation

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no doubt, sometimes be great to put upon the stage some appealing to the passions of the day, so that the public, if deprived of the privilege of seeing it acted after the first representation, become, as it were, the accomplices of the manager against the Government; and I am not now speaking of managers who would expose to the public by scenes too highly spiced to be wholesome. I may add, who are present at rehearsals, and are thus enabled to judge of the probable effect on the audience of certain scenes; and are at liberty to insist on such modifications as appear to be desirable. It is better, in fact, to take preventive than repressive measures. The first are easy enough if the censor be clever. There is always an unfortunate appearance of violence in the use of repressive measures. Repressive measures are apt to seem like persecution, without taking into consideration the fact that when Government resorts to them, for reasons which appear to it sufficient, a certain amount of injury always accrues to the author of the piece, and to the theatre which has borne the cost of putting it on the

stage, therefore, in favour of the maintenance of the censorship. However, very much to be regretted that, when that censorship is pronounced in favour of some play, some other agent of the Government should oppose the continuation of its representation; as in the case, for instance, with "Thermidor." There will not

of public education, which should not be left open to anybody and over which the Government ought to exercise a constant watch ; that it was easy to give to the censorship of the stage a form from which any appearance of despotism would be eliminated ; that, far from looking upon it as an infringement of the liberty of a few, it should be recognised as proving respect for the liberty and moral security of all.

MAURICE DAUMART.

*MATRIMONY AND MUSIC
IN CHINA.*

MAN, according to Beaumarchais, is to be differentiated from the brute in that he drinks when he is not thirsty and makes love all the year round. This dictum must exclude Dutchmen and Chinamen, who, according to the popular notion, never make love at all. In the case of the Dutchman we suspect the notion is a vulgar error, for Erasmus was a Dutchman, and everybody knows how madly he made love to the English beauties of the fifteenth century. But there is no reason to doubt the correctness of the notion in the case of John Chinaman, inasmuch as John Chinaman seldom sees his future wife until his parents have settled who the future wife is to be ; and a man, even a man with a pigtail, does not fall in love to order, as it were. His fancy must be left entirely unfettered ; and it is just because the male Celestial is never allowed to ask a woman if she means, in the expressive American phrase, to "hitch on," that he never falls in love. How, then, does he proceed when he has decided to take a wife ? Or, rather, how are things arranged when the senior Celestials have decided for him that he shall take a wife ?

Well, the process is something like this. To begin with, the parents, as we have said, choose the bride. The bridegroom has no more say in the matter than if he were the man in the moon ; and, indeed, a son dare not refuse the wife his father has chosen for him, any more than a daughter can refuse the husband her father has chosen for her. The Chinese have the power of selling their daughters to wife to whom they please ; and some parents will even, like the Kalmucs, their progenitors, sell their child, on condition of its being a female, before it is born ! Both parties are generally very young when the contract of marriage is arranged ; but sometimes it is not arranged until just before the wedding. When the latter is the case, a somewhat different procedure is adopted. First, a "go-between" is chosen, a kind of middleman, whose main function it is to carry messages between the contracting pair. Then a

diviner is consulted. His duty is to discover, by means of astrology, or the flight of birds, or some other recognised form of divination, whether the contemplated union will prove a happy one. If he reports favourably—and marriages are always happy before they are made—the young pigtail's friends send the "go-between" to announce the joyful news to the lady's parents. There is no mention of the lady herself, poor thing! The only way in which she seems to be favoured is by having a sum of money paid to her by the prospective husband for laying out in a *trousseau*. In Western lands the woman brings a portion to the man, but in China this comfortable custom is reversed.

The bride having been thus chosen, the next piece of business is to fix the wedding day. Before this is settled the betrothal is not regarded as having been completed. Now a curious thing takes place. The man puts on a scarlet scarf as a sign of rejoicing; his name is changed, for what reason does not appear; and a bonnet is formally placed on his head by his father. The bride also undergoes a kind of metamorphosis. She adopts a new style of hair-dressing, and has her face shaved! Most notable of all, she calls in all her young friends, and the lot of them join in weeping and wailing until the wedding day arrives. It is in this part of the ceremony that the cynic finds best scope for comment. It is in Eastern literature, he reminds you, that mention is made of a poor fellow who presented himself for admittance at the door of Brahma's paradise. "Have you been in Purgatory?" asked the deity. "No," replied the applicant, "but I have been married." This was enough. "It is all the same; you may come in," said Brahma. In truth it is only on some such principle as that here indicated that one can explain the tears of the Celestial bride over her approaching nuptials.

But stranger things follow. The wedding presents of the Chinese are peculiarly unique. The bridegroom, in addition to his money gift, bestows "wine, sheep, fruit, and so on" on the bride; the rest of the friends present her with "tablets bearing suitable inscriptions" (such, no doubt, as "Wives, obey your husbands"), and—geese! The wild goose, we read, has from the most ancient times been looked upon by the people of the Flowery Land as emblematical of conjugal harmony, while the domestic goose is regarded as typifying fidelity. The aforesaid cynical person might suggest a different interpretation of the goose business as applied to matrimony. Antiphanes of old declared that no man sound in mind and body would ever dream of marrying; in other words, he

would be a goose if he took a wife. But the goose goes a long way with the Chinese bridegroom. In fact, it goes with him in the marriage procession, for he has one made of wood or tin, and an attendant bears it aloft, much as we bear our flags when marching through the streets on a gala day.

And a grand affair is that same bridal procession too. Supposing we quote the account of a traveller: "On the day appointed for the celebration of the nuptials," says he, "the Chinese bride is put into a sedan [she is, in fact, locked into a sort of latticed cage], which is magnificently adorned with festoons of artificial flowers, and her baggage of clothes, ornaments, and trinkets is carried after her in chests by her servants or other persons hired for the purpose, with lighted flambeaux, though it be noonday. The sedan is preceded by music and followed by the relations and friends of the bride. The nearest relation carries in his hand the key of the sedan, and gives it to the bridegroom as soon as the procession reaches his house, who waits at his door in order to receive her." The traveller's grammar is not quite according to Cobbett, but his meaning is plain enough. He goes on to say that, "as this is the first interview between the bride and the bridegroom, it is easy to conceive with what eager curiosity he opens the door of the sedan. It sometimes happens that he is dissatisfied with his lot, when he immediately shuts the door again, and sends her back to her friends, choosing rather to lose his money than be united to a person he does not like. This, however, is seldom the case." One is glad of the assurance contained in the last sentence. It is certainly hard on a plain girl that she should be rejected at the last moment by a man whom *she* has no power to reject, though he may be as bad as Blue Beard or as ugly as the Ally Sloper of the comic prints. Of course it is a very foolish custom this of choosing a wife before she has been seen by the man who is to pay for her board and lodging. But the thing has sometimes been done a great deal nearer home than the land of the pigtailed. George I.'s uncrowned queen was practically married by her parents before she ever set eyes on the boor who treated her so shamefully; and was it not another of the Georges who had to call for a glass of brandy to help him over the shock of looking for the first time upon the ugly woman whom the Courts concerned had elected he should marry? But these things are not done now, and, after all, kings and queens are a law unto themselves in matrimony as in much else besides.

But we are forgetting the Chinese bride. As soon as she steps out of her chair, the bridegroom gives her his hand, and leads her

into a hall, where a table is set for the pair. The rest of the company sit at other tables, the men on one side, the women on the other, after the manner of the Quakers. When the company have all got comfortably settled they pour wine on the ground, and set apart some of the provisions for their idols. When they begin to eat, the bridegroom rises and invites the bride to drink, upon which she rises also and returns the compliment. After this, two cups of wine are brought, of which they drink part, and then they pour the residue into another cup. Out of this latter cup they drink alternately, and the ceremony is held as ratifying the nuptials. There is no clergyman, no signing of register, no throwing of rice, no honeymoon. The bride goes among her lady friends, and spends the remainder of the day with them; the bridegroom treats his friends in a separate apartment. Next day the pair return to the hall to bend the knee to the family gods and pay respect to their relations. After that they retire to their private chamber to receive the visits of their young friends, who indulge in merry jests, facetiously called "attacks," at the expense of bride and bridegroom. On the third day the lady pays a visit to her parents in a chair prepared by her husband specially for the event. Nor does this end the celebrations peculiar to the occasion. These go on, with certain intermissions, for a whole month, until they are at last concluded by a feast given by the parents of the bride.

As a rule, sons after marriage live with their wives and families in their fathers' house, a practice which speaks well for the Chinese mother-in-law. Sometimes the parents of the bride wish to keep their daughter at home, and in that case they have to make a special arrangement with the husband. The Chinese enactments affecting the married state are in some respects as unique as the feet of the lady Celestials. If a wife runs away from her husband she is sentenced to be whipped, and may in addition be sold as a slave. If she dares to marry another while her first husband is alive, he can have her strangled. On the other hand, a man may, in "certain cases," turn off his wife; as, for instance, "if she be barren, for a bad temper, theft, or any contagious disorder." This is not quite so much in favour of the Benedict as the American system, by which a man may have a divorce if his wife persist in eating garlic or onions, or in coming to bed every night with feet "like lead." The Chinese are specially severe on the woman upon whom Nature has not bestowed the gift of motherhood. We read, for example, that "at Tonquin, where fruitfulness is honoured, the pain imposed on barren wives is to search for agreeable girls, and bring them to their

husbands. In consequence of this political institution, the Tonquinese think the Europeans ridiculous in having only one wife, and cannot conceive why, among us, rational beings can think of honouring God by a vow of chastity." Nevertheless, no Chinaman can legally have more than one wife, though he may have as many concubines as he pleases. The Emperor is an exception. He has never less than three wives, and the number of his concubines is estimated at three hundred—still another example of the fact that royalties are a law unto themselves!

There is really no reason for coupling music with matrimony, further perhaps than that the two produce a pleasant alliteration. It is curious, at any rate, that amid all the talk which the present state of affairs in China has occasioned we have heard so very little about the way in which the Chinaman makes his music. Some years ago Paderewski told the world what he thought about Chinese music. His opinion was decidedly flattering. He declared that the beautiful simplicity and the evident art of it infatuated him. "The study and practice given by the performers, the erudition not of a generation but of centuries of culture, surprise and amaze the listener. The perfectness of rhythm, the combination of Slavic and Scotch characteristics, the marvellous effects produced by assiduous training, reveal an originality which has but to be understood to be appreciated." So wrote the eminent virtuoso whose name has just been mentioned. Nothing so surprising of its kind has been uttered since Sarasate declared the bagpipe to be a musical instrument. As a matter of fact, Paderewski is the only notability of the Western world who has ever said a good word for the music of the Celestials. Compare him with Fétis, the eminent French musical historian. What does Fétis say? "A scale of five notes to the octave, melodies without charm, absolute ignorance of harmony, and the abuse of noise." That, according to Fétis, is the music of the Chinese. Whether he is altogether right or altogether wrong probably only a musician who has lived in the Flowery Land and has attended its concerts could say with certainty. Meanwhile we may give a brief glance at the subject as it is presented to us in the pages of travellers and musical theorists.

The Chinese have a tradition that they obtained their musical scale from a miraculous bird some five hundred years before the birth of Christ. That is to say, they obtained their primitive musical scale of five notes in this way. The exaggeration as to chronology is natural to the lively imagination of Asiatics, but the musical scale of the Chinese is certainly venerable enough. This

truncated scale begins on F, and the nomenclature is as follows, taking the notes in their ascending order; "Emperor," "Prime Minister," "Loyal Subjects," "Affairs of State," and "Mirror of the World." There is a suggestion here of the close relationship that has always existed between the State and the native music. The Chinese State, says a writer, "seems to bend under the weight of its pedantry; and this, combined with the natural characteristics of the nation, accounts perhaps for the barbarisms that pervade the whole of their music and their instruments." It would seem, according to this writer, that the State has always controlled the music in order to prevent any influence of other nations from affecting to the smallest degree the selected sounds that form their scales. That there is some truth in this notion is clear from the fact that when the Chinese scale was enlarged to seven notes, by the addition of the semitones, the people regarded the addition as a falling down in their civilisation.

But more of this anon: we have not yet done with the five-note scale. Of course, a scale of that kind is not confined to the Chinese, but with them the number five seems to have quite a peculiar property. They regard the five elements, so disposed that earth occupies the centre, as a model to which men and things in varied positions are made subservient. The five antediluvian emperors celebrated in ancient story seem also to be naturally referable to this number and its properties, especially since one reigns by wood, another by fire, a third by earth, a fourth by metal, and a fifth by water. Then there are five human relations and five constant virtues; five ranks of nobility; five points—east, west, south, north, and centre; five household gods, occupying the four corners and the middle of the house; five tastes, five colours, and five viscera. Whether the Chinese made their musical scale upon this mysterious principle is not certain. What is certain is that all their strictly national tunes are based upon a pentatonic scale. Nay, it seems that they even constructed their musical instruments purposely so as to emit the pentatonic intervals only. Engel instances as a proof of this the *hiuen*, which the Chinese assert to be their most ancient instrument, dating its invention so far back as 2800 B.C. In this instrument five holes are pierced, not in regular order as would most naturally suggest itself, but at various places and distances, evidently calculated solely for the purpose of obtaining its pentatonic order of intervals—F, G, A, C, D. Even at the present day the Celestials make instruments on which the fourth and seventh of our scale are intentionally omitted. Such an one—a kind of harmonicon, with

keys of a hard and sonorous wood—was to be seen some years ago in the Museum of the United Service Institution, London.

It was towards the end of the sixteenth century that an attempt was made by the Prince Tsay-zu to introduce among the Chinese the usual scale of seven notes. The innovation was stoutly opposed by the native musicians, and apparently it has never become popular. Still, the fact that there are tones and semitones is universally recognised by the Chinese musicians. Just as they attribute the whole tones to their male mythological bird and the semitones to the female, so the whole tones are associated in their minds as things perfect and independent, like man, heaven, and the sun; and the semitones as things imperfect and dependent, like woman, the earth, and the moon. The Chinaman is evidently not a gallant, otherwise he would never think of woman as imperfect! But what can be expected of a people whose tales and novels have for their climax and culmination the success or failure of the hero in his State examination?

Of musical notation strictly so-called, the Chinaman knows nothing. A piece of music in a Chinese collection looks very like a string of Hebrew letters. It is written in a line downwards, just as the Chinese write their words, and the lines are read from right to left. When words are being set to music they are written down in "a severe and stately column," and the music is "left to find room for itself in the best way it can." All the vocalisation that is to be done upon any particular word is made, as it were, to flow off from it sideways and downwards: the performer "must look sharp after his notes and rests and beats among the odds and ends of writing that appear to the uninstructed like the after-thoughts of hasty composition." A very interesting specimen of this notation, with the words added, is given by Engel at page 341 of his "Study of National Music." Engel says that much undoubtedly requires to be learned traditionally by the Chinese performers when they make use of their notation. The indications for ensuring rhythmical order appear to be especially deficient. Still, the Chinese are known to be excellent timists, and they have several marks for indicating how the time is to be beaten, as well as for various other observances relating to the actual performance of the music.

And that leads us to another point. In actual performance the Chinese music sounds, if we may believe the travellers, crude and barbarous. Noise is its main characteristic, the instruments of percussion being, in fact, the glory of the Chinese musicians. One has summed them up in this way: Drums of every conceivable kind and

size ; instruments of stone, metal bells, and copper plates, suspended and struck with a mallet ; cymbals, tinkling instruments, clappers ; all sizes of tubs, beaten from the inside and outside. There is a dreadful instrument called the *Ché*, a thing of nine feet in length and made in five varieties. One traveller says there is no instrument in Europe like it, and there is no reason to doubt him. Even the *Kin*, a sort of primitive guitar with metallic bells inside, is nearly six feet in length ! A giant tub-shaped drum, known as the *Hiuen-Kou*, and said to have been invented nearly four thousand years ago for use at the Imperial Palace, has a diameter of four feet. The "King" is a set of suspended plates sounded by means of sticks or a mallet. This instrument the Chinese claim to have possessed about 2,200 years before the Christian era.

It will thus be seen that John Chinaman has abundant means for gratifying his love of noise. Nor does he fail to use the means on every conceivable occasion. On his New Year's Day, for example—February 15, by the way—he always has an extra dose of music. In the shops one may often see a *bourgeois* company sitting in a row, each with a clapper, gong, cymbals, or drum, beating as if for dear life with the gravest of faces. One traveller says this is exorcising devils, and if the devils have ears it ought to be a successful plan. The same traveller describes the "band" at a mandarin's feast at which he was present. It consisted of a gong, two pairs of cymbals, and a single kettledrum ; and the clatter went on almost without interruption for three hours. At the theatre the orchestra numbers usually five or six performers, all of whom, says an attaché writing from Peking, play upon several instruments, which they take up in turn according to the character of the music. The instruments chiefly used are fiddles, lutes, clarionets, flutes, a sort of mouth organ, and a large variety of gongs, drums, and cymbals. Of course one speaks of a fiddle for simplicity's sake, for a Chinese fiddle is no more like a European fiddle than a Chinaman in his pigtail is like a Londoner in a chimney-pot hat. Even the street hawkers in China have each their own trade announcement in the shape of a musical instrument. Thus one trade has a thing like a monster Jew's-harp, another has a tiny gong, a third a drum, a fourth beats two pieces of bamboo together, and so on. The beggars, too, use castanets made of bamboo. In Canton there is a poor law, according to which if a beggar goes into a shop or a similar place and sounds his bamboo sticks he cannot be turned out without having first secured relief.

It is a well-known fact that voices differ greatly according to nationality and geographical position. Thus, in Russia one hears

male voices which are absolutely unique in the lowness of their compass. The Italians, on the other hand, are notable for their fine tenor voices. Some Asiatic nations, according to Engel, sing in shrill notes by straining the voice to its highest pitch; others delight in a kind of *vibrato* or *tremolando*. Some sing habitually in an undertone; others in a nasal tone. Lichtenstein, in describing the singing of a Hottentot congregation in South Africa, observes that among all the singers, consisting of about a hundred Hottentots of both sexes, there was not one man with a bass or baritone voice; all the men had tenor voices. The Chinese voices seem to bear some resemblance to the weak character of the people. A military man who had three years' service in the country declares that he never once heard a Chinaman sing from his chest. It was invariably the head voice or falsetto, and "very absurd it was to see a great big man emit such sounds out of his body."

In prints of Chinese musicians they appear as if they were blind. But of course they are not blind. They close their eyes while performing to prevent any external object from distracting them. This may seem absurd when one remembers that Chinese musicians never show the least trace of emotional feeling; but it is plain that they are no more actuated by sentimentality than one would be in closing his eyes to consider some abstruse problem. Of course, the Celestial thinks his music better than that of anybody else. An intelligent member of his race, having heard a Jewish missionary perform some music by the best European masters, hinted politely that it was sadly devoid of meaning and expression. Only the music of his own country, he said, penetrated to the innermost soul. Alas! we are all chargeable with "imperfect sympathy" when it comes to a question of nationality.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

“*THE SPECTATOR.*”

IS Addison read nowadays?

His elegant Latin verse and his voluminous translations are caviare to the million. His “Cato” furnishes some half a dozen occasional quotations; his Angel who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm is sometimes used by the public speaker or the pressman; and a hymn of his is sung at times. But if remembered at all by this generation it is by the *Spectator*.

This is to be found in all decent libraries, but is it not in that deadly list of “books without which no gentleman’s library can be considered complete”?—the sort of book that would be a pretty safe hiding-place for a banknote or a secret memorandum.

And yet the *Spectator* is one of the most interesting books in our language. As prose writer Dr. Johnson holds Addison up as the model, and it is of the *Spectator* he is speaking. He says: “His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.”

This can hardly be said of much of his translation, as witness such lines as

What with a cheerful green does parsly grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted grass.


Then how interesting to the literary man was the period. I suppose the Augustan age of the essay would by common consent be fixed in the reign of that monarch who is so proverbially dead—Queen Anne. In those days of no newspapers, reviews, Parliamentary Reports, or light literature generally, the wits and quidnuncs of the coffee-house cultivated conversation in a way that we can hardly realise, and the passing humour of the moment is crystallised in the pages of the *Tatler*, *Guardian*, or *Spectator*.

The *Spectator* began with a daily distribution of 3,000. By the

time the newspaper tax was imposed (a number of little papers having risen in the meanwhile only to be crushed out of existence by the tax) it had increased to 4,000.

The population of England was then much under a third of what it is to-day. Macaulay says of the time: "The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading was not a sixth of what it is now (1843). A shopkeeper or farmer who found any pleasure in literature was a rarity. Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose country seat did not contain ten books, receipt books and books on farriery included. In these circumstances the sale of the *Spectator* must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr Dickens in our own time."

The first *Spectator* appeared on March 1, 1711, and was issued every week-day until December 6, 1712—555 numbers. They formed seven volumes. Then, partly owing to Addison's absence in Ireland and partly to his work for the *Guardian* and on his "Cato" it stopped. The eighth volume, 556 to 635, commenced on June 1, 1714, concluded the series. The numbers in this last volume came out three times a week, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the day of the country post.

Addison's papers are all signed with one of the capital letters C L I O, the muse who presided over history; while those in the *Guardian* are indicated by a hand , and those in the *Tatler* are unsigned.

Of these 635 numbers Addison wrote 274; Steele, 240; Budge 37; Hughes, 11 or 12; and of the occasional contributors Pope and Parnell each supplied two, and the same number is credited to the Rev. Lawrence Eusden, Poet Laureate! crowned for some trumpet verses toadying the Duke of Newcastle. This wretched poetaster slept in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey close to the resting place of our own sweet singer Tennyson. Swift also gave a number or two.

Now, although Macaulay says that Addison is the *Spectator* Macaulay is nothing if not dogmatic and partisan. Did not Sydney Smith, his colleague on the *Edinburgh Review*, say of him, "I wish was as sure of anything as Macaulay is *cocksure of everything*"?

The fact is that Addison is *not* the *Spectator*. Steele and Addison must go together; no two writers were ever so interdependent. In the *Tatler*, the *Guardian*, the *Spectator* they are inseparable, each complementary to the other; although, apart from their literary character, in their personalities, no two men could be in stronger contrast.

It seems an uncalled for and foolish thing to try to exalt the one or abase the other. There certainly was not a spark of literary jealousy between them, and each delights in bearing testimony to the other's powers. Each contributed to the other's success. If you marshal great names as Addison's champions, it is easy to find as great on the side of Steele.

Thus Macaulay says, writing of the *Tatler*: "The truth is that the fifty or sixty numbers which we owe to Addison were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share."

But, on the other hand, Hazlitt (no mean critic) expresses a decided preference for Steele. He says: "Steele seems to have gone into his closet chiefly to set down what he had observed out of doors. Addison seems to have spent most of his time in his study, and to have spun out and wiredrawn the hints which he borrowed from Steele, or took from nature, to the utmost. I am far from wishing to depreciate Addison's talents, but I am anxious to do justice to Steele, who was I think, upon the whole, a less artificial and more original writer. The humorous descriptions of Steele resemble loose sketches, or fragments of a comedy; those of Addison are rather comments or ingenious paraphrases on the genuine text. The characters of the Club, not only in the *Tatler* but in the *Spectator*, were drawn by Steele. That of Sir Roger de Coverley is among them. Addison has, however, gained himself immortal honour by his manner of filling up this last character."

Thackeray says, in the same strain, that Steele, looking out of the window, saw some person or incident, which he immediately fixes on his paper in all its freshness; whereas Addison smells of the midnight oil.

Professor Morley says: "Defoe and he [*i.e.* Steele], with eyes upon the future, were the truest leaders of their time. It was the firm hand of his friend Steele that helped Addison up to the place in literature that became him.

Coleridge valued Steele above Addison. "Steele's papers are easily distinguished to this day by their pure humanity, springing from the gentleness, the kindness of his heart."

As to the contents of the *Spectator*, to consider them would require a volume, so varied and versatile are they. To-day you have a beautiful meditation, brilliant in imagery and serious as a sermon, like the allegorical "Vision of Mirza"; or a pious discourse on death, or perhaps an eloquent and scathing protest against the duel; while

to-morrow the whole number is concerned with the wigs, ruffles, and shoe-buckles of the *macaroni*, or the hoops, patches, farthingales, and tuckers of the ladies.

If you wish to see the plays and actors of the time the *Spectator* will show them to you, and, moreover, point out the dress, manners, and mannerisms, affectations, indecorums, plaudits, or otherwise, of the frequenters of the theatre. From its pages you can reconstruct the daily life and customs of the coffee-house, the club, the town and country house; you meet the parson in cassock and bands (some of the young ones affecting the Doctor's scarf on the strength of a chaplaincy to some petty magnate), the beggar, the gipsy, the fortune-teller—in fact, all sorts and conditions of men.

In the first number Addison depicts himself as the *Spectator*. In the second, Steele introduces us to the members of the Club—to Sir Roger de Coverley, the lovable, eccentric, kindly natured country gentleman—oddly enough, Steele introduces Sir Roger as a Baronet, although by the sixth number he becomes "the honest knight." Addison always refers to him as a knight—a homely soul, beloved of his tenants and servants, free of speech, and familiar with the men-servants and the maidservants, "all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company." He is an elderly bachelor, who has been crossed in his early love for an obdurate widow. He is the main character of the *Spectator*.

Next comes a gentleman of the Inner Temple, who disappears almost as soon as he is introduced.

Then an eminent merchant of the City, Sir Andrew Freeport, makes his bow.

Captain Sentry represents the Army, but is pretty much of a lay figure.

Will Honeycomb, an elderly dandy, man about town, and lady-killer. "He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French King's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world." "To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man."

And finally there is a somewhat stogy old clergyman.

Outside the Club we have *Will Wimble*, younger son of a baronet, leading the life of a man of no profession, looking after his father's game, training his dogs, shooting, fishing, hunting, twisting

whiplashes for all his neighbours, knitting garters for the ladies, and as occasion arises slyly inquiring how they wear, a welcome guest at every house in the county, beloved of lads and children. A man that the *Spectator* says would have made a successful merchant, or what not, had not family pride kept him from trade, while he was not educated enough for a profession.

Then there are Sir Roger's country neighbours to complete the gallery. There is the delightful *old Chaplain*. The knight was "afraid of being insulted with *Latin* and *Greek* at his own table," so he gets a friend at the university "to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon." This good parson is appealed to if any dispute arises among his people, and in the thirty years he has been in the parish it has never had a law suit.

Sir Roger makes him a present of all the good sermons that have been printed in *English*, and only begs that every Sunday "he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit." Accordingly, when the knight meets his chaplain on Saturday and asks, "Who preaches to-morrow?" he is answered "The Bishop of *St. Asaph* in the morning and Dr. *South* in the afternoon."

We meet also an ideal yeoman who "has been several times foreman of the petty juries," and he rides to the assizes by the side of *Tom Touchy*, who *takes the law* of everybody.

Then we have an amusing Captain, "Young, sound and impudent," a gay widow, and a demure Quaker.

Now, apart from their interest as contemporary pictures, what has been the influence of the *Spectator*, and in a less degree of the *Tatler* and *Guardian*—in a word, of Steele and Addison—on ourselves?

Three things may be distinctly claimed for them.

- 1st. They created a *reading public*.
- 2nd. They were the downfall of the *patron* and the miserable system of patronage. And
- 3rd. They are the germ and forerunner of our modern *novel* of contemporary life and manners.

Up to Queen Anne's time the lieges had to depend on the Gazettes and News Letters, which appeared in a very casual way at times of special war news, &c. There were no newspapers proper. Now they sprang up in startling abundance. Indeed, so numerous were they and so troublesome in their party license that a half-penny tax was imposed on the penny sheet, partly to curb their

inconvenient exuberance and partly to secure the registration of their authors. The effect of this tax was to extinguish a feeble multitude; but the *Spectator* held its own. While other survivors increased their price to $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ to meet the tax, the *Spectator* boldly charged $2d.$ and still flourished. Indeed Steele, who was the editor, tells us "the tax on each half sheet has brought into the Stamp Office one week with another above £20 a week arising from the single paper."

It was read in every coffee-house, club, and tavern; found its way to the ladies' boudoirs; went all over the country, and even up to Edinburgh by the coaches, and (being passed from one to another) was in the hands of many thousands. Now people who have got accustomed to a news-sheet at the breakfast table soon find it among the almost necessities of their existence. Witness the eager rush to the bookstalls for the morning paper at the underground railway stations, and watch the hurrying cits ruining their sight by racing through the contents in the vile atmosphere and viler light of the carriages.

But the *Spectator*, as we have seen, consisted mainly of essays, and the readers of it were furnished with a mental pabulum more instructive and stimulating than the acres of stuff we get in much of the ephemeral press of to-day.

It could only have the effect of making readers, and, moreover, readers of the best English composition.

Then it overthrew the patron. And what was the patron? Let dear old Samuel Johnson (smarting, doubtless, under the *Chesterfield* episode) define him.

"Patron. n.s. One who countenances, supports, or protects. Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery." Has not the very word *patronise* a vulgar, humiliating taste about it? Does not our gorge rise at the pitiful, sycophantic dedications of that and earlier periods? Genius stooping its back to the Great, possibly only great in being "the accident of an accident": the proud intellect having to pander and toady to the mere social potentate, or (deeper degradation still) to his concubine.

Now all this went by the board. The lesson was taught, once for all, that the *public* was the rightful patron; that even from the point of filthy lucre the multitudinous coppers of the many brought more solid return than the condescending *gift* of 20 or 100 guineas from his Grace or her Ladyship.

Then as makers of the novel of contemporary life and manners. Surely this claim, too, can be made good.

In the *Spectator* we have characters as sharply defined and clearly portrayed as in any novel. Sir Roger de Coverley is as real a creation as Colonel Newcome.

It is true there is no set story, but the characters are placed in such surroundings and circumstances, go through such emotions, experiences, and adventures as give them as real an existence as those of any of our novels.

I have often wondered that Sir Roger has never been dramatised. The material is as good as the "Vicar of Wakefield," and our own ever popular knight, Sir Henry Irving, would make a splendid Sir Roger—he is of just the right age for the part.

As to incident, we see the genial knight in his home life, in town, visiting Westminster Abbey, on 'Change, in church, hunting his pack of hounds, attending the assize, courting his obdurate widow, having his fortune told by the gipsy, &c.

If there are any readers of this paper who do not know their *Spectator*, they have one more joy in life at their command. Not only will they find these suggestive sketches delightful in themselves, but they may be made the *open sesame* to a period and a literature as interesting as any our country has produced.

Thackeray, who was thoroughly at home with this period—saturated with it, one might say—has given us charming peeps at it in "Esmond" and "The Virginians," and dealt with it at length in his delightful "English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century."

T. R. PEARSON.

TABLE TALK.

CIVILISATION VERSUS BARBARISM.

WHAT acts of cruelty attend the process of civilising the dark races off the face of the earth are, I fancy, scarcely suspected by the general public. At the present moment the Anglo-Saxon races display some penitence for former misdeeds, and what remains of the Maori or the Red Indian is carefully tended and, so to speak, cherished. I have no doubt that Englishmen may still be found who, when out of reach of any expression of public sentiment, are guilty of extreme cruelty, even murder, in their dealings with uncivilised nations. In an article in the *Idler* for September, entitled "From the Congo to the Nile," I meet with instances of atrocities so terrible that I hesitate to believe them possible, and at any rate thank God that the perpetrators are not men of my own race. The man from whose diary are taken the few extracts I dare to give, W. Stamp Cherry, is an American who took part in the expedition up the Congo to the Nile of Commandant Morin, following in the track of Major Marchand in the memorable progress to Fashoda. Of the kind of vengeance exacted for the murder of a Frenchman the following is advanced as a sample. This was the destruction of Cumba, a populous native town. "The invaders surrounded the place at daybreak. Then they roused the sleeping inhabitants by a wild blast of a bugle. As the poor people rushed out of their huts in the grey dawn, 250 Lobell (*sic*) repeating rifles were turned upon them. Black writhing bodies covered the ground in all directions. No quarter was given under order. Women and children were not spared. Even the wounded, appealing for mercy with upstretched arms, were finished off where they lay." This conduct appears to have been constantly repeated. With some faint attempt at condemnation the writer says, "I soon learned what the officers meant when they said we should shortly meet with better game for our guns than the hippos and crocodiles."

THE CIVILISING OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

NOW, I am not assuming that the foregoing statements are true. Nothing would be more gratifying to me than to hear an authoritative disclaimer. The man who brings these terrible charges is, however, not an Englishman, but an American, and one whose indifference to us and our fortunes is openly professed. One further picture I will present, and then quit a terrible theme. Some women prisoners had escaped, and got into a jungle where they could not easily be pursued. "Next night some of our N'Dri scouts recaptured one of the women. She had not been able to make good her escape because she had a baby to carry. . . . As soon as she was brought into camp the officers held a consultation. At its conclusion orders were issued, and the woman was taken down to the river bank, and placed with her back against an old snag that had stranded at high water. Her baby was rudely snatched out of her arms, and at this she lost her self-control for the first and only time. Like a she-panther she sprang after her babe, but a dozen big soldiers overpowered her, pinioned her arms, and tied a bandage over her eyes. From then on she was stoicism itself. . . . I could not see that a muscle of her body twitched, not even when eight soldiers filed up before her and leveled (*sic*) their rifles straight at her breast. She heard the click of their guns, the order to fire, yet she never winced; not a nerve flickered. She fell, shot to pieces. Next morning another woman was recaptured; she met a similar fate. One cannot help wondering what sort of an opinion these poor African savages have of civilisation as it is interpreted to them by the Government of the Colony Congo Francais" (*sic*).

Even so! Matter even more distressing is to be found, but I will harrow my readers no farther. Some far pleasanter things are chronicled, and there is a description of an eighteen-month-old baby prisoner which has great interest for anthropologists.

MISPRINTS.

IN his contributions, always thoughtful and often witty, to *Longman's Magazine*, under the title "At the Sign of the Ship," Mr. Andrew Lang gives occasional specimens of what are known as *coquilles*, or, to use a plain English term, "misprints." These are often comic enough—so comic, indeed, as to suggest intentional jocosity rather than accident. The most famous instance on record is perhaps that of the printer who for a line in "A Life Drama," by Alexander Smith,

substituted Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire,

 Like a pale martyr with his shirt on fire.

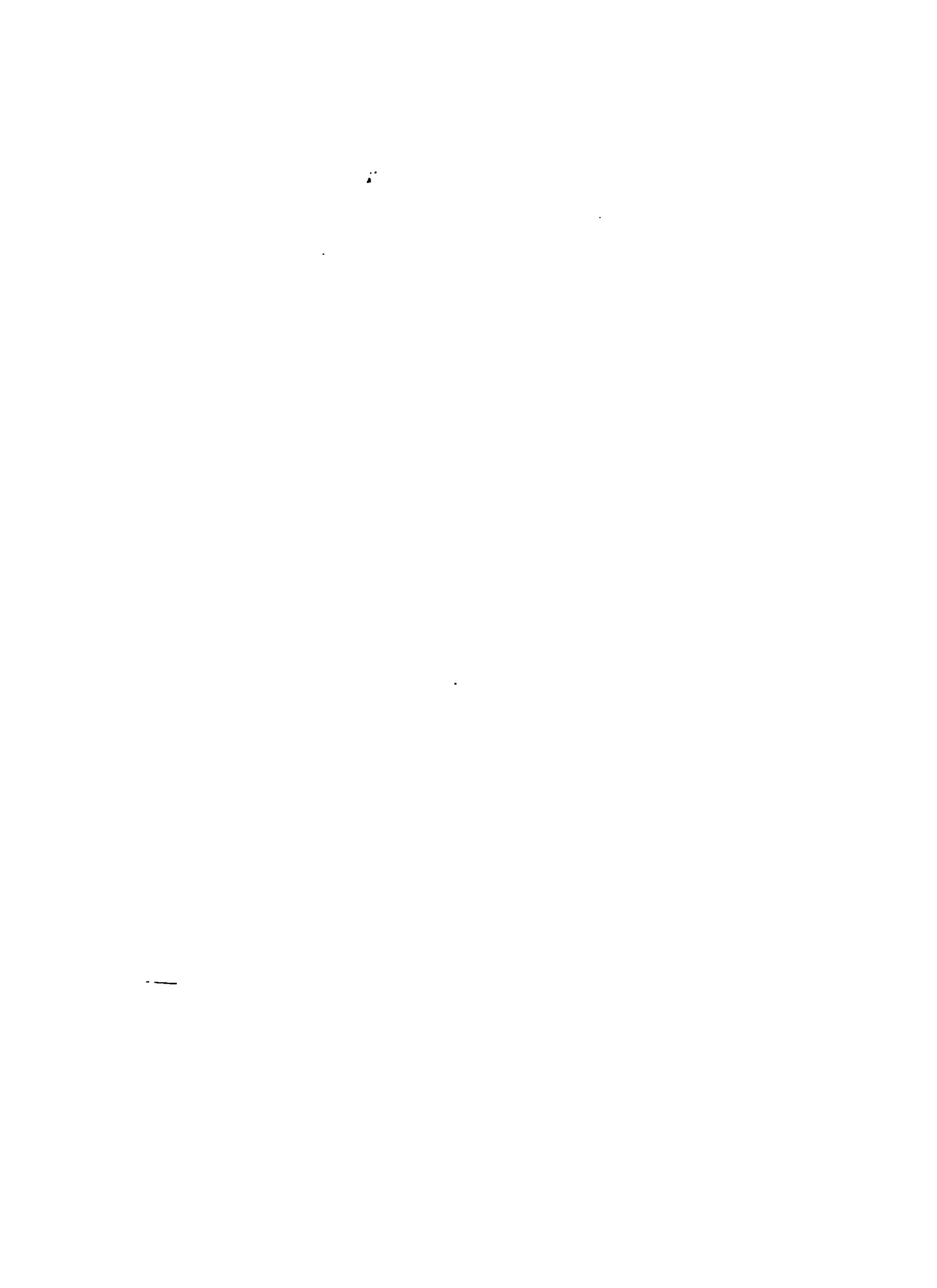
I have dealt with the subject before, and am not going to give a collection of these comic results of accident or malice. I have collected however, upon one which is quite fresh and is worthy of being preserved. In a brand-new American periodical are some comments upon Matthew Prior. Speaking of this clever and passably licent poet, Cowper in an epistle to Robert Lloyd is said to have written

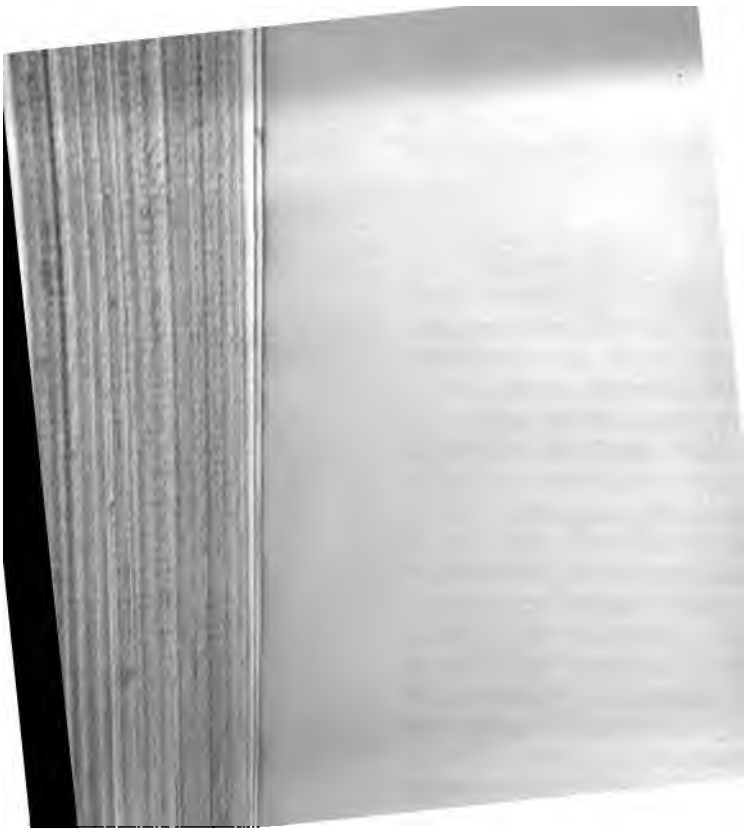
“Matthew,” says Fame, “with endless pins,
Smoothed and refined the meanest strains.”

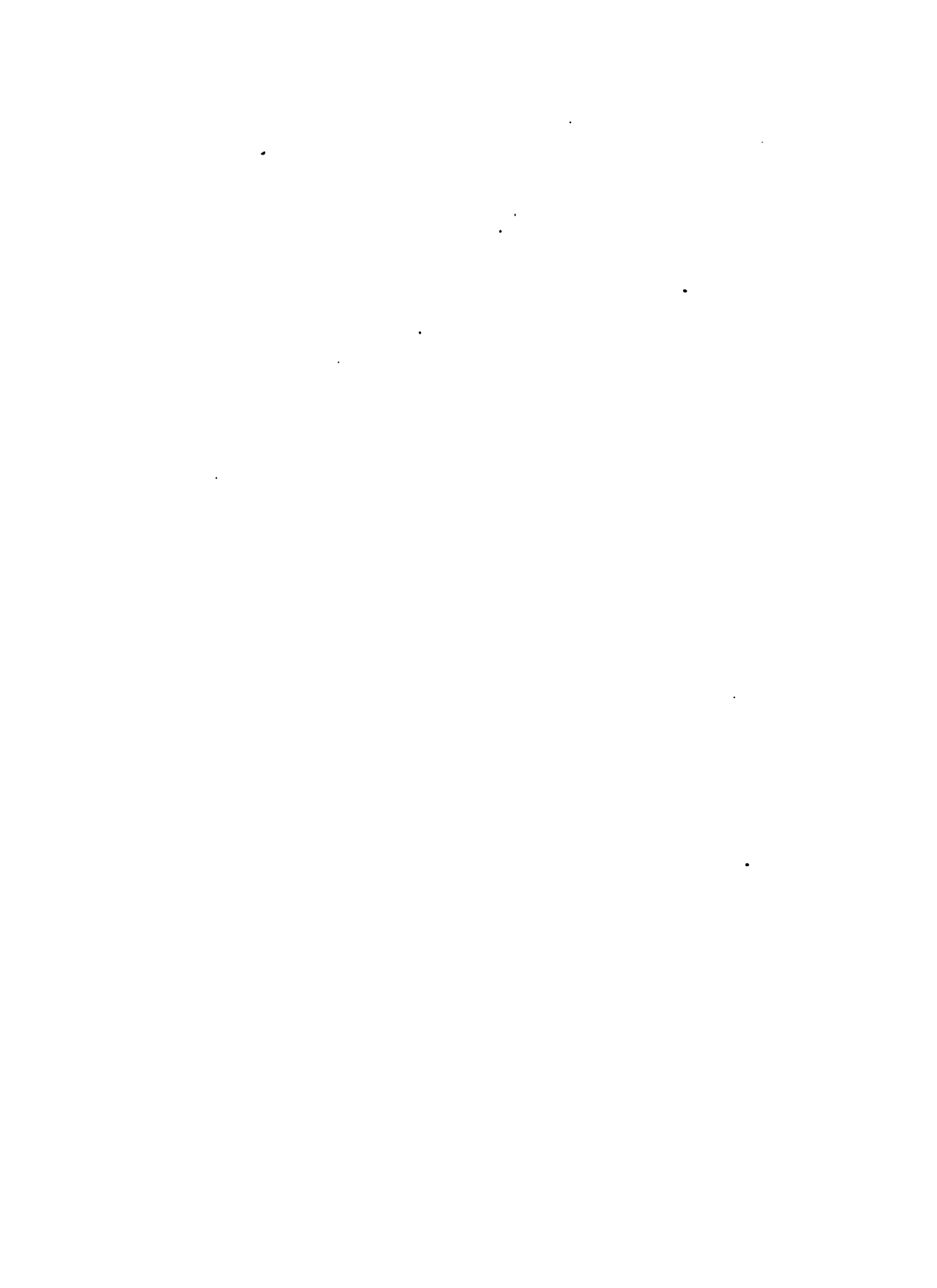
The word “pins” should obviously be “pains.” There is, however, to my thinking, something distinctly humorous in the picture of a bard, like a diligent housewife, smoothing the lines as it were on an ironing-board, and pinning them down like a mob-cap so as to facilitate the passage of the smoothing-iron. Perhaps this is trivial for comment. If so, I can only apologise to my readers.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

I AM a little exercised to know what infinitesimal amount of knowledge entitles a man to follow the calling of journalism. That there is no compulsory examination in journalism I know, and I am aware that the days of general cultivation are over. My own experience of the higher journalism is, however, sufficient to breed dismay. Some little time has elapsed since I referred in one of the leading literary papers to an atmospheric effect recalling the paintings of De Hooze, whose works are among the rarest treasures in our public and private collections. The name was queried in proof. I struck out the query and wrote “stet.” The editor, one of our most distinguished men of letters, mistrusted me, and deleted the sentence containing the baffling name, and I had to take him into the National Gallery and show him the pictures of the artist in the collection. The other day—in a daily paper I wrote of the “crus” or growths of Burgundy wine, and printed the word for fear of accident. The authorities knew it not. In the daily papers I spoke within a few weeks of “Manon Lescaut,” the Abbé Prévost, a work better known in France than is “Tom Jones” or (shall I say?) “Tristram Shandy” in England. In one paper the name was misspelt, and in the other, since it was unnecessary to the sense, it was, by a process familiar to printers, battered so as to be practically illegible. Such ignorance is, of course, confined to journalists. I once in a “mess” of five barristers in one of the Inns of Court mentioned Auguste Comte and found that not one of them had heard of him. Surely, however, a journalist ought to know as much as the man in the street.









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